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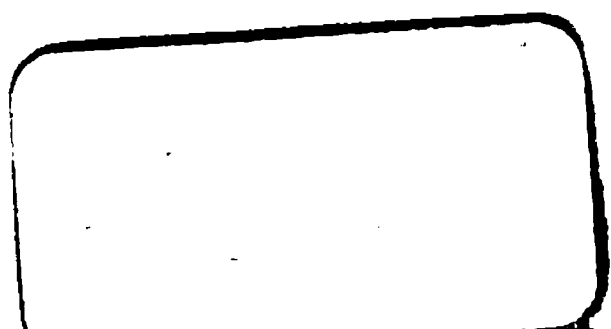
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Al
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DES ECHEROLE

PRIVATE TRIALS
AND
PUBLIC CALAMITIES:
OR,
THE EARLY LIFE OF
ALEXANDRINE DES ECHEROLLES.

—

VOL. I.

PRIVATE TRIALS

AND

PUBLIC CALAMITIES:

OR,

THE EARLY LIFE OF ALEXANDRINE DES ÉCHEROLLES,

DURING THE TROUBLES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "THE SICILIAN VESPERS," AND THE
AUTHOR OF "GENTLE INFLUENCE."

"Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness.
A gathered mind, and an untroubled face,
Did give her dangers grace." DORNE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1853.

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DEDICATION.

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TO HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS  
THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA DOROTHEA,  
COUNTESS PALATINE OF HUNGARY.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE REIGNING DUCHESS OF SAXE-ALTENBURG.

TO HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN OF WURTEMBERG.

AND TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE MARGRAVINE WILLIAM OF BADEN.  
BORN DUCHESSSES OF WURTEMBERG.

MESDAMES,

I could never have dared to prefix names so illustrious and so venerated by all men as yours are to my own humble Work, had I not been encouraged to do so by your own orders, springing spontaneously from the generous feelings of your hearts. These orders, which it is so delightful to me to obey, are but a new mark of kindness to be added to those



which my gratitude already burns to disclose ; for to reveal the generosity which has deigned to lend its powerful support to my weakness, is but to make more manifest one of your manifold virtues.

Sheltered by names alike so august and so beloved, I can cherish no hope more sanguine for the simple narrative which you have encouraged me to relate, than that it may fall into the hands of readers as benevolent, and judges as indulgent as yourselves.

I remain, with the most profound respect,

Your humble and devoted servant,

and former governess,

ALEXANDRINE DES ECHEROLLES.

## TO MY NIECE.\*

---

It is no feeling of personal vanity, nor any desire to give publicity to the sad events of my life, which has induced me to fill the ensuing pages with my own history. You, the child of my affection and of my care, have been my only object in writing them ; for I have nothing to bequeath to you but the recollection of the

\* These pages were addressed to my niece, Maria des Echerolles, whom, as a child, her parents entrusted to my care. Bred up as she was in a foreign land, I considered it desirable that she should be made acquainted with the misfortunes which her family had endured in France, when the Reign of Terror, rampant throughout the land, had bowed the heads of her children under its iron yoke. I publish this address as it was written at the time.

misfortunes of your family. In the contemplation of them you will find strength to endure your own sufferings, should it be the good pleasure of Providence to afflict you—you will here learn to meet without murmuring the trials to which you may be exposed, and to put your whole trust in the Almighty, when you read what unexpected assistance He has often vouchsafed to His children in the hour of their extremest need.

My child, you will be poor ; so far at least as we can foresee, the riches of this world will not be your portion. If this should ever cause you a pang of regret, read these pages again, and your complaints will be hushed. Seek but to love God, and then the true riches will be yours ; love Him, and He will give you richly all things to enjoy. My child, all is fleeting here below ; even the afflictions, which at times seem to us never-ending, pass away in due season like a shadow. It may be, that when you read these pages, I myself shall be to you but a memory of the past, ready to vanish away. But I would now earnestly entreat you, in your joy and in your sorrow, never to forget that everything in this world is transitory ; and if earthly happiness should be

your lot, bear in mind how brief a time it can endure, and set your heart upon those treasures in Heaven which will be yours throughout Eternity !



## P R E F A C E.

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THE motives which have induced me to publish the following pages, can be of no interest to any one besides my own family. They were for the most part written many years ago ; and although many details have been excised which appeared to me superfluous, and likely to prove tedious to those not personally concerned, the public may still think I have been too prolix, and I therefore wish to commend myself to their indulgence. These Memoirs were originally destined for the perusal of friendly eyes alone ; and, although their destination has been altered, I cannot alter the whole tone of a narrative dictated by the feelings of my heart, and written in the familiar style of an address to a beloved niece.

The misfortunes, as well as the sentiments here recorded, are all my own. I wrote as I felt, and not according to the rules of composition. The isolation to which I was condemned in my youth caused me to acquire the habit of committing to writing thoughts which often oppressed me by their multitude and intensity. Frequently also I poured out my griefs before the only Friend who is never wearied of listening to our complaints. He knew them all, it is true, but I felt the need of imparting them to Him.

Many are the different opinions I have heard expressed on the subject of that great struggle, which we have now left so far behind us. Many there are who think that had they been similarly tried, they would have acted more wisely than those who lived at that period. I can only say to them in reply, what has been repeated perhaps too often in the course of this narrative: Those who have not lived through them can be no judges of those troublous times, when the wild thirst for power, purchased at whatever price, and terror equally wild, divided France into two classes—the executioners and their victims. Such a state of things it is impossible

to explain, but it was still more impossible to struggle against it. And the speed with which events then followed one upon another was overwhelming, and often left no time at all for reflection.

Those who have not been whirled in the vortex of revolution should be cautious how they pronounce judgment concerning it. As well might the dweller beneath cloudless skies, in a peaceful valley, seek to analyse the tempest which agitates the distant ocean, or blame the distracted mariner who strives, with the energy of despair, to guide his tempest-tossed bark, because he steers unskilfully through breakers hitherto unweathered by any vessel.

JUNE, 1853.





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**PRIVATE TRIALS**  
**AND**  
**PUBLIC CALAMITIES :**  
**OR,**  
**The Early Life of**  
**ALEXANDRINE DES ECHEROLLES.**

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**CHAPTER I.**

Be thou content ; the hour too soon may be  
When to the days wherein thou'rt dwelling now,  
And dwelling with a sullen, clouded brow,  
Thou wilt look back with fondest memory.  
Aye ! wouldst give all thou hast again to see  
The selfsame sea isles—above, below—  
The selfsame forms now hurrying to and fro !

**PRIDE AND IRRESOLUTION.**

---

**DETAILS CONCERNING MY FAMILY—MY FATHER'S BOYHOOD—HIS  
MARRIAGE—DEATH OF MY MOTHER—MY AUNT COMES TO LIVE  
WITH US.**

My grandfather, Gilbert Francis Giraud des Echerolles married Martiale Aimée Melon, whose father was the owner of extensive estates in



Nivernais. By her he had two children, a son who was my father, and a daughter who remained unmarried. My grandfather was a captain in the royal regiment of Poitou, and his two master-passions were war and the chase. No sooner was he returned home from the discharge of his military duties, than he was out day and night waging war against wolves and wild boars. This was what he called repose ; but such a style of living greatly impaired his fortune.

Happily my grandmother was gifted with strong sense, a clear head, and great shrewdness, which enabled her to counteract the evil effects of this excessive expenditure. Her discernment, being combined with active energy, preserved the family from the ruin which appeared inevitable ; and my grandfather, who never willingly thought of anything but his own pleasure, being perfectly satisfied with the comfort secured to him by the prudent economy of his wife, was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of the effects of her care and forethought.

His only son was scarcely nine years old before he introduced him to the army. He desired to inure him betimes to the fatigues and hardships of military life, and he not only formed this little boy-soldier, but associated with him some dozen young cousins of the same age, whom he took

pleasure in instructing in the arts of war. They were a daring little band, ever ready to encounter gaily whatever danger might threaten, and all turned out honourable men and brave officers.

I knew a M. de St. Léger who lived near Château Chinon in Nivernais, and who never spoke of my grandfather without the greatest enthusiasm. He had been one of this band of childish heroes. "We all fought well," he would say to me; "we were too daring and reckless to fear any danger. Your grandfather loved us as if we had been his own sons, but he kept us in good order. I owe him a great deal. Amongst other things I owe him this leg; it was fractured by a cannon-ball, and the surgeon was going to amputate it, for in the field there is no time to lose. 'No,' said your grandfather, 'I will answer for that leg,'—and here it is."

I greatly regret having learnt so few particulars concerning my family, which I might easily have obtained. But I was separated from them by the events of the revolution before I had attained the age at which we learn to feel an interest in our own origin. Subsequently our papers were burnt, our possessions confiscated and sold; and this complete spoliation, as well as the constant turmoil and agitation in which my youth was spent, contributed

to leave me but very few recollections of the period which had preceded it. It is my regret for this which mainly induces me to write down all that I can remember to have learnt on the subject, as well as all particulars of the times in which I lived, in order that my nephews may be able to find some links in the past to connect them with their ancestors ; and that the prolonged sufferings of their father and grandfather may teach them moderation in their desires, and contentment with their lot. Even my own history may afford them some useful lessons ; for they will behold in it the evidence of the goodness of God, who deigned to guide me on my way, and lead me at length to safety. May they cherish the remembrance of the names of those charitable persons who afforded assistance to their parents and relations, and should they ever meet with their children or friends, may they requite them with the friendship and gratitude which are their due.

It will be easily imagined that these premature campaigns were very prejudicial to my father's education, and that it was impossible for a child of his age to resume his studies with any profit on his return to winter quarters. There would therefore be more room for wonder at what he knew, than at what he did not know. Nevertheless, he

had found means to acquire a considerable amount of information. At twelve years of age he received a sword-cut on his left cheek and was taken prisoner; and the little officer, who was speedily exchanged, returned home extremely proud of the honourable scar which, extending as it did in a semi-circle from the ear to the upper lip, ran no risk of being overlooked. His subsequent military career proved worthy of such a commencement. He received seven wounds, and was but yet a youth when the cross of St. Louis was conferred upon him.

When about thirty-six years of age he married Mademoiselle de Tarrade, an orphan living in the seclusion of a convent at Paris.\* She was six-and-twenty, and very quiet and domestic in her tastes. The retired life she had led, and in which she had employed her time in the cultivation of her mind and talents, had given her a habit of serious occupation. To her friends she was all

\* These convents afforded an honourable asylum to young women in the position of Mademoiselle de Tarrade, who had been an orphan from the age of five years. When her education was completed, she engaged an apartment within the precincts of the convent. She had her own servants, and could go out when she pleased to visit a well-known and esteemed relation. In all other respects, she was obliged to conform to the regulations of the convent.

that was amiable and charming, and his marriage with her was a source of tranquil and uninterrupted happiness to my father.

My father's sister refused all the proposals of marriage that were submitted to her, and remained single. On the death of my grandmother, which did not occur till after the birth of my eldest brother, she took a house for herself, and my mother remained alone with her husband, their time being divided between the town and country, which latter, however, she much preferred.

Having passed twenty-one years in retirement, the world and its society had no charms for her; neither was she appreciated by it as she deserved, for she was absent, silent, and a bad card-player. But the qualities of her heart and mind endeared her to her friends; her charity and benevolence obtained for her the love of the poor; her sincere piety commanded the respect of all, and I never heard any of those who had known her speak of her without expressing deep regret for her loss. Thus early matured for eternity, she was taken from her young family when I was only seven years old. She left four children—two girls, and two boys.

Martial, my eldest brother, although only thirteen, was already a cavalry officer. It was very natural that my father, who had himself

begun his military career still earlier, should have wished to see his son wear his spurs at that age. Nevertheless, setting aside the evil which could not but result to the public service, I cannot refrain from offering a remark upon the abuse of this system of premature emancipation. If a child be launched into the world before his character has been strengthened by education, or matured by time and reflection, there can be no doubt that such a child, when he becomes a man, will be exposed to perils before which he will succumb. The exceptions may be and are numerous, still they can only be reckoned amongst those that prove the rule. The child who has the misfortune to be called at thirteen to act the part of a man, will, probably, be all his life like a hot-house plant—drawn up beyond its strength, producing no good fruit, and whose feeble half-developed roots are powerless to convey to the stem the vivifying juices which it might have acquired by judicious training.\*

My mother died at Les Echerolles, of which

\* The military education bestowed by my grandfather upon his little band was a very different thing. The strict discipline of the camp there held in control the soldier-boys whom he trained into men ; whereas the idleness of a garrison life would have proved their ruin.

she was very fond. She was scarcely forty-eight years old at the time; and I still recollect, with an emotion untinged by pain, the tears that I then saw shed for her. She was adored by the peasantry, all of whom felt, and felt truly, that in her they had lost a mother. She took leave of us in a very touching manner, and young as I was, the impression that it made upon me has never been effaced from my mind. She called us to her bedside, blessed us, and gave us much pious advice. She commended me to my brothers, entreating them also to protect and cherish Odille, my elder sister, whose reason was alienated, and her life one of constant suffering. She desired that no unnecessary expense might be lavished upon her funeral, and that the sum that would have been devoted to it, might be employed in doubling the alms which she had requested might be given to the needy, at the same time desiring that clothing should be distributed to many poor persons. The more I afterwards reflected upon the loss we had thus sustained, the better I comprehended its full extent; for sad indeed is the condition of young children deprived of their mother, and of the fostering care of her unalterable affection.

I do not know what was my father's motive

for neglecting to fulfil one of the last wishes of my mother—namely, that I should be sent to a convent. It is possible that in his affliction, he sought consolation in the society of the children whom his wife had left to him.

His sister, Mademoiselle des Echerolles, having undertaken the charge of my education, came to live with us ; and as she did not like the country, we quitted Les Echerolles to take up our abode in the town. My youngest brother, Chambolle, was sent to the military college at Metz ; and as my eldest brother's regiment was soon after quartered at Moulins he became once more a boarder in his father's house, in which I still remained, as well as my sister, whose ill health occasioned us much alarm, and admitted but little hope of her recovery.

My aunt soon became warmly attached to me ; indeed, her maternal tenderness towards me seemed to increase every day ; nor can I now think without sorrow of the pain I inflicted upon her, by constantly repeating how much I desired to be sent to a convent. I was acquainted with the wish my mother had expressed on her death-bed, and grieved as I was by its neglect, longed to see it carried into execution. The gifts which were lavished upon me, the amusements in which I



shared, and the affectionate care of which I was the object, were alike unavailing to efface it from my mind ; and often—far too often—did I press my aunt to fulfil my mother's desire. "Am not I too your mother?" would she reply. "I cannot part with you."

The visits I paid to my young friends in the parlour of the convent, only strengthened my desire to be amongst them, and increased my regrets. I envied them their accomplishments, and the instruction that they enjoyed, while the rosettes pinned upon their shoulders, in attestation of their progress, tended still further to increase my depression. Despising the blessings by which I was surrounded, my constant cry was : "Oh ! why am I not sent to the convent ? There only can I be happy !"

My aunt, who was very fond of society, often took me out with her, child as I was ; and I still have a horror of the recollection of the long visits, during which, sitting or standing in silence, I counted the window-panes, or the flowers on the carpet, to while away the time. My mother's jewels had already been made over to me, I was very fashionably dressed for my age, I frequently enjoyed the society of my friends and playfellows, and was indulged in all my wishes,

yet with all this, I was not happy. My aunt, uneasy at beholding my depression, would ask me with the tenderest solicitude: "What ails you? What is it you would have?" "I wish to go to the convent," was my invariable reply; and it was one which went to her heart.

I have now no longer any doubt that this was the only reason which induced her to contemplate going to Paris, and there taking an apartment in a convent, where, without being separated from her, I could share all the lessons of the boarders. Her taste for society should be known, in order fully to appreciate the extent of the sacrifice which she was thus ready to make for me. She would have changed all her habits, and given up her independence, and a very pleasant social position, in order to submit herself for my sake to the weary monotony of monastic rule; so great was her love for me! And bitterly have I since reproached myself for the manner in which I grieved her by my constant lamentations.

At this period Chambolle came home from Metz; and we should all have set out for Paris, had it not been for the revolution, the rapid progress of which necessarily engrossed the attention of all classes.

## CHAPTER II.

Like some small wave which 'neath a sky serene  
In ocean's cadence rose and fell unseen,  
But when th' unfettered whirlwind ploughs the main  
Gathers each lesser billow in its train,  
Till swelling onward 'mid the tempest's roar  
It sweeps resistless o'er the quivering shore.

---

THE DAY OF THE BRIGANDS—MY FATHER NAMED COMMANDANT OF  
THE NATIONAL GUARD OF MOULINS—ARREST OF NOAILLY—MY  
FATHER SAVES HIM—MY BROTHERS EMIGRATE—HATRED OF THE  
PEOPLE—MY FATHER RESIGNS HIS COMMAND.

To my apprehension the revolution began with the celebrated Day of the Brigands. I was too young to comprehend its importance, though young enough—if I may venture to say so—to enjoy the noise and excitement; for novelty, tumult, and disturbance have a charm for children. In this case their progress was rapid: messengers arrived everywhere at the same moment, announcing the approach of armies of brigands. They were assembled; they had been seen; they

were coming; it was necessary to take arms at once in self-defence! So general was the panic, that bands of peasants, armed with scythes and pitchforks, came marching in from all directions, inquiring where the brigands were, and desiring to be led against them. Upon this the townspeople met together, officers were chosen to command them, and thus the famous National Guard was established.\*

A commander was required, and my father

\* Both men and women assumed the national colours, and I took part in the general activity by getting a quantity of cockades fabricated, which my father distributed among the ladies of his acquaintance. The employment not only gave me importance in my own eyes, but impressed this remarkable day upon my memory, to which the smart tricolor cockade fastened to my own shoulder contributed not a little. I fancy I can still see the troops of rudely armed peasants marching in from the adjacent villages to the sound of the bagpipes. They advanced boldly, with their heads erect, asking, "Where are they?" But no one had seen the formidable brigands! The peasants encamped on the promenade, and having waited, deliberated, and dined, the bagpipes gave the signal for departure, as joyously as they had heralded their advance, and they returned to their homes. As they went, they said "Farewell, we shall meet again;" and it was, in fact, from the ranks of this poor, ignorant, but gallant peasantry, that arose in all parts of France the soldiers who subsequently showed such gallant, dauntless heroism.

was selected. He was walking on the public promenade, when he was surrounded and proclaimed colonel. He refused; but the dignity was pressed upon him with so much pertinacity, that at length he yielded, and accepted it. My aunt was ill pleased at this. I remember that she urged him to reject so perilous a distinction. It was then too late, however; and the tears rolled over her cheeks, when she saw him escorted home by a numerous crowd, and a guard of honour stationed at his door. When he re-entered his house he was no longer his own master, he had become a public functionary, the interests of his children could henceforward be but a secondary object. Our plans, our journey, all were at an end, and we remained where we were.

Moulins shared in the agitation of all the other towns of France, which, seized with panic terror, rose in a body against the brigands, whose chimerical existence was pretexted only for the purpose of arming the population. Those who first set the formidable engine in motion, soon found themselves unable to control its progress, and were crushed beneath its weight. The revolution was developing itself with fearful rapidity. Everywhere terror mingled with its triumph; for what else could this offspring of discord and tumult bring forth?

My eldest brother remained with his regiment in garrison at Moulins; the youngest, who held a commission in the provincial regiment of Clermont, and was to enter the artillery on the completion of his military studies, came home to us. Masters were given to me, my aunt mingled more than ever in the society of the place, and my father devoted himself entirely to his new duties. The confederation dispatched him to Paris, at the head of the deputation sent by the department of the Allier; but he came back totally disheartened. He had hoped that on the day of the famous meeting in the Champ de Mars, the King would put himself at their head, march against the National Assembly, and dissolve it. "Such a measure," said he, "might have saved both France and the King, who unhappily had not the wisdom to take advantage of the enthusiasm still felt for him."

After this the country became more and more disturbed. The object of the agitators was to urge the people to revolt. Accusations were set forth against the corn-factors, alarming reports were spread of famine, attributed to the evil influence of the enemies of the people, and the ever-credulous masses suspected enemies in all whom they beheld.

M. Noailly, a rich corn-factor, living at Droi-

turier,\* was arrested by the inhabitants of La-Palisse, gagged and bound, under pretext that he was an aristocrat and a famisher of the people. He was carried to Moulins to be delivered up as a prey to the populace, which had already received its instructions, and was secretly urged on by designing persons to the commission of the most horrible excesses.

My father caused a squadron of troops to be called out, went to meet Noailly, and under pretext of desiring to have him under his own eye, ordered him to be placed in his carriage. Noailly was, however, suffered to remain there only a few moments before the horses were unharnessed and the wheels broken. My father sprang to the ground, addressed the angry mob, declaring that he did not wish Noailly to escape; and that it was in order to deliver him over to the rigour of the law, that he was desirous himself to conduct him to prison. Taking him by the collar with his own hand, he walked on through the midst of the furious mob, scarcely protected from their violence by the soldiers who surrounded him, and exposed every moment to the danger of perishing, together with his unfortunate prisoner, whom he had at length the happiness of placing

\* A post-town between La-Palisse and Roanne, on the road from Moulins to Lyons.

in security, after having endured all the horrors of death on the way, which was of considerable length. He doubled the guard over the prison ; and the people, hoping to secure their victim another day, withdrew. The matter was suffered to hang on hand, so as to leave time for the people to become calm, and by degrees to forget the unfortunate Noailly, who was at length secretly set at liberty, and took his departure during the night. It was subsequently given out that there had been no sufficient grounds for his detention, all that was advanced against him having been a fabrication. The people could not forgive my father for having deceived them ; and from that moment, the popularity which he had formerly enjoyed, was turned to implacable aversion ; and powerless either to resist it, or to effect any good, my father gave in his resignation.

I was too young at that time to have any recollection of the political details of the period, which were beyond my comprehension ; but I remember that my father's firmness raised him up many powerful enemies. His efforts to maintain peace, and to oppose the general disorganization caused by the demoralizing principles disseminated amongst the people, served only to draw down the storm upon his own head. Once deprived of



his office, there was nothing to protect him from the violence of his enemies ; he became a mark for the most preposterous calumnies, a victim of the good he had dared to do, and which was requited by the blackest ingratitude.

So much has been said on the subject of emigration, that but little remains for me to add. I will only remark, that the question has been judged after the event, and in all probability unjustly. When a generous impulse, spreading through the ranks of the French nobility, hurried it on in the name of honour in the footsteps of its princes, is it matter of wonder that so many loyal hearts, that so much youthful valour, should have answered the appeal with all the ardour of enthusiasm ? In many cases emigration took the form of a fashion, a mania, an inevitable necessity. The officers of the royal regiment of Guienne emigrated, and with them my elder brother ; the younger one followed them soon after, in company with one of his cousins, M. de Tarrade, a relation of my mother, who had married and settled at Moulins. A great number of young men imitated their example ; even whole families quitted France, in the hope of a speedy return. It was a difficult thing to stem the tide of public opinion, which, originating in a feeling of honour, soon became

tyrannical in its commands, and no alternative was left but to emigrate, or to lose caste.

I well remember the secret meetings, the agitation, the eagerness to obtain any tidings from beyond the Rhine. "When do you set out?" was the question asked of every one. "You must make haste, or you will be too late; they will come back without you. It is for so short a time!" It was a kind of fever of enthusiasm which made the blood boil in the veins of every one. Those who resisted the influence, were degraded in the eyes of the nobles; and in some measure excluded from their ranks; and those who hesitated were pursued by ridicule and sarcasm, till they felt that at Coblenz only could they find peace. Women, always too apt to rush into extremes, attacked them without mercy; and night-caps, dolls and spindles, were showered upon them from all sides, accompanied by anonymous notes written in a tone of cutting irony. Everything which could excite the ardour of men of all ages was sagaciously employed in urging them to quit France; and everything, even to the mystery which it was essential to observe, contributed to enhance the chivalrous attraction of the enterprise.

I have sometimes thought that the originators of the Day of the Brigands were no strangers to

the secret stimulus thus given, and that they took advantage of the general enthusiasm to rid themselves of those who stood in their way, by means of their own generous sentiments. If my supposition be correct, it must be owned that their skill and success were alike unbounded.

The departure of my brothers was soon known, and was imputed to my father as a crime. My aunt perceiving how great was the irritation against him, did her utmost to persuade him to quit Moulins, foreseeing, that sooner or later it would lead to violence, of which he would be the victim. Her persuasions led, however, to no result. It may be that he had not time to escape, or that in his contempt for such senseless calumnies, he did not believe that his safety could be seriously endangered by them.

Even before he resigned his command, reports had been circulated against him of so ridiculous a nature, that it would be impossible to suppose they could have any effect upon the people, did we not know that they are often far more ignorant and more credulous than children.

It was said that the cathedral had been undermined by my father's orders, and was to be blown up during the celebration of the midnight mass, which we ourselves attended, in order to give

the lie to this assertion. Another mine was to explode on the Promenade de Bercy, on occasion of some popular festivity, in celebration of I know not what remarkable event; while cannons, concealed amongst the clipped hedges of a neighbouring garden, were to fire upon the terrified masses, and complete their destruction. Lastly, it was asserted that my father's house was filled with cases of arms and iron hooks, with which to hook the patriots, and hang them up to the trees of the promenade.

In fact, it is impossible to conceive accusations more absurd. I know not who took the trouble to invent them; all I know is, that the people, like cruel children, took pleasure in these marvellous tales, with which they loved to frighten themselves, and determined at all costs to follow them up by punishment. By degrees, these ridiculous assertions, being propagated from mouth to mouth, acquired an appearance of authority. The confidence which my father had so long enjoyed was shaken, and the people, who never reflect, and always rush into extremes, whether of good or evil, paused not to inquire whether they had any semblance of credibility. Hence my father became to them an object of aversion and of terror.

It was in the midst of this general ferment, that I

took the Holy Sacrament for the first time in the church of the Sisters of the Cross, on Thursday in Passion week, of the year 1792. I was then very young, but the Abbé Ripond, who was my confessor, and had been my mother's also, urged my aunt not to wait until I was older.

"It is true," said he, "that she is only eleven years old; but although she does not appear to you sufficiently matured to be admitted to the Lord's table, let us hope that the instructions she has received will be sufficient preparation for the present—adversity will do the rest. Days of calamity are at hand, and she ought to receive the sacrament, which is efficient to give strength. It may be that soon I may no longer be able to invite her to the altar, there to receive the body of her Lord; that soon the shepherd and the flock shall be scattered, and the temples deserted or defiled. The times of desolation are at hand."

Several churches, of which the officiating priests had refused to take the oath, had already been closed.\* In a few others they celebrated the mass in secret at peep of dawn. Our bishop,

\* It may be recollected that an oath had been exacted from all priests, which, being contrary to their vows, many of them had refused to take.

M. de Latour, having refused the oath, had departed to Rome. His place was occupied by an intruder, who wore a red cap at the altar, in the stead of a mitre. A great number of the clergy had fled. The advice of the Abbé Ripond was but too strongly enforced by all these circumstances. My father and aunt yielded to his wishes, and the Holy Communion was administered to me for the first time, at dawn of day, and alone. Many of my companions who were to have taken it with me, were compelled to use the same precautions, to avoid exposing our families to the notice and consequent hostility of the ill-disposed.

A few days later all the churches were closed, except those in which the service was performed by priests who had taken the oath.

About this time many circumstances combined to make my father appear guilty, or, to speak more correctly, were taken advantage of by his enemies to give a semblance of truth to their accusations. One M. G——, who had dissipated a very large fortune in unfortunate speculations, hit upon the new and, as it turned out, unfortunate expedient of sending for horses from Normandy, hoping to obtain a considerable profit by their sale. At the same time my father, then still in office, had suggested the formation of a troop, consisting

of the most respectable persons in the town, in order to be a check upon those who sought to disturb the public tranquillity. Several members of our best families enrolled themselves in this troop, which, however, never came into actual existence. But the project became known, and was afterwards made use of against my father, when a man was arrested who had been charged to convey some money to his sons.

The name of this man, who had been long in our service, was Robin. He was taken, and brought back to Moulins. To this day I do not know whether there were any collusion on his part, whether he acted on the instigation of some enemy, or whether he were simply unfortunate. This, however, I know, that all these isolated facts were brought to bear in connection against my father. M. G——'s horses were to mount the new troop of aristocrats, whose secret aim was alleged to be the destruction of liberty, while Robin, sent on a mission to the army of Condé, was to communicate to him the plans of the counter-revolution, &c.

My father could not maintain himself in the face of accusations so numerous. A warrant of arrest was issued against him at the beginning of June, 1792, but from some remaining feeling of respect,

soon altogether laid aside ; he was spared the indignity of being conveyed to prison, and was simply summoned to go thither. He received the order with bitter indignation.

“I go to prison!” exclaimed he, as he paced the room. “I, covered as I am with the scars of honourable wounds ! I, who was never even placed under arrest ! I go to prison !”

Imprisonment had not then been ennobled as it was by later events ; then the fierce ordeal by which France was to be purified was but commencing, and the idea of disgrace, naturally connected with the gloomy walls of a prison, rendered it as repugnant as ever to men of honour.



## CHAPTER III.

Sure 'tis a mournful sight to see  
An old man driven from his home,  
A bark adrift upon the sea,  
And tossing 'mid the breakers' foam !  
To see him at the close of life  
Involved in scenes of worldly strife,  
With peril, toil, and care oppressed,  
When wearied nature craves for rest—  
And labours past, their recompense  
Hope to enjoy ere summoned hence.

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**MY FATHER IN PRISON—HIS EXAMINATION—HIS LIFE THREATENED  
—PERSECUTION—A PEASANT ARRESTED—THE INNOCENCE OF A  
CONDEMNED VICTIM RECOGNIZED—NOBLE CONDUCT OF M. CONNY  
DE LA FAIE, THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBUNAL—MY FATHER  
INDEBTED TO HIM FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY.**

My father embraced us all, and went alone to the prison in the evening. His servant being unable at once to wait upon him, and to retain his freedom, gave himself up as a prisoner likewise. The name of this excellent man and faithful servant was Brugnon. My aunt's distress on this occasion

was increased by the fact, that she at once comprehended all the danger by which my father was threatened. He was five days in secret confinement, during which he had an inflammation of the lungs. He was refused medical advice, as well as the assistance which his situation rendered necessary. The above-mentioned Robin, and a man of the name of Faure, both implicated in this affair, were detained in the same prison. Faure had served in the royal regiment of Guyenne. Having entered as a private, he had risen to the highest rank of subalterns, and then retiring from the service, had taken advantage of a good education to obtain the post of schoolmaster, which he was well qualified to fill. I do not know how he came to be mixed up in the accusation brought against my father.

No sooner had the news of his imprisonment become known, than all the society of the place crowded to my aunt's, to assure her of their sympathy on this trying occasion. The women especially, whose grief is habitually more demonstrative, and who are less liable than men to act under the dictates of servile fear, expressed the interest they felt for my father in the strongest terms. My aunt, who could not be otherwise than touched by such proofs of affection, took advan-

tage of them to endeavour to rally a knot of defenders round her brother, and to take active measures in order to counterbalance the power of his enemies. The latter were very numerous, owing to my father's hasty and impetuous disposition. They wished for his destruction, and their wishes being backed by power, great prudence would be required in order to parry, or to evade their violence.

After my father had been detained in secret confinement for a few days, it was announced that he should be conducted to the church of the Minimites for examination, and that he should proceed thither on foot and chained, between Faure and Robin. This church being at a considerable distance from the prison, he would have to traverse a great part of the town in order to go thither.

My aunt, in despair at this order, represented that her brother being attacked by a very serious illness, had not left his bed for five days, and might very likely be unable to stand, much more to proceed so long a distance on foot. By dint of solicitations, she obtained permission for him to be carried after his companions in misfortune. Thereupon my father got up for the first time since he had entered the prison. Up to that moment he had taken no food; and being unable

to walk a step, or even to stand, he sat down. The gaoler having given him some hot wine, supported him till he reached the sedan-chair, which was to convey him to the church of the Minimites. He was in his dressing-gown, being too feeble to put on his clothes. His appearance was powerless to touch the heart of even one of those maniacs, who, on beholding him, gave utterance to the most fearful imprecations ; and his indignation stood him in the place of strength ; for when he heard the people, bent on compassing his destruction, cry out : " Let him get out ! Let him walk !" he prevented their violence by getting down and walking. The progress was a very stormy one ; and when he reached his destination, the church, which served as a court of justice (such justice as the times afforded), was invaded by the infuriated populace, demanding its prey. Women, fiercer than tigers, were there, desirous to slake their thirst with his blood ; and several times during the progress of the examination, the soldiers were obliged to level their muskets at them, in order to keep them under restraint.

The examination was public ; and it was a most fortunate circumstance for my father that he had lost his voice in consequence of his illness ; for

the vehemence and bitterness of the replies wrung from him by his indignation, would infallibly have led to his destruction, could they have been heard by the audience. As it was, he could only speak very low ; there was a great noise going on around him ; and as we afterwards learnt, the registrar, in taking down his answers, gave them a less offensive form.\* Some of the judges were favourably disposed towards my father ; others either were hostile to him, or it was doubtful whether they would dare to protect an innocent man.

Many people came to stay with my aunt during this fearful examination, and we received frequent messages, some of an encouraging, others of an alarming nature. The men who had carried him, by describing to us the terror they had endured, had compelled us to share it ; and as we reflected on the fury of the senseless multitude, we could scarcely hope to see again the beloved object of our solicitude.

One of our relations, M. Montagnac de Chavannes, who had come on a visit to my father, in the hope of spending a few pleasant weeks with us, and had been present in the midst of the crowd during the whole of the trying scene, at length brought us word, that after being exposed to

\* I do not know, and therefore cannot record his name ; but it will not be forgotten by God.

the most imminent danger, my father had just regained his prison. To be assured of his safe return thither was what we now most anxiously desired.

My aunt, having obtained permission to see him after his examination, we accompanied her. We found him seated by the fire, and shivering violently, less however with fever, than with the vehemence of the indignant emotions that agitated him. I cannot describe this our first interview. The delight of seeing us again afforded him some degree of softening pleasure. He was restored to us; but in the midst of our joy we felt that the knife was pointed at him. It might strike at any moment, and perhaps the blow was only deferred.

We found with him the Abbé Papon, endeavouring to calm his irritation by the consolations of religion. This pious priest was himself a prisoner, condemned to confinement for a year, for having received and circulated a papal brief, which eventually cost him his life; for the refractory priests having been incarcerated before the conclusion of his year of imprisonment, he was found in the ranks of the proscribed party, and died in prison before the accession to power of a milder government.

I must not here omit a just tribute to the excellent qualities of the gaoler, whose name

was Bruxelle. His humanity and kindness were unremitting, and he did all in his power to brighten the lot of those entrusted to his keeping, all of whom found in him a compassionate and faithful friend. The name of such a gaoler ought never to be forgotten. His eyes filled with tears, as he admitted us to see my father, who occupied a large airy room, the grated window of which looked out upon the open country ; but in order to reach this room, we had to cross several dark and narrow passages, in which the air was confined, and redolent of bad smells from the over-crowded infirmary.

In those early days, we were allowed access at all hours to our beloved captive, and were even permitted to dine with him. He offered a seat at his table to the Abbé Papon, who was lodged in a little closet attached to his room ; and Faure also used to share his meals. All our acquaintance came to see him, fear not having yet paralysed every better feeling ; and indeed every one seemed anxious to give evidence of the interest they felt for him. If the walls of his chamber had not reminded us every time we looked at them that we were in a prison, we might have taken it for some brilliant reception room. The ladies of Moulins took a sort of pride in thus publicly testifying their respect for oppressed innocence.

My father, however, could not resign himself to his fate; he dwelt bitterly on the ingratitude of the people, on the atrocities of which he was accused, and expressed his indignation with a violence which made us tremble, whenever the municipal officials came to ask him whether he was comfortable, or had anything to complain of.

"I complain of nothing, except of being here," would he reply angrily. Every day the same question received the same answer, and caused us the same alarm. My father would often pace up and down the room, without vouchsafing even to look at the officials, who went away every day more displeased.

The marks of good-will so publicly lavished upon my father, soon began to give offence; and then not only were general visitors denied admittance, but only one person a-day was allowed access to him. I used to go thither at seven o'clock in the morning, and the sentries being frequently relieved, generally seemed to forget that I was there. Whether it were really from forgetfulness, or from good-nature on their part, no difficulty was made about admitting my aunt, who used to come at noon. We then dined together, and quitted the prison late at night.

I cannot express the feeling of dejection that



would come over me on re-entering our lonely and deserted house, where not a sound was to be heard, except that of the cries and wailings of my sister. Odille could take no part in our fate, whatever it might be—her lot was unchangeable; it seemed as if her only consciousness of existence was derived from suffering, while her defective reason withheld from her all knowledge of our common misfortunes.

An old servant, named Saapa, had quitted us at the time of my father's arrest. Being imbued with the new principles, he looked upon us all as a species of monsters; and in order to escape the contagion of aristocracy, he not only left the house, but would no longer bow if he met us. The liberty so much vaunted, was only that of being unfeeling and ungrateful. The history of Saapa, who went amongst us by the name of St. Pierre, was a singular one. He was the son of a Venetian noble, who having contracted an unequal marriage, was compelled by the disapproval of his family to take refuge in France, where he fixed his abode in the Nivernois. After the lapse of a few years, he went away, having some hopes of a reconciliation with his family, leaving his two sons in the hands of some persons whom he believed to be trustworthy, and to whose

care he committed, at the same time, a sum of money sufficient to afford them an education suitable to their rank.

The persons to whom this two-fold charge was confided, proved unworthy of the trust. They appropriated the money, and the children were employed to keep swine. Whether it were that their parents had died, or that their marriage had been annulled, they heard no more of them, and lived on as domestic servants. Both afterwards entered the army, and Peter served his first campaigns under my grandfather. My grandmother having learnt his history, examined his papers, caused them to be examined by others, and proposed to him to endeavour to obtain the recognition of his claims. As she was an excellent woman of business, it is presumed that they were valid. But the minds of the two brothers had been debased by the low station in which they had been bred up, and they preferred remaining in service to the anxieties of a law-suit, which would have disturbed their peace, and of which the issue may perhaps have appeared to them doubtful.

Saapa had lived in our family nearly fifty years, and was treated by us with all the consideration due to an old servant, who was entitled to be considered as almost one of ourselves. His noble

birth had always prevented our looking upon him in the light of an ordinary servant, and we were much grieved by his cowardly ingratitude, which I mention here, as his defection cut my father to the heart. He ended his days in a hospital.

I had to endure a heavy trial at this period. It was that of seeing my best friend changed towards me; or to speak more properly—though I never suspected her of having ceased to love me—I was hurt by the conduct of her parents, who fearing to compromise themselves, forbade her to hold any intercourse with me. Her doors were no longer open to me. I felt this blow acutely, the first that was ever dealt to my affections. Thus, even from my earliest youth, I was doomed to experience that inconstancy of friends which is so frequent in the world.

My friend's father, who used to frequent my aunt's house in the days of her prosperity, now in her adversity did his utmost to avoid her. His daughter, Julia, was compelled to follow his example. This was only an additional proof of the truth of the axiom which is known to all, and yet comes upon all by surprise, because they never anticipate its verification in their own case—namely, that the unfortunate have but few friends.

A question arose of removing my father to Orleans, where several prisoners of note were

already assembled, who were afterwards transferred to Versailles, where they were massacred in the Orangery. My aunt, who foresaw their fate, exerted herself to the utmost to obtain permission for him to be brought to trial at Moulins, in order to turn to account the interest still felt for him by some of the citizens, as well as of the judges. To the best of my recollection, my aunt's foresight was great, and her views generally correct. She was rarely deceived in her judgment concerning events.

It was then that she, who had hitherto been remarkable for her wit, her acute and *piquant* sallies, displayed the new qualifications of a strong mind and a lofty spirit; and throwing aside like a mask, the comparatively trifling social attractions for which she had been distinguished, revealed to the eyes of all, the real greatness of her character. We were already under many and great obligations to her, for her devotion to those belonging to her, as well as her generosity, was unbounded. It was subsequently entirely to her liberality that we were indebted for our maintenance, as she not only shared her income with us, but unhesitatingly sold an estate for our benefit.

In order to turn the time that I spent in the prison to some profit, and also to make it appear

less long and tedious to myself, Faure used to instruct me in geography, the use of the globes, and the physical sciences; and in order to vary the monotony of my pursuits in this gloomy abode, he procured a small electrical machine, with which to show me some experiments. These harmless diversions excited suspicion, or rather they afforded a pretext, which was eagerly seized, of practising a strange kind of persecution and hence they were soon forbidden.

The weather was very hot, and during eight successive days we had frequent storms, and several thunderbolts fell in the town. A man named G——, one of those who had denounced my father, was struck and killed as he was galloping along the high-road. He was a zealous patriot, and his obsequies were performed with so much the greater respect, that he was known to be an enemy of my father. But what could be the cause of all these accidents? Who was it that drew down such calamities upon the town and its inhabitants? It was assumed as a fact that it was my father, the object of whose chemical experiments was to attract the lightning to Moulins, and plunge its citizens in dismay.

Such a fable was well suited to the taste of the people; it was not only marvellous, but be-

yond their comprehension; and never once reflecting, that as my father was lodged in a tower in the highest part of the town, he must be more exposed to the peril than any one else, they doubted not that he was the cause of it, and this impression affording an excuse for a new mode of annoyance, was eagerly welcomed. The electrical machine was confiscated, and all experiments and even studies, strictly forbidden. Some beggars, who had posted themselves beneath his window, accused my father of giving them money, in order to bribe them to be the bearers of secret messages; and we were thus driven to refuse ourselves the pleasure of giving alms to the poor, and could not even venture to approach the window, in order to breathe the air.

Who does not know, or at least imagine, how long every minute appears within the walls of a prison? My father, kept in closer confinement than ever, wearily counted the hours as they passed, when an unforeseen event occurred, which diffused within its walls a pure and unaccustomed joy, of which I cannot resist the temptation of shedding some faint reflection over these gloomy pages.

In one of the villages in our department (but

which I forget), a peasant was found in the middle of the night standing beside the parish priest, who had just been assassinated. The priest had only time to raise his feeble hand towards him, and expired uttering his name. This single word was a death-warrant. The man grasped in his hand a bloody knife, his clothes were stained with gore, it was night, the priest had pronounced his name—all this was strong presumptive evidence against him. Being arrested and interrogated, he affirmed his innocence, and declared that he had come to the assistance of his master, and had wrestled with the murderer.

All who knew him pitied him, and believed him guiltless. His character had till then been blameless; but although he persisted in asseverating his innocence, circumstances were against him. The judges, strongly prejudiced in his favour by all the testimony borne to his character, dared not condemn him to death, but neither could they acquit him. He was sentenced to imprisonment in a dungeon, and in irons, for twenty years. Twenty years! poor fellow, he would have preferred death to such a sentence. He was the father of a numerous family, and the infamy to which he was doomed must be entailed upon them as an inheritance. He was

attacked by a violent illness, which prevented his removal to the dungeon where he was to endure a lingering death for twenty years, and would doubtless have fallen a victim to suffering and despair, had it not been for the care and kindness of the gaoler, the religious consolations of the Abbé Papon, and the good food sent to him daily from my father's table, which sustained his strength.

One day—it is a day that I shall never forget—he was restored to his children, to fame, to life. His innocence was brought to light. Such great and unexpected happiness was almost more than he could bear. A man, guilty of many crimes, had been condemned to death by the Court of Riom. When about to be executed, this man said that he would, at least, make one person happy before his death, and stated that in the prison of Moulins there lay an innocent man, sentenced in his stead, who had come to his master's assistance at the very moment that he himself had assassinated him. Our delight at this event cannot be described, the heart alone can feel it. The worthy peasant, who had been nearly overpowered by the emotion of such unexpected happiness, soon recovered, and departed laden with gifts and blessings.



There were besides in the prison several peasants, condemned to many months of imprisonment, for having insulted their mayor, and flung his seat out of the church. "Faith!" exclaimed a young and handsome countryman, "they had burnt one good *seigneur's* (lord of the manor) seat, and then they wanted to have one of their own.. I did not choose to see the mayoress set up for a lady in church; she can sit along with the rest of us."

For some misdemeanour of the same nature, an honest peasant was condemned to stand in the pillory for several hours, in a town near Moulins. The poor man was in despair at the notion of being thus exposed like a criminal to the gaze of the populace. Some young men of good feeling heard of his distress, and sympathized in it; and no sooner was he installed in the pillory, than the town-clock was heard to strike twelve, the hour appointed for his release. The authorities winked at this ingenious device, and the man was led away.

As the time of my father's trial drew near, our fears became more intense. We dreaded that he might not obtain justice. The news which reached us was very alarming, the agitation was general, storms were gathering in the bosom of

the nation, fostered by men ripe for every crime, and impatient for their perpetration. We seemed to be standing upon the brink of a volcano, the air was filled with strange and sinister rumours, heralds of the coming tempest; our days were spent in anxiety, our nights in sleeplessness. Amongst the members of the court were several enemies of my father; and some officious persons, such as are everywhere to be found, had sent him word that many would vote for his death. And thus the second month of his imprisonment wore away.

It was one evening in the beginning of August, that, wearied with our own reflections, we sat and watched the setting of the sun, or more properly, the fading of its light. It was late, and already rather dark, when we saw the gaoler enter, holding a paper in his hand. His gait was unsteady, and he was in tears; scarcely able either to stand or to speak, he sat down. What could this mean? Was he a messenger of death?

"What is the matter, M. Bruxelle? What is that paper?" asked my father.

"Sir, you are free!" exclaimed the worthy man, in a loud voice, while tears of joy impeded his utterance, "you are free!"

My father clasped him in his arms. His first

words, after the expression of his thanks to God, were of gratitude for the generous kindness of his gaoler. Then, having taken leave of his companions in misfortune, he quitted the prison, and returned to his own home. How sweet, and at the same time how sad, is the recollection of this almost clandestine return to our paternal abode. No sooner did his release become known the next day, than everybody hastened to visit and congratulate him.

We owed the happiness of this triumph to M. Conny de la Faie, father of the Vicomte de Conny, so well known for his political opinions and for his devotion to Charles X. and his unhappy family, who has the noble distinction of inheriting his father's virtues.

M. Conny was the president of the court, a man of great merit and acknowledged integrity, fully worthy of the post he held, and universally respected. This upright magistrate raised his eloquent voice in favour of the innocent victim already doomed for sacrifice, and was enabled to touch the hearts, and convince the reason of his hearers. At that solemn moment, a violent storm burst over the town. He took advantage of the circumstance, to call Heaven to witness his love of justice, and his zeal in defending its

interests, bade the voice of the avenging thunder re-echo in the hearts of those about to betray them, and wrested from his weak or wicked adversaries the life and freedom of the man whose destruction they had purposed. My father was acquitted. M. de la Faie had saved an innocent man, and our hearts were filled with never-ending gratitude towards him, whom God alone can reward.

I ought not to omit mentioning here, M. de la Ganguyère, who having joined with M. de la Faie in the performance of this noble action, merits the same gratitude, and has doubtless received the same recompense.

What a change had these two months wrought in me ! The dream of my childhood was dispelled. There were no more fairy visions, no more sports, no more careless glee, no more joyous laughter for me. They were still befitting my age ; but I had lost all taste for them, my reason had been too early developed, and urged me on beyond my powers. The balance of my mind, and my confidence in the future were destroyed. Sorrow had already laid its grasp upon me.

## CHAPTER IV.

Look down ! Man brings Thee, Heaven, his brother's guiltless blood !  
Hear its voice, hear ! a cry goes up to Thee  
From the stained sod ; make then Thy judgment known  
On him the shedder !

MRS. HEMANS.

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MY FATHER GOES TO LYONS, AND WE ACCOMPANY HIM—ARREST OF  
THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF POLAND—WE TAKE  
UP OUR ABODE IN THE FAUBOURG DE VAISE—MASSACRE OF THE  
9TH OF SEPTEMBER—MY FATHER IS COMPELLED TO FLY—WE ARE  
TURNED OUT OF DOORS—MADAME NOAILLY.

THE very day after his release from prison, my father was compelled to procure himself a passport which was made out for the whole of France. Three days were allowed him to arrange his affairs and quit Moulins, of which it was said that the tranquillity might be endangered by his presence. His acquittal not having been ratified by the popular feeling, the guard assigned to him for his protection was doubled.

We did not even await the expiration of the three days granted to us, to remove to my father's estate of Les Echerolles, situated at a distance of two myriametres from Moulins, where he hoped to be able to wait for his effects, and to form his plans; but no sooner had we arrived than we were overtaken by some friends who had followed us to give us warning of the excitement that prevailed amongst the people. They were assembling in bands, and talked of coming to Les Echerolles to burn the house, and recover the prisoner who had been saved from their indignation. Being unable to foresee the consequences of such a proceeding, the most prudent course was not to await it.

But whither were we to fly? Of going to Paris there could no longer be a question; to do so we must have passed through Moulins. My father, therefore, decided in favour of Lyons, and set off at once in a *patache*\* with Alix, the farmer who managed his property. They traversed the little town of Varennes at night-fall. As its inhabitants were very ill-disposed, my father lay down at the bottom of the vehicle, and M. Alix covered him with his cloak, and by sitting rather forward, he

\* A small two-wheeled carriage without springs, much used on the road between Bourbonnais and Paris, and covered with a cloth supported on wooden stretchers, like the tilt of a waggon.

was able—thanks to his bulk and to the width of his great coat, to conceal him from all curious eyes. He appeared alone, replied without embarrassment to the questions put to him, and as they were accustomed to see him drive through the town at all hours in pursuit of his business, he was not detained.

My father reached without any accident the abode of the same Noailly whose life he had saved, and was received by him with all the gratitude which he deserved at his hands, but which is not always found. We rejoined him there the next day, and fearing lest we might compromise Noailly by remaining longer at his house, we proceeded at once to Roanne, where my father was obliged to remain some time to await some papers of importance, which, owing to his hasty flight, he had been unable to bring with him. Our sojourn here was not without peril, owing to the near neighbourhood of Moulins ; but as yet we knew not whither to go. The disturbances which broke forth in all directions made my father hesitate which route to choose, for our safety depended upon his decision. The ferment became every day more general and more violent. There were rumours abroad of tragic events ; blood had flowed at Paris ; distant and uncertain reports reached our ears, but could afford us no information.

There was danger in all quarters. The tempest roared above our heads—the earth burned beneath our feet—whither could we fly? No sooner had my father arrived at Roanne, than several officers of the regiment of Penthhièvre, which was quartered there, came to visit him. The calamities of the times, and those which the future had in store for us, occupied the minds of all, and they consulted together on the subject. The soldiers of several regiments had already massacred their officers, and these anticipated the same fate. “Discipline is undermined by the new principles,” said one of them, “our authority is no longer acknowledged. Coblentz is our only refuge.” Thus everything combined to encourage emigration.

At length the shock of the celebrated 10th of August reverberated throughout France. Challier, a furious Jacobin from Lyons, though a native of Savoy, whose name is but too famous, returning from Paris, whither he had gone to throw the weight of his frenzy into the revolutionary scale, took advantage of his passage through Roanne, there to proclaim the new doctrines. Taking his stand on the top of the diligence, he addressed the people, impressing upon them by voice and gesture a sense of the benefits conferred by the 10th of August. Imprecations and blasphemies bursting from his



lips, communicated his frantic ardour to the excited crowd. The fearful words with which he concluded his harangue seem still to ring in my ears : “ Brothers and friends, you have destroyed the infamous Bastile ; but as yet you have levelled walls alone—a nobler task awaits you. Heads must be laid low, and then you will be free. Down with kings ! Death to the tyrant ! Hurrah for the people ! Hurrah for liberty ! ” As the diligence moved away, he still kept crying “ Death to the tyrant ! ” This scene caused my father clearly to comprehend the risk we ran in living in a small town so near Moulins, and where we were so much exposed to observation. It would be better to seek the shelter of the crowd. The great number of fugitives, hastening from all quarters to take refuge at Lyons, induced him to go thither also. We had seen many of our relations and acquaintances pass by in that direction, seeking an asylum from the persecution to which they were exposed at home. Madame de la Rochefoucault was amongst them ; she travelled under the assumed name of her children’s nurse, carrying on cushions her twin daughters, who were still at the breast—a touching picture which failed not to call forth a feeling of protecting interest towards both mother and children.

We took up our abode at the Hôtel de Milan, on the Place des Terreaux ; and next morning my father went to the Hôtel de Ville, to have our passports examined, and to obtain permission to establish himself at Lyons.

“ What have you come hither to do ? ” was he asked.

“ To consult the skilful physicians who reside in the town.”

“ Very well ! you can consult them to-morrow, and leave Lyons the day after.”

It would perhaps have been better for us had we obeyed this order. My father made no reply, and went out, saying to himself : “ What shall I do ? Whither shall I go ? ”

The day passed in the same uncertainty ; and desirous that before we left the city, I should see the theatre, of which the proportions were much admired, he took me to the play. The piece performed was “ Paul and Virginia.” Virginia was played with much grace and talent by Mademoiselle Chevalier, whose name became subsequently well known in Russia. I had never seen any performance equal to this ; and absorbed in my admiration, had forgotten everything besides, when suddenly several stentorian voices caused the theatre to resound to the tones of the “ Mar-

seillaise.” The pit was filled with the all too celebrated *Marsellais*, who had arrived the previous day, and were on their way to Paris, unconscious perhaps of the bloody deeds in which they were to participate. Who does not know the Marseillaise hymn—its beauty, its masculine energy, its exciting power? We returned home shuddering with terror.

I have said that we were lodged at the Hôtel de Milan, on the Place des Terreaux. The day after this occurrence, we perceived an assemblage of people in front of the Hôtel de Ville; and presently we saw the officers of the royal regiment of Poland pass beneath our windows, having just been arrested (on a charge of having sought to induce their men to emigrate) by their own soldiers, and those of the regiment of Vexin, already known by their excesses. They were taken to the castle of Pierre-cize (the state prison), accompanied by a savage and exulting multitude. As the fearful torrent swept by we remained silent and terror-struck. Every day, every hour, revealed to us some new source of danger, until life seemed almost a burden, because one could feel no certainty of enjoying it even for an hour.

MM. de Nétancourt and de Bosque, whose regiment (that of Penthhièvre) was leaving Roanne,

where we had met them, were paying my father a visit when their unfortunate brother-officers passed by, thus escorted by a licentious soldiery. They grieved for their friends amongst the officers of the royal regiment of Poland, and applying the lesson to themselves, and foreseeing the fate which was reserved for them, they resolved not to await it, and left us to proceed beyond the frontiers.

It was now necessary for us to come to a decision as to our own movements, and to do so speedily. My father, not knowing what course to adopt, went to the son of M. Noailly to ask his advice, and trust to his prudence—hoping that he would remember the service rendered to his father. He was not mistaken. M. Noailly received him with affectionate cordiality, and did all in his power to prove his gratitude. He lived in the Faubourg de Vaise, and at once proposed to my father to take up his abode there. Each separate suburb was then governed by municipal authorities of its own, and those of Vaise were very worthy people. At the request of M. Noailly, who made himself responsible for us, they permitted my father to establish himself there, and we thus eluded the order we had received to quit Lyons. Our journey extended no further than to the Faubourg de Vaise, where we secured a tolerably

comfortable apartment in the house of a M. Seriziat, a wealthy corn-merchant. It was furnished in haste, and we lost no time in removing thither to escape the malevolent watchfulness with which every movement of a stranger was regarded. The society of M. Noailly, a corn-merchant like his father, and of his wife, a pretty and amiable woman, was very agreeable to my father and aunt, who frequently went to their house. It was then that we made the acquaintance of M. and Madame Guichard, whose friendship subsequently proved to be one of the blessings for which we were indebted to our misfortunes. The proximity of our abodes, the loneliness of our position, and above all the kindness with which they received us, made us frequent visitors at their house. And thus was formed the connexion which became afterwards of such benefit to us.

We had been established but a few days in our new dwelling, when my father received a letter from the Marquis de Piolenc, who lived at Chambéry, and supposing us still to be at Moulins, wrote to entreat my father to receive his daughters into his house, as they were there without friends or home. They had been educated in the convent of the Visitation, where I had so often visited them, had so much admired the distinctions

which gave evidence of their goodness and cleverness, and had so longed to be with them. But those peaceful retreats, unable to escape the reaction of the disturbances of the outer world, no longer afforded refuge to their pious inmates, who, driven by violence from their abode, were unable to protect the children entrusted to their care.

A friend of ours having undertaken to act for my father, the two little girls were sent to us by the diligence. The meeting with Agatha and Desirée seemed to restore to me my youth; for though now only twelve years old, I was not even young, much less a child. My childish impressions were, however, so recent, as to be easily revived, and we spent three happy days together, hoping that the person who was to fetch them might be detained on the road.

M. Guichard's house being opposite to ours, we went thither every evening; and while our relations talked of the disasters of the times, we enjoyed ourselves in the extensive gardens with Madame Guichard's daughter Annette, who was about my own age. On the 9th of September we had met in the garden earlier than usual, wishing to make the most of the mild weather, and were playing beneath the noble trees which were its chief orna-

ment, when our sports were suddenly interrupted. Consternation was written upon every countenance ; wild cries were heard, and the tumult of an angry people broke like the howlings of the tempest upon our ears, and carried dismay into our hearts. My father and M. Guichard climbed upon one of the rocks which enclosed the upper part of the garden, and beheld a sight which filled them with horror. It was the massacre of the prisoners of Pierre-cize.

Pierre-cize, at once a fortress and a state prison, was built upon an isolated and rather lofty rock, which has since been blown up. It was there that the officers of the royal regiment of Poland were confined ; and the intention of the people was to demand these unfortunate men, who had been already pointed out as victims of their fury. It has been said that the mayor of Lyons had received the order for their liberation two days before, but considered their death as necessary to the progress of the revolutionary movement. I will not discuss this question, but will merely state that which I have since heard from M. de Bellecise, then governor of Pierre-cize, a man held in universal estimation, and formerly provost of the merchants of Lyons.

M. Vitet, who was at that fatal period mayor

of Lyons, went in the morning to M. de Bellecise, to warn him of the dangerous disposition of the people, and of the fears which were entertained lest they should make any attempt upon the prisoners. M. de Bellecise, who was crippled with gout, caused himself to be carried in company with the mayor, to every part of the castle, which was susceptible of defence, and assured him, that provided he were supplied with a few more cannon, and a reinforcement of soldiers for the garrison, he would answer for the safety of the prisoners. The mayor promised everything, and did nothing.

In the afternoon, the people, amongst whom were the Marseillais, who had deferred their departure for Paris in order to take part in this act of violence, assembled under the walls of Pierre-cize. The crowd was immense. They shouted, they threatened, they endeavoured to force an entrance, they spoke of scaling the walls. The infuriated populace climbed the steps cut in the rock, demanding the keys, and seeking to demolish the gates. M. de Bellecise, having obtained none of the necessary means of defence, was fully aware of the fearful danger of his position. Confined to his chair, and foreseeing but too clearly the consequences of the



violence which he had no power to resist, the unfortunate old man was unable to present himself to the people, and the perilous summons was obeyed by his daughter.

Mademoiselle de Bellecise, a young woman of great personal courage, appeared unattended, and declared in a firm and audible voice, that she would resign the keys to him alone who had a right to demand them. The silence which had been kept, in order to hear what she had to say, was prolonged by the astonishment of the angry crowd, on beholding the calm energy of a defenceless woman. The demand for the keys having been reiterated, she came forward to consign them to the mayor, who was present. They slipped from her grasp and fell to the ground; she picked them up with the utmost calmness, and placing them in the hand of M. Vitet, she represented to him the nature of the duties which by this act he undertook, the sacredness of the deposit entrusted to his keeping, the support which he was bound to afford to the unfortunate . . . . Did he give heed to her words?

The ill-fated men, whose destruction was determined upon, had been a few hours before counted over and shut up by him in one room, under pretext

of the greater facility thus afforded for watching over their safety ; he had himself turned the key upon the nine victims, promised to the myrmidons of Challier. " Heads must be laid low ! " had been his words, and they were demanded by his sanguinary followers.

No sooner had the keys of the castle been delivered to M. Vitet, than the gates were opened, and the people pressing forward upon the traces of the yielding mayor, like a torrent of boiling lava, left death and disaster to mark their course. They were at no loss to find the victims prepared for them. One alone escaped—M. des Plantes. A presentiment of the fate in store for them, urged him to quit this chamber of death ; he jumped out of the window, and fell into a little court, reserved for the use of a maniac, confined at Pierre-cize. This maniac, finding the use of his reason, in the hour of need, concealed him in a sewer, and then replacing the stone over its mouth, continued to conduct himself as usual. The crowd gazed at him and passed on. The unfortunate officers were torn from their prison, dragged along the ground, tortured and massacred. Some perished on the steps of the rock of Pierre-cize, but the sufferings of those less fortunate, were only terminated on the Place des Terreaux.

One of these unfortunates had escaped the first search; and the crowd having withdrawn with its prey, a faithful servant came to entreat him to seek a more secure retreat, "for," urged he, "they might return."

"They did not discover me," replied the officer, "I will stay where I am."

A returning wave swept him away, and his doom was sealed.

Mademoiselle de Bellecise was the heroine of the day. She was unable to save the victims marked by a more powerful hand, but she resisted to the uttermost by her prayers and supplications. Fearlessly she raised her voice to plead the cause of the unfortunate. Wounded in the foot by a pike, she merely bound it up with her handkerchief, and was present everywhere in her unwearied efforts to save the prisoners. It seems inconceivable that she should not have been sacrificed together with them, and that this day should not have been her last; but she had painful cause to remember it. Finding herself shut up for a moment in a narrow passage, she overheard a deliberation, whether it would not be best at once to silence her importunate entreaties. Being rudely pushed aside by a soldier, she had two ribs broken by

the butt-end of a musket; it is even said that the mayor struck her with his fist, in reward for her ill-timed zeal. Félicité de Bellecise atoned by lengthened sufferings for the heroism with which the cause of humanity that day inspired her. Oh, that M. Vitet had shared the courage and the lofty spirit of this young girl, for then innocent blood would not have flowed before his eyes, nor have risen up in judgment against him!

The remainder of the day was passed by the Bellecise family in a state not to be described. The castle had been pillaged, and was open to all comers, it could no longer afford an asylum to any one. The torrent, which had traversed it, might return to seek the ninth victim, prudence therefore enjoined an immediate departure from this fatal spot.

The darkness having dispersed the crowd, M. de Bellecise would not wait for the possibility of its reassembling by daylight, and at midnight he abandoned his dangerous post. Leaning on the arm of Madame de Bellecise, and supported by a faithful servant, he silently descended the steps, still wet with the blood which had been shed there, while his daughter carried a

light before him. The descent was very slowly accomplished. I will not attempt to describe their feelings, when minutes were of as much importance as hours, when the most trifling circumstance might have caused the return of the frantic populace, whose distant yells still rung upon their ears.

At the foot of the rock, a carriage awaited them, into which they all entered. M. des Plantes, who accompanied them dressed as a civilian, lay down at the bottom. They had proceeded only a few steps, when they were stopped by a patrol. Madame de Bellecise leaned forward and gave her name, stating that she had no home, and was going to seek one. She had been very beautiful in her youth, and was still more so in her old age, because her countenance reflected the purity of her heart. Her whole life had been dedicated to her duties. Her extreme gentleness, and something almost angelic in her demeanour, compelled admiration and respect. During the terrible scenes of carnage by which that day had been defiled, she had remained with her husband, setting him an example of courage, and preparing to die with him. On hearing a name held in such high estimation, the man

who had stopped them bowed respectfully. "My friends," said he, "it is Madame de Bellecise. Let her pass."

They reached without further obstacle the retreat which they had long since prepared for themselves, in anticipation of that which had occurred. M. des Plantes was transferred to a safer asylum, and soon after made his escape from Lyons.

The next day Mademoiselle de Bellecise went to the Hôtel de Ville, and putting herself in due form under the protection of the town authorities, she demanded assistance to recover such portions of her father's property as had been plundered from Pierre-cize, and permission to carry away those which still remained there. Her demand was pronounced to be just, and a safe conduct granted her to proceed thither.

How painful must it have been to her to traverse the crowd, which still filled the Place des Terreaux, whence it had not dispersed, lest it should lose the full enjoyment of the crimes perpetrated on the previous day. It opened, however, to afford a passage to Mademoiselle de Bellecise. She was not insulted, but they compelled her to pass close to the stripped and mutilated bodies, stretched upon the steps of

the Hôtel de Ville.\* She had strength to conceal the horror she felt, and betrayed no sign of emotion. The success of the step she had taken, compelling her not to linger over these fearful scenes, she hastened on to Pierre-cize, whence she was able, without opposition, to remove the effects which the people had disdained to plunder. The police subsequently assisted her to recover several articles of value.

And what were we doing during the calamitous night of the 9th of September? Our individual fears were mingled with the general anxiety. The near neighbourhood of Moulins exposed us to easy detection by those who regretted the escape of my father. Many times people had been to inquire whether he were at Madame Guichard's. The words 'aristocrat,' 'suspicious stranger,' had been uttered by ill-looking persons; and at length we were warned that personal menaces were uttered against him. We therefore quitted the abode of our good neighbours, very late, in silence and in darkness, after having assured ourselves that no one could either see or hear us. We could

\* Besides the eight officers who perished on this occasion, three refractory priests were discovered and massacred with them. Their heads were fixed upon pikes, and paraded about the streets.

not think of rest, and we had besides an additional cause of anxiety. M. de la Barre, colonel of the royal regiment of Poland, who had not been arrested, had occupied the lodging which we now inhabited, and this the people might perhaps remember. Assailed by a thousand painful reflections, my father was pacing hastily up and down the room, when the door opened, and a woman entered. She held a dark lantern in her hand, her dress was in disorder, her hair hung loosely over her shoulders, and she was in tears. She was beautiful in her despair! We at once recognised Madame Fournouer, wife of the *traiteur* who furnished our meals. They lived at the foot of the rock of Pierre-cize and used to supply the prisoners. She had seen all that had passed, and the horror she had felt was stamped upon her countenance. She wept over the doom of the ill-fated officers, some of whom had been massacred almost before her eyes; and it was her anxiety to save one of them, M. de la Barre, which brought her to us at midnight.

“You yourself,” said she to my father, “are exposed to much danger. You have been named, and are now being sought for; but before escaping yourself, help me to save M. de la Barre.”

“But what can I do—a stranger in the place, and myself in peril?”



"You have unbounded influence over Barre," replied she. "In saving M. Noailly, you secured his devotion to yourself. He is a man of great strength, and if he will undertake the task, M. de la Barre is safe."

Barre was the proprietor of several lime-furnaces in the Faubourg de Vaise, where he was held in general estimation. He was, moreover, a very worthy man. It was to him that my father had entrusted Noailly at the time of his secret removal from the prison at Moulins, and he had restored him to his children, though by so doing he himself incurred no small risk.

Barre was sent for; the proposal made to him was neither more nor less than to risk his life for the sake of an utter stranger. He set off immediately, engaged a boat-woman, upon whom he could depend, descended the Saône as far as the Port de la Pêcherie (fishery port), landed, and running at full speed reached the Place des Terreaux, and entered the Hôtel de Milan, by a back door, at the very moment when the Place resounded with the cries of the bloodthirsty crowd which filled it, "Where is la Barre?" "We want the head of la Barre!" The unfortunate officer, believing every outlet to be blockaded, saw no possibility of escape from death, when Barre

came to save him. He led him, almost bore him, to the boat, laid him in it, threw him his uniform of the National Guard, and pushing it off from the shore, entrusted the life he had thus saved to the keeping of the silent river. The boat-woman, favoured by the darkness, noiselessly gained the middle of the stream, and dropped down a league below the town, to the dwelling of a friend of Barre to whom she was to commit the sacred deposit confided to her care.

No sooner had Barre left us than Madame Fournouer resumed:

“Another danger, Sir, is added to that with which you individually are threatened; the populace, disappointed in their expectations, may come hither to seek M. de la Barre, and might sacrifice you by mistake. You must leave this place—follow me,” and exerting an authority fully justified by the circumstances, she took my father away with her. We soon after learnt that he had instantly taken his departure from Vaise.

The state of mind in which we were left may be more easily imagined than described. We trembled for my father, and fancied that the slightest noise indicated the approach of the dreaded populace. A gleam of intense delight mingled with our terror when Barre came to

apprize us of his success. He rejoiced that he had saved a fellow-creature, but considered his own conduct natural and obvious, and could not understand that there was anything in it to excite admiration.

The night was a terrible one to my aunt. Besides the anxiety which she shared with the rest of us, she had to come to a determination—a very difficult thing under such circumstances. Resolved that at any rate the daughters of M. de Piolenc should not share the dangers which might be in store for us, she sent them, as soon as it was daylight, under the care of her maid and of my father's servant, to the house of M. Coste, an acquaintance of their father, whose obscurity appeared to be the best warrant for their safety. I took leave of my friends without a hope of ever seeing them again, for in those days a separation of a few minutes might entail that of a whole lifetime.

The tears this parting cost me were not yet dried when our hostess entered to inform my aunt, briefly and distinctly, that she must leave her house immediately.

“Madam,” replied my aunt, in some surprise, “you cannot turn me out, for I have hired this apartment for a definite time, which not being yet expired I am entitled to consider it as mine.”

“I do not care for anything you can urge,” returned she. “You are not known in this neighbourhood, and you are looked upon as aristocrats—that is sufficient to expose my house to pillage. Not only must you decamp immediately, but not a trace of your residence here must be left.”

“But,” pleaded my poor aunt, “where shall I seek refuge, since I know nobody?”

“Wherever you can: that is no business of mine.”

To such stern determination resistance was useless. In less than half-an-hour all our things were packed up, the beds unmade, and the bedding laid upon chairs as in a vacant lodging. Not a pin was left behind—“For,” said the amiable Madame Seriziat, “the Marseillais set out to-night for Paris, and will pass in front of my house; and I do not choose that they should suspect it of being inhabited by aristocrats.”

We were thus turned out of doors, and went to the house of our kind friend Madame Noailly, to ask her to provide some shelter for us, and in hopes that we might be able to rejoin my father; but he had set off for some place at a great distance, and she knew nothing of his fate. She had her own anxieties also, for she knew not where her husband was, and was as much perplexed what

to do with us, as we were what to do with ourselves.

“Well,” said she at length, “I can offer you the half of a room that my father has appropriated to himself in a small country house belonging to him, at the distance of half a league from hence ; we go thither so often, that your going will excite no observation. I intend myself to spend the night there, as I hear it is likely to be a stormy one. You will be very uncomfortable, but at least I hope you will be safe.”

My aunt accepted this offer eagerly and gratefully, the first object being to provide for the present necessity ; and having returned to our lodging to fetch a few things which we could not dispense with, we finally quitted Madame Seriziat’s house.

My aunt leaned on the arm of our servant St. Jean, who carried the small bundle she had entrusted to his care. We had each made our own arrangements on leaving. I was very proud of the careful forethought I had displayed, but while I was revelling in my self-satisfaction my poor aunt was nearly overpowered by heat and fatigue. She was a very bad walker. Her large size, very small feet, and cumbrous heels, were so many natural impediments to contend against, and

not being in the habit of taking exercise, she suffered much in going even this short distance, which to her appeared very long, and was rendered more trying by the heat of the sun. No sooner had we reached our destination than she opened her bundle in order to change her linen.

“Look there,” said she, laughing, to me, “see how judiciously I have taken my measures.” It contained nothing but lace caps. How proud was I to be able to produce from my apron pockets all that she required. I considered myself quite a miracle of forethought, and I may add that I was really rejoiced to be able to contribute to the comfort of my excellent aunt.

Our dinner was a sad one, and our supper sadder still. Madame Noailly, who had rejoined us, brought no news. The inhabitants of Lyons were paralysed by the most fearful suspense. The Marseillais were to set off that very evening. Would they go? Wearied by anxiety, and by the uncertainty in which we were plunged, we laid down without undressing on the two beds which the room contained, there to await our fate. The house, although at a little distance from the high road, was lighted up by order of the police. This order, by making it conspicuous, might be fatal to us, yet we could not but obey. Soon a fearful

clamour apprized us that the troops were leaving the town, like a band of frantic revellers driven from her bosom, all drunken and gory, and panting to renew their cannibal excesses. These revellers had tasted blood, and it had turned them to tigers.

The bands passed along the foot of the little hill upon which our abode was situated, and went on their way howling forth their savage songs. Exhausted by so many emotions, we fell asleep full of these horrible impressions, only to be awoken by piercing screams. We thought our last hour was come, and to commend ourselves to God and then search for the assassins, was the work of a moment; but it was nothing more than one of Madame Noailly's little girls, who had fallen out of the large bed in which she was sleeping with her mother. We could still hear the distant songs of the soldiers. When they had ceased to be audible, Madame Noailly despatched a messenger to the Faubourg de Vaise, to ascertain what had happened there, and find our servants. The messenger soon returned with Brugnon, who, not finding us on his return home, had taken refuge with a worthy tailor. A fruit-woman had given hospitality to Cantat, my aunt's maid. Both had been alarmed and surprised at

finding us gone ; and being turned adrift, like ourselves, by Madame Seriziat, were fortunate in meeting with friends more compassionate than she had shown herself.

The night was a very stormy one, fresh massacres were dreaded, and no one thought of sleep. The soldiery, however, contented themselves with making a great noise, and on their departure tranquillity was restored. It seemed already as if order were about to be re-established, notwithstanding the secret fear which weighed upon all, warning us in particular to be prudent, for we were still poor strangers, threatened with danger, and destitute of shelter.

We took counsel together, and having settled our plans, and informed our servants of them, we set out at dusk at the back of Madame Noailly's curricule,\* while she and her children, sitting in front with their nurse, concealed us from all eyes.

We traversed the faubourg unperceived, and alighted at the inn kept by Madame Noailly's father ; the doors opened to admit our carriage, they closed behind it, and we were led to a very remote apartment, where Cantat presently rejoined us, delighted to have found her mistress, and

\* A sort of small and very light carriage, some of which have curtains.



trembling at the recollection of the previous night. We went to bed, saying to each other: "What shall we do to-morrow?" as our present refuge was offered to us till then only.

The morrow, however, brought joy with it, for my father returned unexpectedly. How much we had to tell each other! He had been taken to the dwelling of some peasants at a considerable distance, where many other fugitives, urged by the same fears, had also taken refuge. It is asserted that ten thousand people quitted the town that night, to seek shelter wherever they could find it. The Guichards, with many others, spent it in a wood. My father, having been brought back to Lyons by one of his new acquaintance, spent the second night in the house of a lady, whom, before that famous day, he had never seen.

"What is to become of us to-day?" asked my aunt.

"I cannot tell, beyond dinner-time," replied my father; "but we are asked to dinner at Mr. Coste's. The little Piolencs are to set out to-day for Chambéry, as their father's man of business has come to fetch them; so we are to go and take leave of them."

We got into the carriage, feeling that we knew

what to look forward to for the space of a few hours. My young friends had been tolerably undisturbed. Like me, they had severe trials in store for them; but they had still the confidence of childhood, and felt no fear of the future. We parted as if we expected soon to meet again, and promised to write often; but it was only after a long period of misfortune, that we saw each other once more. They had scarcely reached Chambéry before it was taken by the French. They made their escape on foot with their father, and from that time forward they participated in all the privations of the poor emigrants whose unhappy lot they were thus driven to share. My life was destined to be passed in the bosom of my country, in the midst of all the troubles by which it was torn. Farewell, Desirée! farewell, Agatha! with you I bid adieu to all the pleasant memories of my childhood.

## CHAPTER V.

Yet, freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind !

BYRON.

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WE REJOIN MY FATHER, AND TAKE UP OUR QUARTERS IN THE TOWN  
—BRUGNON—DEFEAT OF THE JACOBINS OF LYONS ON THE 29TH  
OF MAY—MY YOUNGEST BROTHER RETURNS TO FRANCE, AND  
JOINS US AT LYONS.

AFTER the departure of my friends, we obtained permission to occupy the species of garret in which they had slept. My father returned to the house of the lady with whom he had lodged the night before ; and we thanked God that we had found shelter for this night also. M. Coste, though by no means rich, took pity upon our distress, and did not turn us out of doors ; his heart was of a different mould from that of Madame Seriziat.

The next day my father continued his search

for a lodging where we might be received without being instantly notified to the police. M. Mazuyer had the charity to receive us on those terms. The main point was to gain time for a few days, until the public mind should become more calm, and we should have space to think over our position. We spent the fourth night of our wandering life in the small apartment which he gave up to us, rejoicing in the prospect of awaking without the necessity of seeking another refuge for the succeeding night. We had only one bed-room, containing a huge bed, which my aunt and I shared together, while a truckle-bed with curtains was placed in one corner for my father.

My father soon after went to the section to report himself; he gave only his family name of Giraud, by which alone he was subsequently known at Lyons. It was very common in the town, which was much to our advantage, as it served to shield us for some time from disturbance, or rather, from observation.

The house into which we had been received had formerly been the Custom-house, and many of the officials still resided there, as the new Custom-house, on the quay of the Rhone, was not yet finished. M. Mazuyer was inspector of the customs; and M. de Soulligné, the director,

lived there also, as well as the sub-inspector, M. Vignon, with whom M. de Bellecise and his family had found refuge. We thus could enjoy within the house itself the society of persons at once agreeable, estimable, and trustworthy—a great advantage at all times, but in those days an inestimable one.

United as we were in opinion, this little party met together every evening; and all found satisfaction in uttering their thoughts aloud, and sharing their hopes and fears together; the events of the times, and the daily alarms to which we were exposed, furnishing almost the only topics of conversation. In the society of Sophie de Soulligné, a girl of my own age, I occasionally forgot the cares by which we were beset; but they were too often recalled to our minds by the grave expressions of our parents, whose apprehensions could not slumber like ours.

The winter passed away in the midst of constant anxiety, which was raised to the highest pitch by the death of the king. Where could iniquity, which had reached such a height, be expected to stop? It seemed as if a funeral pall had been spread over the town. Silence reigned throughout the streets, and households were plunged in mourning, as if each had lost its

head. The day was spent in tears by our little band, for every heart was full of grief; and we could but ask each other what would soon be our own fate?

Even the most solitary retreats were not exempt from the visitations of terror, against it no protection could be found, it penetrated even to the most remote spots, it knocked at every door. How can I attempt to describe this Reign of Terror? how paint it in its true colours? The word itself may suffice to convey an idea of the varied fears, the anxiety, the anguish with which in those days it filled the hearts of the virtuous. The citizens were disturbed at all hours by domiciliary visits, which became every day more frequent; and this new species of persecution rendered it perilous for the afflicted to give vent to their sorrow, even in the privacy of their own chambers.

The night, as being more favourable to the influence of the terror it redoubled, was most frequently chosen for these dreaded visits, of which darkness increased the horror, if not the danger. Sentinels stationed at regular intervals, suddenly aroused the inhabitants by low cries, which passing on from mouth to mouth, were prolonged and repeated through the dingy streets.

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Reiterated knockings were heard at the doors, the slightest delay in opening which provoked anger and impertinence, and then the voices of the commissioners were mingled with the cries of the soldiers. During these wretched nights, our sufferings were redoubled by our utter uncertainty as to the fate which awaited us. No one knew whether to remain in bed, or to get up to receive them; the former measure appeared to display too much security, the latter too much anxiety.

To these tangible causes for alarm were added others more imperfectly known. There were dark rumours of the most sinister projects formed by the Jacobins; of secret assemblies, in which they planned the ruin of Lyons, and the destruction of the most respectable of its inhabitants. Brugnon, in order to obtain for us some information concerning their plans, went daily to their club, so that at length they began to look upon him as one of themselves, and gave him pamphlets to distribute; but he was never admitted to their mysterious conclaves. Thus all the advantage that we derived from Brugnon's visits was an acquaintance with their blood-thirsty eloquence; for this worthy man being gifted with an excellent memory, and a great talent for mimicry, used to repeat to us word for word their inflammatory

speeches. Usually all our party assembled to listen to him ; and in spite of the circumstances in which we were placed, and the dangers which threatened us, the comic effect was sometimes irresistible. Many of these men, transformed into orators by a thirst for crime and violence, had but just quitted the looms, amongst which their lives had been passed ; and ignorant alike of facts and of language, they made the tribune resound with incomprehensible words and figures of rhetoric so ridiculous and grotesque, that it would have been impossible not to laugh at them.

The death of the king ushered in a sanguinary period, hastened by the wishes of the Jacobins. Their secret meetings became more frequent, and in spite of the veil of mystery which they threw around them, sinister rumours spread abroad in all quarters. Every one felt as if exposed to the pursuit of an invisible enemy, and menaces were directed against the best and bravest. At length it became known that projects were formed for the destruction of a great portion of the inhabitants of the town ; and thereupon the citizens of Lyons rose in a body to defend themselves. The 29th of May, 1793, afforded them a noble opportunity of displaying their courage in the holy crusade



which they were called upon to undertake, and of which life and liberty were the object.

I cannot pretend to give an accurate account of a day so famous in the annals of Lyons. Young and inexperienced witness as I was, I beheld the effects, but was ignorant of the causes. I will therefore confine myself to the relation of that which I myself heard and saw.

It was said that Challier, who had been labouring many months to excite the people to fanaticism, believing them to be now ripe for the execution of his plans, had communicated them to his brethren and friends. He contemplated nothing less than to obtain possession of the town; to erect a guillotine on the bridge of Morant; to place a cannon at each end to guard it, and there to execute the enemies of the people, whose remains would be consigned to the Rhone, hurried obsequies following the hurried execution. The list of the enemies of the people consisted of the vague designations of aristocrats, moderates, the rich, the neutral, egotists, devotees, relations of emigrants, &c., all of whom were condemned to death. "The revolutionary axe must strike," said they, "until the inhabitants shall be reduced to a small number of select persons devoted to the interests of the Republic, and worthy of com-

pleting the noble task of the regeneration of Lyons." The brethren and friends having responded to this appeal according to the wishes of Challier, a day was fixed for the execution of the plot; the most horrible oaths were exacted from all the members of the assembly, which presently separated to prepare for the atrocious task which they designated by so magniloquent a name. Such was the fearful mockery of guilt which slew its victims in the name of virtue.

One, however, of these brothers and friends, struck with horror at the contemplation of the calamities which they were preparing, hastened to reveal their plans to the authorities. Thereupon the sections immediately assembled, declared their jurisdiction permanent, appointed provisional heads, and marched upon the Hôtel de Ville on the 29th of May.

Thither the municipality, consisting entirely of Jacobins, as well as the leaders of their party, had retired, and batteries of cannon had been stationed in the streets which opened upon the Place des Terreaux, in order to defend the approach. The sections advanced in serried columns through the narrow and tortuous streets which lead to the Hôtel de Ville. Their ranks were thinned by the fire of the guns which opened upon them in front,

and by the musket-shots which were discharged from the cellars and garrets along their passage, rarely missing their aim. The wives of those monsters in human form followed on the track of the columns, like the wolves eager for their prey which appear on the deserted battle-field. Themselves monsters worthy of their lords, they massacred the wounded with every circumstance of barbarity. Amongst other instances I may mention that of a young man who, seeing his friend fall beside him, took him on his shoulders in order not to leave him exposed to the brutality of the populace. He was perceived by a woman of this class, who, infuriated at the idea that even one of the wounded might escape, plunged her dagger into the stomach of the young man who was carrying him, and then gave the finishing stroke to both. The column that advanced by the quay of the Rhone suffered much from the cannon which swept it along the whole of its length.

The fight was continued all day with the utmost fury—the resistance seemed equally determined on both sides, every one struggling for life and liberty. At length, towards six o'clock in the evening, the section of the Temple, consisting of strong and valiant men, succeeded in taking a battery by

assault, before those in charge of it had time to reload. This decided the fortunes of the day in favour of the party of order, and the Hôtel de Ville was taken. M. Madinier,\* who commanded the citizens, rode up the steps of the Hôtel de Ville with the reins between his teeth, and a pistol in either hand. There were found the bodies of the prisoners taken by the Jacobins, who had been slaughtered and frightfully mutilated. Bertrand, the mayor of Lyons, Challier, Carteron, Rouleau, and many others, were arrested, taken to the arsenal, and entrusted to the safe keeping of the commander, M. de Guériot. The next day he was required to give up his dangerous charge, that they might be conveyed to the prison at Roanne.

The inhabitants of Lyons now proceeded to appoint new municipal authorities. Tranquillity was restored, and a degree of liberty unknown throughout the rest of France was the result of this victory. People flocked to Lyons from all sides to

\* M. Madinier was a tradesman, who had been called to assume the temporary command, and by his courage and presence of mind, showed himself fully worthy of the confidence reposed in him. It is said that he had, that same day, the misfortune of losing both his father and his son.

escape the persecution to which they were exposed elsewhere. Many of our fellow-countrymen came thither for refuge, and my father, who shared in the blessing of the general freedom, had the happiness of being of service to some of them; amongst whom I may specify M. Arnoux, a surgeon in great repute at Moulins, and moreover a right-minded and energetic man. Instead of going to prison, he effected his escape, and made his way across country to Lyons, to my father, who had his name inscribed on the rolls of the Section of the Exchange to which we belonged, and in which he took a lodging close to us.

Challier was soon afterwards brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned to death. There was not a single flaw in the indictment, all his crimes were proved, and he received the sentence of the law. He refused the assistance of an advocate, and pleaded his own cause with the utmost coolness. He chose to proceed on foot to the place of execution, and I saw him pass; he appeared to be repeatedly replying in the negative to a priest who walked beside him. His light hair and bald head formed a conspicuous object amongst the troopers, who escorted him in considerable

numbers. He died even as he had lived.\* Riard de Beauvernois, a degenerate noble, who had enlisted under his bloody banner, was brought to judgment likewise, and executed three days after, exhibiting much less courage than Challier had done.

The two criminals thus justly punished for their misdeeds, were regarded as martyrs by the Jacobins, who swore to avenge them, and kept their oath.

Long before this period, towards the end of the preceding December, my father had been apprised of the return of his youngest son, Chambolle, to Paris. Those only who lived at that period can understand the alarm that such tidings brought with them. An emigrant returning to France in those fearful days was doomed to certain death. Condé's army was disbanded after an encounter which took place, I think, near Liège; and the emigrants sought safety, each one for himself, many of them turning to account their talents or

\* Challier had much to suffer from the awkwardness of the executioner, who was as yet inexperienced in the use of the guillotine. The axe fell three times before his life was extinct. The following is his will :

“ I bequeath my soul to God,  
My heart to the patriots,  
My body to the wicked.”

their education to earn their living honourably by their own exertions. They dispersed throughout Germany, Holland, and in fact the whole of Europe, everywhere meeting with generous kindness and hospitality equal to their misfortunes. Chambolle, separated from all his acquaintance, ignorant of the fate of his brother, and longing to see us once more, acted in a manner quite different from his companions. Instead of flying from the approach of the republican troops, he awaited them, laying aside his uniform, and representing himself as the servant of an emigrant, whose most earnest wish was to return to his native country. Some volunteers who, though violent patriots, were frank and kind-hearted, took interest in the youth, who was scarcely more than a child, for he was but just sixteen, and suffered him to pass.

By the aid of the tale thus invented, he traversed the ranks of the republican army, though not, as may well be imagined, without being exposed to many dangers ; but some benevolent persons suspecting his secret, used their influence to facilitate his progress. Moreover, Providence threw in his way a worthy carrier, who gave him a linen frock and a whip, and made him drive his horses, and thus he crossed the frontier ; while the bales in the waggon were searched and pierced with bayonets,

lest any returning emigrants should be concealed in them. Encountering a thousand similar dangers, he made his way to Paris, shielded by his extreme youth, and his whole fortune consisting of thirty *sous*.

He got a lodging in a sorry public-house, the owner of which worked as a stone-cutter ; and the scantiness of his means compelled him to seek work there also while awaiting the reply to a letter which he had written to my father. It never came ; and surprised by a silence which was not only distressing, but under existing circumstances very embarrassing to him, he wrote to an old friend of the family, asking for tidings of us, and informing her of his painful situation. This letter having, like the former one, remained unanswered, he came to the conclusion that we must all have perished. He became profoundly depressed ; and besides, his situation became every day more painful, as it was noticed that his skin was too delicate for one who had been always accustomed to hard work. The little daughter of the house said he had the look of an aristocrat ; and, in short, the slightest doubt expressed, the least word that attracted attention towards him, might prove his ruin. Not knowing what to do, he resolved to return once more to the frontier ; and sold all that



he could possibly dispense with out of the small bundle he had brought with him, in order to pay his host. Returning from the pawnbrokers, where he had been to sell his effects, he passed in front of a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin. Though it was abandoned and partly destroyed, he entered its deserted precincts, the feeling of isolation under which he laboured making him doubly sensible of his need of heavenly support. He knelt down to pray, and looking up to the Father of the afflicted, poured forth the sorrows of his heart before Him ; and thus relieved of his burden, hope entered once more into his soul, and he rose from his knees feeling strong and of good courage.

On returning to his lodgings he settled his accounts with his host, and was talking rather sadly of his departure, when the little girl cried out : “ Mother, you are forgetting to give him the letter that is come for him.”

On hearing these words, my brother, who saw nothing in the future but friendless loneliness, seemed to awake to new life. The letter was from Madame Lavenier, the friend to whom he had written ; and in it she gave him in covert terms an account of our misfortunes and of our departure, and enclosed the address of a notary

whom she had commissioned to supply him with money for his support until he should receive tidings from his father, to whom she had written, giving him the same address. She herself had been obliged to quit Moulins, which was the reason why his letter had remained so long unanswered.

The certainty that we were still alive revived my brother's courage, and soon after he received my father's orders to use his utmost endeavours to rejoin us at Lyons, passing through Burgundy, in order to avoid crossing the Bourbonnais ; but his anxiety to behold once more the scenes of his childhood caused him to select the latter road, in spite of the danger to which it would expose him. He bade the stone-cutter farewell, quitted Paris on the very day of the death of the king, and set out on his perilous journey haunted by the recollection of that fearful deed, and by the terror it inspired. He travelled mostly on foot, in order to appear in the towns through which he passed rather like an inhabitant of the neighbourhood than a traveller from a distance. He arrived very late at Moulins, went in secret to see a few friends and to kiss the threshold of his father's house, and continued his journey to Toulon, a village at a short distance, where he passed the remainder of the night. He

was recognised by his hostess, who had formerly lived as cook in our family; but she kept his secret, and procured him a *patache* in order that he might the more quickly traverse a neighbourhood in which it would have been perilous for him to linger.

Fortunately for my brother, he was unknown to the driver of the *patache*, who was possessed by the fiendish mania of revolution.

“To whom does that château belong?” asked my brother, as they passed near Les Echerolles, which was visible at a distance through the trees.

“That château,” replied the driver, “belongs to des Echerolles, a villainous aristocrat and an enemy of the people. His scoundrels of sons have emigrated; if we could only catch them all three, we would lead them a pretty dance!”

These energetic words were not very agreeable to my brother, who, however, crossed the country without meeting with any further difficulty; and did not learn until long afterwards that he had been recognised by two persons, who were too high-minded to betray him.

One day, as my aunt and I were quietly seated beside the fire, a note was brought to us from Chambolle, informing us of his arrival at Lyons.

Not venturing to come himself, he wrote us word that he would be that evening on the Place, in front of the Custom-house, when he hoped that some one would meet him. It was very imprudent of him to trust the penny-post, but God averted this danger.

My aunt had no sooner read the note, than she sent me to fetch my father, who was gone out for the evening. I explained to him why he was wanted, and he went at once to the inn, and inquired for the young man-servant who had arrived the day before, and was looking out for a situation. He was gone out, and my father left a note for him, with instructions what to do.

I walked about the Place for some time, minutely examining the passers-by, but Chambolle did not make his appearance; and somewhat alarmed by this delay, we began to ask each other what could have happened to him? The evening wore away, and still he did not come. At length, about ten o'clock, we heard a step on the stairs, the door, which stood ajar, was gently opened, and Chambolle entered. How changed I thought him!

"Where have you been?" asked my father.

"At the play," he replied.

“At the play! And what did you go to the play for?” asked my father again, with some displeasure in his tone.

“As I did not venture to come to you, I hoped by that means to see you sooner. My eyes as well as my heart sought you in every direction.”

This reply mollified my father, and lessened his astonishment. There certainly was no connection between the play, and either our expectations or our habits; but my brother's extreme youth, and the fact of having become accustomed to dangers from which he had always escaped, inspired him with a confident security, which we could not feel for him.

He passed three days and three nights almost in concealment, kept a prisoner by our affection, for he was the object at once of our tenderest cares and most lively fears. An emigrant was in those days a very embarrassing personage to deal with. The contagion of death was about him. Exposed to it himself, he was liable to entail it upon all who approached him!

M. Mazuyer came to my father's assistance with an offer to employ Chambolle in his glass manufactory, at Rive-de-Gier. He was sent thither at once, under a feigned name, to be employed as a clerk. Soon after, our invaluable

friend M. de Guériot, who still commanded the artillery of the town, gave him an appointment as conductor of an artillery train, with a commission to purchase a stock of iron and coal for the arsenal of Lyons, which would give a colour to his residence at Rive-de-Gier. He came no more to see us, in order to avoid the twofold danger of being recognised by acquaintance, or betrayed by his strong family likeness to us.

## CHAPTER VI.

Then shook the hills by thunders riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven ;  
And volleying, like the bolts of Heaven,  
Flashed their red artillery !

CAMPBELL.

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**SIEGE OF LYONS—MY FATHER REFUSES THE POST OF COMMANDANT OF THE TOWN — BOMBARDMENT — COURAGE DISPLAYED BY MADEMOISELLE DE BELLECISE — THE DEFENCE OF THE GATE OF ST. IRÉNÉE IS ENTRUSTED TO MY FATHER—COLLECTION OF MONEY—THE 29TH OF SEPTEMBER—M. DE PRÉCY'S NEPHEW—THE COUNT DE CLERMONT TONNERRE—MY FATHER SENDS US BACK INTO THE TOWN.**

EVER since the 29th of May, Lyons had enjoyed a degree of liberty unknown to the rest of France. Lyons alone had dared to struggle against the power of the Jacobins, and had sought to throw off their yoke ; but alone, against so many enemies, she was doomed to fall. The blood-stained power, which passed its dread leveling machine over the whole of our beautiful

country, demanded, it is said, the heads of the more respectable inhabitants of Lyons, as the price of that of Challier. The citizens chose the glory of defending them, rather than the shame of delivering them up, and prepared themselves accordingly. The heart of every virtuous man throbbed with the noble determination to resist oppression, and to sacrifice everything in order to obtain success.

Once more I must remind the reader that I profess to relate that only which I heard and saw, without entering into the labyrinth of politics, which I was too young to understand. The only merit of my narrative is its truth. I describe the effects as I witnessed them, without inquiring into the causes; for children live only in the present, and know nothing of thought for the future, or of prudence, the fruit of past experience. In these respects, many grown men are no more than children; allowing themselves to drift with the current, to them experience is as a sealed book. They rarely turn over a page; or if they do chance to cast their eyes upon it, it does them little service; for as they believe themselves to be wiser than their forefathers, what need can they have of their counsels?



The inhabitants of Lyons having decided upon defence, elected M. de Chenelette, a veteran officer, to be their commandant. He having refused, they turned their eyes upon my father; and three members of the provisional council of the department, came to announce to him that he was summoned to accept a post upon which the fortunes of the town would mainly depend. My father, though much flattered by the honour done him, did not accept the situation; and as it led to no result, the fact that the offer had ever been made to him, was known to very few.

A man of great promptitude and energy was required, to be capable of accomplishing in a few days the task which lay before him, which was no less than that of putting the town in a state of defence, capable of resisting the operations of the threatened siege. My father, who was seventy years old, and moreover a stranger to the inhabitants, feared lest he should be unable to inspire them with sufficient confidence. He could no longer bear the motion of a horse, therefore it would be impossible for him to explore the town and its environs with the rapidity which the circumstances demanded. But while refusing the post of commandant, he promised to serve to the best of his abilities, wher-

ever and in whatever capacity they might choose to employ him. M. de Pr cy was afterwards named, and, as every one knows, he accepted the charge.

It may appear strange that my father, who lived in profound seclusion, should have attracted sufficient attention to be chosen by the constituted authorities to fill such a post. This is how it came to pass.

The authorities of Moulins, vexed that my father should have escaped them, appealed to the Court of Cassation at Paris for a revision of the verdict which had set him at liberty; and the court having confirmed it, dispatched its decision direct to my father, who was thus apprised of this renewed attempt of his enemies. The despatch from Paris, bearing five seals, and addressed to him according to his rank, having excited much curiosity, was opened, and revealed the fact that an old field-marshal had sought refuge in Lyons from his persecutors. A great many old soldiers had quitted France as emigrants, and probably there were but few in the town; for to the best of my recollection M. de Pr cy did not habitually reside there.

The utmost activity now began to prevail throughout the city and its extensive suburbs. The great promenade beyond the Rhone, called

les Brotteaux, was converted into a parade-ground. In one place trenches were excavated, in another bastions raised; those who did not bear arms were employed in the construction of *têtes de pont*, and all the well-disposed, whatever their age or sex, lent their assistance to the work. Cannons and mortars were cast by M. Schmidt, a man well skilled in his craft: for after the 29th of May, the park of artillery had been removed to Grenoble. Bales of wool and cotton were furnished by the merchants, to construct some kind of redoubts on the quay of the Rhone.

It seemed as if one heart throbbed in every bosom, and men and women alike were animated by one impulse—resistance to the efforts of tyranny. The most delicate ladies attended the rifle and gunnery practice; nothing seemed either to alarm or astonish them. Conscious of one danger only, they had but one thought—that of providing for the general safety, and they contributed to do so by every exertion in their power. It is the nature of women to identify themselves with the side which they take, they frankly accept all the consequences of their choice, and have never failed in the hour of trial.

As for me, while sharing in the general enthusiasm, my courage was mingled with a great

deal of curiosity. My father took me everywhere with him; and never in my life did I attend to any lessons with such zeal and good-will as I did to the military instructions I then received. I asked for explanations concerning everything, and forgot nothing. I even believe I could have passed a very tolerable examination, so deeply was every technical detail engraved in my memory by the deep interest I felt in the subject.

While all these hurried efforts were making to fortify the town, the army of the Convention was approaching. There was a strong party in its favour within our walls, composed of the populace, and of the numerous artizans now thrown out of employment in the silk factories. These men, who bore the derisive nickname of *canuts*, from *canette*, a sort of shuttle which they used in weaving, were more numerous than the well-disposed; and as they surpassed them in malice and cunning, as well as in numbers, they laboured in secret to counteract all the measures taken for the safety of the town. Their spies contrived to introduce themselves even into the deliberative assemblies; and the halls of the municipal and departmental authorities were full of false brethren.

M. de Pr cy,\* a stranger in the town, and surrounded by people of whom he knew nothing, could not always distinguish between cunning and uprightness, and as he was frequently deceived by false reports, the excellence of his intentions did not always turn to the advantage of the good cause. The *canuts*, who were, as a race, both poor and demoralized, had all to gain and nothing to lose; and each one amongst them beholding his own advantage in the general confusion, became the enemy of those who wished to restore order. It was they who were the cause of the scarcity which made itself prematurely felt in the town; and as they contrived to become acquainted with the secret determinations of the council, they gave notice of them to the besiegers.

The revelations thus made to the enemy, often defeated the measures that appeared the best adapted to ensure success; and we were in fact exposed to less danger from the besieging army than from the hostile masses, who night

\* M. de Pr cy, who summoned my father to become a member of the council, came frequently to visit him. I remember that he was robust, and that he had a very brown complexion and strikingly white teeth, which rendered his appearance remarkable.

and day plotted new acts of treachery within our walls.

The number of voluntary combatants was said not to amount to more than six thousand men; the rest, either of questionable courage, doubtful sentiments, or serving for pay, could inspire but little confidence. There was a corps of cavalry, formed of young men whose means enabled them to provide their own equipments, the greater part of whom, having no uniform, wore their usual summer clothing, and thus excited the derision of the besiegers, who contemptuously designated them as cotton or nan-kin soldiers.

I was now nearly fourteen years old, yet I was far from fully comprehending the importance of the events of which I was a witness, or the future consequences which they would entail upon us. I was destined, however, to share great privations and cruel anxiety with the rest of the inhabitants of the town. Entrusted with secrets beyond my age, my mind was occupied with serious reflections and anticipations of prolonged suffering. The town was soon almost surrounded by the besiegers, who proceeded to commence the attack in earnest.

I think it was about the 8th or 9th of August,

1793, that the first bombs were thrown by the enemy. I did not sleep at all on the first night of the bombardment, fear and curiosity even keeping me awake for several consecutive nights, as well as the other inhabitants of the house. Some of them took refuge in our apartment, as they considered it the safest in the building. We were a singular assemblage, each one contributing his share of courage or cowardice to the general stock. We imparted our doubts and fears to each other, and approached the window with curiosity, only to retreat in terror when the thunder of a bursting shell was heard. A bombardment would be a beautiful sight, if each bomb were not an instrument of death.

I used to spend the whole night at the window, watching these quivering stars describe their immense curve through the air, and then sink down with a hissing sound, to burst with a loud explosion. It was at once beautiful and fearful to behold. I can never forget a certain M. Berthelier, one of those who sought safety in my aunt's drawing-room. His curiosity was equal to mine, but he was more timid, and would advance to the window on tiptoe as if afraid of awakening the bomb, cautiously raise the muslin curtains

that he might see it through the glass ; and when it sank, would drop the curtain, and conceal himself behind its slender drapery as if it were a buckler of steel. In laughing at his alarm, I forgot my own.

The bombardment was continued without intermission. The arsenal caught fire, and it was asserted that this was the act of the Jacobins. The besiegers instantly directed their shells against it, so as to render any attempt to check the flames impossible. It blew up with a terrific explosion. It seemed as if the heavens were on fire, and the light was so bright that we thought the conflagration must be at our very doors, if not in the house itself. I was in the greatest anxiety, especially on account of my father, who was gone to bed. The security he seemed to feel, served only to increase my alarm. He had scarcely ever appeared at our nightly meetings. Leaving us to our fears and cares, he endeavoured to get as much sleep as he could, in anticipation of the time when he should be summoned to his post. I awoke him several times with :  
“ Father, pray get up ! ”

“ What is the matter, my child ? ”

“ It is the bombs, father ; they might fall here, and you would be killed in your bed ! ”



“They will not fall here, my dear,” and then he went to sleep again sounder than before. I could not understand how it was that neither his rest nor his tranquillity were disturbed by the ceaseless thunder of artillery, or the imminence of the danger to which we were exposed. Subsequently I learnt the secret ; but at that time his calmness formed so strong a contrast with our agitation, that it almost seemed to me as if the danger to himself were increased by thus standing apart from the feelings which had taken such complete hold of ourselves.

At length the thought of fire occurred to me ; and feeling almost glad to have found an urgent reason for awakening him, I went to him, and shouted as loud as I could : “Get up, father, get up ! there is a fire.”

“Indeed,” said he, rather sleepily ; “and where is the fire ?”

“Close by, close to our house ; only look at the sky !”

He got up immediately ; and such is the force of childish fancies that I was glad of anything, no matter what, which compelled him to rise from his bed, where I imagined him to be in greater danger of death than in any other place. His calmness was quite irritating to me—there was, indeed, a wide difference between the tranquillity of an old

soldier and the ignorant alarm of a little girl ; and no sooner did I see him afoot than I felt relieved, although in reality the danger he ran was greater, for he went out immediately.

He soon returned, and informed us that the arsenal was on fire. The conflagration was so fierce, that notwithstanding the real distance it appeared to us to be close by. We perceived at the same time several buildings on fire on the other side of the Saône. I went down with my father to the river's brink, and advancing along the top of the rocks left uncovered by the water, which was then very low, the most magnificent spectacle unfolded itself before my eyes. The arsenal, and above three hundred houses, afforded fuel to this conflagration, while the flames extending on every side seemed like gigantic arms seizing and sweeping into their vortex the lives of many—the wealth, the dwellings, the hopes of entire families reduced in a single moment to a fearful equality of misery. Rich and poor alike sought refuge from the shells behind the height of Pérache. The hostile batteries being directed against the burning quarters of the town, it was impossible to stop the conflagration. Besides the great one at the arsenal, five other fires were to be seen within the precincts of the city. The quarter which we

inhabited being beyond both the Saône and the Rhone, the bombs having to traverse a greater space, fell there with less force than elsewhere. Some of them, however, did great damage.

Mademoiselle de Bellecise had crossed the Place with us to reach the Saône, and presently remarked that one of the fires on the other side of the river must be in the Rue Grenette, where her brother-in-law, M. Milanés, had a considerable printing establishment.

“If my sister’s house is on fire,” said she, “I ought to hasten to her assistance. She is alone with her children, for her husband is at his post ; and who knows what may be her situation.”

This was no sooner said than done ; but when she reached the stone bridge she was stopped by a sentinel, saying that women were not allowed to pass. In vain she pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of alarm and affection ; but the orders made no allowance for ties of blood. She therefore returned home, assumed man’s attire, put a pair of pistols in her girdle, and again set out. This time she passed over the bridge of St. Vincent.

“Where are you going ?” cried the sentry.

“To my post,” replied she, boldly.

“Which post ?”

“That of Croix Rousse.”

“Pass.”

Notwithstanding her pistols, her look of extreme youth might have excited suspicion, but that even boys bore arms in those days.

She was right—Madame Milanés’ house was burning ; and her sister found her busy binding up the wounds of one of the workmen, who had been injured by a fragment of the shell which had set the house on fire, and unable to answer all the calls upon her energy. The children threw themselves, weeping, into the arms of their aunt, who succeeded in calming them and giving them courage ; and after having passed the remainder of the night in helping, both by her advice and her personal exertions, to extinguish the flames, when at length some degree of tranquillity was restored, Mademoiselle de Bellecise returned home at six o’clock in the morning, to appease the alarm of her aged parents by a narrative of her nocturnal adventures.

No sooner had this fearful night given place to the return of day, than all hastened to fill the tubs which had been placed in the streets and in front of the doors. Scarcely any but women were found at leisure to attend to this order, which was addressed to all the citizens. We formed our-

selves into a chain to execute this task, from which even my aunt did not seek to exempt herself, her goodwill standing her in the place of strength so effectually that she performed it as well as if she had done nothing but carry buckets of water all her life.

On returning from the council, my father informed us that M. de Pr cy had entrusted him with the defence of the Porte St. Ir n e, situated on the side of Ste. Foi. My aunt could not make up her mind to be separated from him. We therefore followed him to a lodging which, after much difficulty, he succeeded in finding in that neighbourhood, many of the inhabitants having fled for refuge to this suburb, which, built on the hill-side, seemed both by its height and by its distance from the scene of action to hold out hopes of greater security. All the houses were filled to overflowing from garret to cellar; and for want of other shelter, the subterranean church of St. Ir n e, which had formerly afforded an asylum to the persecuted Christians, now gave refuge to those who could obtain it nowhere else.

It was with much regret that we parted from the kind friends whom Providence had bestowed upon us in our exile. We had gone through a great deal together, and common suffering causes

lasting intimacies to spring up with great rapidity. For my own part, I lost an amiable and sincere friend in Sophie de Souigné. All asked themselves: "Shall we ever meet again?" and then walked forward to meet their destiny, feeling even in spite of themselves some curiosity as to the new life which unfolded itself before them.

The town was not blockaded on that side, hence we were there more at our ease. A few of the neighbouring country houses were still inhabited, and the peasants brought in fruit and other provisions; and although these were far from sufficing to supply the demand, yet the suburbs of St. Just and St. Irénée enjoyed a degree of abundance quite unknown in the heart of the town. The number of those who came thither to seek shelter from the bombs increased to such a degree, that the poorer class had much to suffer. Provisions became scanty and expensive; and M. Moulin, the parish priest of St. Irénée, finding himself unable to obtain sufficient relief for them, entreated my father to let me go round and solicit contributions from the numerous strangers who came to seek safety within the limits of his parish; hoping that in justice they would give him in return the means of affording succour to the poor, whose distress was aggravated by their presence. My father

having given his consent, I was well pleased to be called upon to take an active part in the daily history of our lives, which gave me considerable importance in my own eyes. Mademoiselle Seriziat, whose mother lodged in the same house with us—and who, I need scarcely say, was not the Madame Seriziat of the suburb of Vaise, nor would have treated us in the same manner—was desired to join with me; and we set forth at once, accompanied by the excellent priest.

- It was no small matter to solicit contributions at a moment when there was reason to fear that the resources of all would fail. Every one shrank from diminishing those which he yet possessed; and we frequently met with an unfavourable reception, although it would have appeared difficult to resist the persuasive eloquence of the worthy priest. His words, inspired by fervent charity, acted like the magnet upon steel, gaining the hearts of the most hostile, sinking into those of the most unfeeling; and our pocket-books filled rapidly. But there are hearts of stone, which bid defiance to every effort.

No one escaped our solicitations, we overlooked no inhabited spot; we visited even the underground sanctuary of St. Irénée, and searched every garret, every cellar. I remember one day entering

a sort of cabin, which was scarcely weather-tight, and which we immediately quitted, seeing nothing there but indications of extreme indigence. A woman, who had recognised us, rose instantly, and following us into the street, offered us an *assignat* for fifty *sous* (about two shillings), at the same time expressing her regret that she could give no more, although she wished to share in our good works. It was, indeed, the widow's mite.

A widely-different scene awaited us in a country house, towards which we now directed our steps. Some few of those pleasant spots had hitherto escaped the depredations of the enemy. We entered one of the prettiest of them, the elegance of which gave evidence of the taste as well as the wealth of the proprietor. We were conducted into a drawing-room, freshly fitted up, and rendered at once sumptuous and attractive by paintings in arabesque, beautiful engravings and costly furniture. We laid our modest request before the lady who received us, and whose rich attire harmonized well with the objects which surrounded her in this delightful abode. To our entreaties the curate added all the fervour of his sincere piety.

"I am very sorry," replied she, "but I do not belong to this parish."



“Madam,” mildly resumed the priest, “neither the disasters which encompass us, nor the spirit of charity itself, suffer us to believe that its practice can be confined within such narrow limits.”

“But, Sir, I repeat I do not belong to this suburb, in which I am merely a temporary resident.”

“Madam,” again replied M. Moulin, firmly, “you come hither for refuge from the dangers which menace you elsewhere; for the time, therefore, my parish becomes yours. Could not you confer some benefit upon it in return for the safety which it affords you?”

“Sir,” answered the lady with some irritation, “I am a friend of the poor, and bestow a great deal upon those of my own parish. To give anything here would be to defraud them,” and with a hasty curtsy she retreated into the adjoining room, banging the door after her.

We quitted this luxurious abode with a feeling of mortification, and our thoughts reverted gladly to the wretched cabin we had left. Our promenade bringing us near to the enemy’s outposts, exposed us to considerable peril; for although under the protection of our own batteries, we were often within musket-range. We beheld several of the soldiers of the Convention at the windows of

some houses which had fallen into their hands; but we were not deterred by this from visiting several houses in the neighbourhood of the town; for we were harvesting for the poor, and we therefore felt it incumbent upon us not to neglect a single grain. On the morrow such an undertaking would have been impracticable; for the besiegers gained ground every day, and death would then reap its harvest on the very roads which we had traversed the day before in the company of the priest. What became of the proud, harsh lady? what of her splendid dwelling? Possibly the enemies of Lyons may not have been hers, or she may have followed our example and returned to the city, there to take her share in the general suffering.

What we collected was but little, in comparison to what was required. Nevertheless, it afforded some food to the sick and the very poor. The price of victuals rose to an exorbitant degree. The town was more and more closely invested each day, and each day its resources diminished, though every one did their utmost to economise the little that remained to them. The bread we eat was abominable, being made of heated flour, which must have been very unwholesome. Even this—which, however, looked well enough—was

obliged to be baked in secret, lest it should be known how much still remained; partly out of prudence, in order the longer to retain the means of subsistence; partly for the sake of not appearing more fortunate than others.

My father received his regular rations of bread and meat, which formed the staple of our house-keeping; while a little room, which played alternately the part of drawing and dining-room, was used at night as a bed-room by persons who had no other refuge. As many mattresses were spread on the ground as there were people, and they were easily satisfied. The real wants of man are very few; and in the midst of the great events which were taking place around us, we had no time for thinking of comfort and luxury. The necessity of struggling against danger and death, cast every other thought into the shade; and many are the young men I have seen go forth from that little room refreshed by sleep, to resume gaily the labours of the day, and to meet with death in their performance.

The troops sent by the inhabitants of Lyons to occupy St. Etienne and Montbrison, finding themselves compelled to fall back upon the town, now re-entered it. Their return was an omen of fresh disaster, and they were received in pro-

found silence. The valour of many amongst them had earned its just tribute of admiration; but they were not all there to return to their homes.

Some ladies had followed their husbands, determined to share their fate, and if need be to perish with them; and it was with a feeling of respect that people pointed out to one another Madame Camille Jordan, riding beside M. Jordan, with whom she had remained during several serious encounters. All dreaded the future that was in store for them, and many had cause afterwards to regret that they had not met their death at that time. They were followed by a few prisoners. I think Javogue, the representative of the people, was amongst them; at least I believe I then saw him, for people were pointing him out among his companions in misfortune, who walked in the midst of a body of infantry, which acted as their escort.

I fancied I recognized my brother amongst the returning soldiers, and ran to inform my father, who hastened to make inquiries, but obtained no information. Not long after, however, we learnt that Chambolle had indeed re-entered the town, where he had enrolled himself in a section remote from ours, in order to avoid being re-

cognized by us. My father, perceiving that no succour came, and that the noble city, abandoned to its own resources, must fall a victim to its generous determination to struggle against revolutionary tyranny, commanded his son to leave Lyons, and regain his refuge while it was yet time, before all egress became impossible. My brother shed bitter tears of disappointment and regret, but, nevertheless, he obeyed.

The return of the troops increased the consumption of food, and the consequent scarcity. An unfortunate Marquis de Pure who lived upon milk, and had been for many years unable to take any other nourishment, found himself unable to conceal the source of his subsistence from the researches of the famishing multitude. His cow was taken from him; and I saw him bitterly deplore her loss, and in vain entreat that she might be spared. What became of him—whether he lived or died, I cannot tell, for I saw him no more.

It has been said that the famine was caused, not so much by real scarcity of food, as by the intrigues of the ill-disposed; who, in order to favour the besiegers, left no means untried of increasing the distress and confusion which reigned within the town. I myself saw the

signals which were used to give information to the enemy of the existence of stores of provisions or of forage, and of their locality. Lights were seen to pass a certain number of times over some elevated spot; and no sooner had they disappeared, than shells thrown in the direction thus indicated spread conflagration around, destroying the resources of the besieged, together with the buildings which contained them. The traitors, however, escaped; for the police could never succeed in catching them in the fact.

It is in times of such general destitution that one learns to value the necessaries of life, to perceive how few are the things which really come under that head. Many of the ladies of Montbrison, fearing to fall into the hands of the Jacobins, followed the troops of Lyons, either on foot or on gun-carriages, preferring poverty and hardships to the usage which they might expect, and came to take their share of our short-lived hopes and anxious fears. Many of them took up their abode in our neighbourhood, where they received such accommodation as could be afforded them, while every one taxed their scanty resources in order to send them presents, which their distress rendered exceedingly acceptable. Some sent a little bread, some flour, or a small piece of meat;

others gave them clothes ; our offering was a bowl of white beans.

Nothing but the Rhone and the walls of Lyons, now separated us from the enemy, by whom the town was closely invested on all sides. The 29th of September was marked by a general attack, and there was fighting at all the gates. I will not attempt to describe the noise, the tumult, and the terror, which marked the day.

Our house, which was situated close to the gate of St. Irénée, and therefore to the struggle which was there going on, was between the batteries, which poured a tempest of shot above and around us, of which the reverberations were incessant ; the bullets of the besiegers often entering our windows. I do not think there is any torture comparable to that of compulsory inaction in the midst of danger, when all around are battle and tumult, the slayer and the slain.

We saw but little of my father, who was employed in endeavouring to infuse courage into his cowardly troops, who would lie down on the ground, in hopes of escaping the shot which poured down upon them. Even the aspect of this aged warrior, however, standing erect in the midst, and striving to awaken in them some sense of honour, made but little impression.

The greater part of them, serving for money, held that their lives were worth more than their pay; whilst many of them, being sold to the enemy, sought to favour his cause, and all perhaps comprehending that resistance was in vain, ceased to attempt it.

All this while we had to endure the most intense anxiety, being in ignorance of my father's fate, and ourselves in constant expectation of death, which presented itself before our eyes under the most awful shapes, while our terrified imaginations exaggerated even the horrors of the reality. We were able to distinguish a height near the ramparts of the town, and were thus in some degree spectators of the fight, and could see the troops of Lyons constantly falling back and retiring within the walls.

Notwithstanding the bullets that whistled around us, I approached the Venetian blinds, in order to obtain some idea of the danger, feeling a sort of eager curiosity to comprehend its extent, and behold its approach. We saw the wounded carried from the scene of action, while dishevelled women, with their children in their arms, were flying, screaming as they went: "Here they are! Here they are! All is lost!" They were hastening to seek the shelter of the town, thinking



thus to escape destruction, from which they at any rate gained some respite. It was amidst such scenes that the day wore away.

The priest went in his surplice from house to house, to strengthen the inhabitants with words of consolation and religious hope, to prepare them for suffering and death, and to exhort them to resignation. He pronounced absolution in the name of the God of all mercy, and spoke of the imperishable treasures which would be the price of our transitory sufferings. "I shall be the first to die," said he, "before the enemy shall lay his hand on one of the sheep whom God has entrusted to my care."

On that day, which I believed to be my last, I recalled all the past years of my young life; for very solemn are the hours of health and strength passed in the contemplation of approaching death, of which you count the footsteps as it draws nearer and nearer, and which appears so much more lamentable to those who had every reason to look forward to a long and prosperous life. Every one asked forgiveness for his sins, deplored his short-comings, and looked to God alone for support and consolation. The last wish which we ventured to form, was that we might die without being exposed to outrage.

It may seem strange that we should have been able to smile in the midst of our terror; but fear, acting differently upon each of us, produced in some, effects which were irresistibly comic.

"Look at me," said the young daughter of our host, "we must do all we can to provide for our safety. I have put on my handkerchief wrong side out, that they may not kill me."

"And how do you expect your life to be saved by putting on your handkerchief inside-out?"

"They will take me for the wife of a *canut*."

"Poor child! do you think they will have time to notice it?"

The numerous partisans of the enemy openly rejoiced in the successes which foretold their speedy triumph, and loudly threatened us with pillage. Surrounded as we were by enemies within the walls who were no less to be dreaded than those without, it was safest to remain quietly at home, and to admit no one without due precaution. A knock was heard at the door, we looked to see who was there, and beheld my father, who entered, followed by M. de Précý's nephew, and by the Count de Clermont Tonnerre. They had been fighting all day, and were exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

M. de Précý still held in his hand a horse-

pistol, which he had wrested from a hostile soldier, in the affair of the causeway of Pérache, where he had fought like a lion. The encounter had been very sharp, and after having two horses killed under him, he had succeeded in repulsing a column of the enemy, which had already advanced far along the causeway. Several bullets had grazed or penetrated his clothes. Why was he not then to fall? Yet it were wrong to lament that a more glorious death was reserved for him; for is not greater courage needed to encounter death by the sentence of a guilty tribunal, than to find it in the field with all the halo of glory shed around it?

A piece of bad bread and a little ham were set before him. But the Count de Clermont de Tonnerre could not eat, for he had been wounded in the throat by a pike, and was in great pain; fortunately, we had a little broth, which was hastily warmed up, and which he swallowed as best he could. They both then left us, and I saw them no more.

M. de Précý was said to have left Condé's army, in order to share the perils to which his uncle was exposed. As for M. de Clermont Tonnerre, he had been but a short time in the town, and it was even at considerable danger to

himself that he had come to take part in the perils of Lyons. During the brief period of his stay amongst us, I often saw him at my father's house; and cannot forget a scene which once occurred, in which his uncontrollable laughter and merriment seemed to be increased by the irritation displayed by my father at the awkwardness of a servant.

The two gentlemen were taking advantage of an interval of respite, to divert their minds with a game at piquet in our drawing-room, when a strange noise was heard, followed by an exclamation of dismay. My father, who could not conceive what had happened, got up to see what was the matter. The Count, who was no less curious, followed him, and presently exclaimed, with a shout of laughter: "What a magnificent omelette! Upon my honour it is the largest I ever saw!" The whole kitchen was strewn with eggs from end to end, and every one of them was broken.

"Seven dozen and a half of eggs!" exclaimed my father sadly. "They were our chief resource—our greatest hope; and they have been economised with such care only to be destroyed by your awkwardness."

"I am very sorry," replied St. Jean, sweeping

up yolks and whites together; "but the basket was up there, and I wanted to reach down something, and—"

"And you are the clumsiest fellow on earth!" cried my father, in great indignation. "Not one single one saved!" repeated he, gloomily.

The Count at length drew him away from the piteous scene; and they resumed their game, while St. Jean continued sweeping, and the Count laughingly exclaiming: "What a glorious omelette!"

One must have stood a siege, in order fully to appreciate the value of seven dozen and a half of eggs, and the force of my father's dolorous exclamation, "Not one single one saved!"

I have already said that the 29th of September was chosen for a general assault, which lasted the whole day. Towards evening we heard my father's voice in the street, and we ran down to him.

"You must set off at once," said he, "and re-enter the town; I would not trust my message to any one, for fear of increasing the dismay which already reigns here. We cannot hold out long, and the enemy will doubtless this very night obtain possession of the post. You would be exposed here to the first burst of the fury of the

soldiery. Farewell. If it be God's will I shall see you again."

This was a shock which we had not anticipated ; but in obedience to his wishes we quitted St. Irénée, feeling too unhappy to pay attention to the cannon and musket-balls which whistled above our heads, and slowly and sadly descending the hill we returned to our old abode. Those of our friends who still remained there beheld our return with sorrow, looking upon it as an omen of the speedy fall of Lyons and destruction of our hopes.

The post of St. Irénée was one of the first that was carried by the enemy ; but a redoubt thrown up at St. Just arrested their progress for some time longer.

M. de Précý perceiving the impossibility of continuing the defence of the town, resolved to evacuate it, in the hope of insuring the safety of the peaceable inhabitants by removing from amongst them those who had taken an active part in the resistance. He, therefore, urged all those who had borne arms to follow him, in order that together they might escape the vengeance of the enemy, from whom they had every reason to anticipate the most cruel treatment.

Accordingly, two strong columns quitted the

town, the first of which owed its safety to a thick fog which hung over the Saone, along the left bank of which it proceeded in silence, passing below la Duchère, a castle situated on a height above the river, in which was shown a room occupied by Henri IV. when he went to meet Marie de Medicis. In this castle, the besiegers had placed a numerous garrison; but every precaution had been taken by the Lyons troops to avoid observation, and they had the good fortune to traverse the enemy's posts without any alarm being given. When they had proceeded a certain distance, the whole of the column disbanded in an instant, each one seeking to provide for his individual safety, which many succeeded in doing. The second column set out too late, for the fog had partly dispersed, and the *reveillée* had been sounded. It was surrounded by the enemy and cut to pieces. Many were put to death, and the rest taken prisoners; only a very few escaped. A great many women, who may perhaps have contributed to bring about the destruction of the column by embarrassing its movements, shared the fate of their husbands, whom they had determined to follow; many perished in the *mêlée*, others were thrown into the prisons of the town. I afterwards saw a child of a year old, which was

being carried by its nurse in the train of its mother, Madame de Combelle, when it received a sword-cut across the face which cut it open.

My father was summoned to the council when this measure was under discussion, but refused to leave the town ; he foresaw the peril to which the troops would be exposed if their march were encumbered by women, and not being able to take us with him, he determined to stay.

As I have already said, St. Irénée was taken, but St. Just still held out ; and my father, who was not in command there, returned to us, feeling that now his first duty was to afford us protection. He thought it prudent to quit his former lodging at the old Custom-house, and to seek one where we were less well known ; for he foresaw that all who had borne arms would be treated with the utmost rigour. My father engaged an apartment in the old Hôtel de Provence near the Place de Bellecourt. He had a motive in fixing his choice upon this building which was close to the Hôtel de la Charité, for he believed that the asylum of the poor and the fatherless would be spared by the victors. We went to visit the Sisters of the hospital, who promised, in case of a massacre, to supply us with some of the clothes worn by the poor, and to give us a place amongst them. In our unfor-



fortunate situation, the kindness with which they received us was deeply felt and appreciated. Their words of consolation gave us hopes of escaping from what we had looked upon as certain death.

In their company we visited the apartments of the sick, and amongst them that in which lay the wounded. All was silence and repose. They bore their sufferings without a murmur, yet they were obliged to do without many things which in their situation appeared almost indispensable. The sisters endeavoured to make them some amends for these deficiencies by redoubled care and tenderness. Poor fellows! they were never destined to recover. The hospital was visited in order to ascertain the nature of the diseases of the patients, and all those who bore the trace of wounds were dragged from their beds, declared rebels, and judged and sentenced accordingly.

In the hall of the foundlings were a number of children in want of nurses, as during the siege the peasant women of the neighbourhood had been unable to come in from the country to fetch them. There was but one nurse in the hospital, and she had devoted herself to a poor little creature whose extreme weakness demanded her undivided attention. One single cow, which had escaped the general proscription, afforded sustenance to the

rest. There were many other apartments in which infancy and old age were tended with a care which smoothed the entrance into life of the former, and its close to the latter. It seemed as if even the silence and quiet of the house alone could afford repose after the fatigue and agitation in which our days were passed. As we returned to our lodgings, I had a narrow escape of being killed by the bursting of a bomb. I heard the whistling sound—stooped down—the splinter struck the wall close to the place where I was leaning, and all was over as quick as thought. Perils of this kind, which were renewed every moment, at length created an indifference to danger which can only be explained by the facility with which human beings become accustomed to anything, provided it be of frequent occurrence. The risk to which we were continually exposed did not keep us at home; and I well remember that one day we were at the house of Madame Posuel de Verno, in the Place de Bellecourt, when some one came to tell her that a neighbouring house, which belonged to her, had been set on fire by a shell.

“Are there people enough to extinguish it?” asked she.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Very well,” and turning to us, she resumed

the conversation in which we had been interrupted. Every moment we heard of the death of some acquaintance, struck down by shells, or splinters of shells. We seemed to live in a continual whirl, in which events and disasters crowded so closely upon one another, that we could exist only in the present moment, and had no time to look beyond. The ravages of death were visible on all sides ; it was before our eyes, hanging over us ; we felt its approach, we saw it draw near, and never strove to avoid it, trusting blindly to what the next moment might bring forth.

A deputation had been sent by the inhabitants of the town to the representatives of the people, to treat concerning the terms of the capitulation ; which was, it is said, about to be signed when the news of M. de Pr  cy's departure was received, upon which it was torn up by the representatives. Others, however, assert that it was signed, but not adhered to. It matters little which were the true story ; for terms are of no importance unless they are to be observed. Dubois-Cranc  , Chateaufort, Randon, Laporte, Couthon, and the rest were quite capable of promising everything, without holding themselves bound to anything.

I have not yet made mention of the commandant of the enemy's artillery. It was our

friend Guériot, who devoted heart and soul to his profession, had bombarded us so munificently. After the 29th of September he had received orders to proceed to Grenoble; and I even think that the departure of the park of artillery deprived the town of many valuable supplies. The wife of the keeper of the arsenal had remained, although her husband had followed his commander. Her dwelling at the arsenal was one of the three small buildings which had escaped the conflagration; and her advice to my father was to come at once and take up his abode with her. "As soon as it is possible to enter the town," said she, "my husband will be amongst the first to hasten hither. This house will of course be respected, and you will have more opportunity here than elsewhere of contriving your escape, or of informing your friends of your danger." My father thought this good advice, gave up his intention of taking refuge amidst the poor in the asylum; and that same evening saw us established under her auspices in M. de Guériot's small abode.

The next morning, October 9, 1793, I looked out of the window, and beheld an unwonted sight—a man trundling a wheel-barrow loaded with butter and with poultry. "The town must then be taken!" I exclaimed; and so indeed it was

The enemy were in possession of it; but no disturbance had been caused, except in the quarters nearest to the gates. The news had not yet reached the heart of the town. By degrees, however, we saw the number of new faces increase, and soon no doubt remained as to the result of this noble contest. All were aware that right had conquered right.

## CHAPTER VII.

But now he stood chained and alone,  
The headsman by his side;  
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;  
The sword which had defied  
The mightiest, lay broken near.  
And yet no sign or sound of fear  
Came from that lip of pride:  
And never king or conqueror's brow  
Wore higher look than his did now!  
He bent beneath the headsman's stroke  
With an uncovered eye.  
A wild shout from the numbers broke  
Who thronged to see him die!

L. E. L.

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LYONS IS TAKEN—MY FATHER LEAVES THE TOWN—GENEROUS  
CONDUCT OF M. DE GUÉRIOT—YOUNG DE PÉRCY IS TAKEN AND  
SHOT, TOGETHER WITH THE COUNT DE CLERMONT TONNERRE—  
MY FATHER IS COMPELLED TO RE-ENTER THE TOWN—HE IS EX-  
POSED TO MANY DANGERS—EFFECTS HIS ESCAPE FOR THE SECOND  
TIME—RETURNS—AND QUITS THE TOWN A THIRD TIME.

Now that the town was taken, each individual found himself, as it were, isolated and alone. The tie was broken which but a few days before had bound the masses together, animating them with the

same spirit, and which for months past had made them all feel themselves the children of one common country, which all were equally zealous to love and serve, whose interests were all merged in one, and each of whom was ready unhesitatingly to sacrifice his life and fortune in order to restore to her those inestimable blessings—peace and rational liberty.

Like all the rest, my father had only his own safety to provide for ; but like them, he had calculated on a longer respite ; and when the announcement that the town was taken rung upon our ears, it produced all the consternation that might have been caused by utterly unexpected tidings. Each individual, falling back upon his solitary self, was struck with horror at the dangers by which he found himself surrounded, and from which he could perceive no way of escape, as all the plans which had been formed beforehand, now appeared either imperfectly devised or utterly impracticable.

My father had left several things in charge of the owner of the hotel whence we had removed the day before, but suddenly recollecting that there were amongst them some important papers, he became anxious to recover them as speedily as possible ; and as he did not think it prudent to show himself, and my aunt was a very bad walker, it was decided that I should go with

the maid to fetch them. It seems strange that I should have been suffered to go out at such a moment, nor can I account for it, except in consideration of the importance which my father attached to the papers. It is true that the distance was inconsiderable, and they probably took it for granted that I should be back before the arrival of the hostile troops.

I made haste to execute my commission, and to return; but I found the streets already crowded. At a turning I was stopped by a large man, who was very drunk, very merry, and very red in the face. He caught me by the arm, exclaiming, as he did so: "Goodness, what a tiny arm! How thin you are! Poor little thing, how you must have been starved during the siege; you cannot even have had your peck of barley!\* What a tiny arm! I never saw such a tiny arm!"

My position was very unpleasant. In vain I struggled to withdraw my 'tiny' arm, he still held it fast. His exclamations caused a staring and laughing crowd to gather round us, which made me very uncomfortable. At last, the large man

\* This alludes to the very small measure of barley which was dealt out to each person in the sections. A little oil was given at the same time to dress it, or else some dried fruit, raisins, almonds, or, in short, anything that was to be had.



raised his hands to heaven, in order to pity me more emphatically for the smallness of my arms, and I seized the opportunity of effecting my escape. I suppose he made no effort to detain me, being probably under the impression that I was going to breakfast. I meanwhile ran as fast as I could, still hearing him call after me, "My goodness, what a tiny arm!"

I found the arsenal already occupied; some pieces of artillery had just been brought thither. Madame Léger was in the arms of her husband; Belchamp, M. de Guériot's secretary, was dismounting from his horse. Both were immediately summoned to discuss the measures to be taken to provide for my father's safety. Belchamp's advice carried the day. "We must take advantage," said he, "of the general confusion: people are flocking in and out in crowds, and we must lose no time while this lasts. Fasten this cockade to your hat, and get upon my horse. I will walk beside you, and speak for you; nobody will detain us, and I will conduct you boldly to head-quarters. Nobody there is acquainted with you; and besides, who would ever dream that an enemy would come thither for concealment? But let us set off at once; for if you wait for order to be restored, it will no longer be practicable to convey you out of the town."

Time pressed, and my father set out. It was with heavy hearts that we saw him depart to seek refuge in the midst of our enemies. We now began to make trial of the species of alarm in which our days were henceforward to be passed—fear for the safety of one dear to us. Will he succeed in passing? will he be recognised? will he be received? were the questions we asked ourselves, and to which we could obtain no answer. He did pass, and we heard of his safe arrival; and thereupon we returned to our former lodgings, on the site of the old Custom-house.

The daring step taken by my father was undoubtedly one which involved considerable risk both to himself and to him from whom he sought protection; but never was there so little time for reflection. After the lapse of two days, we saw him return. The head-quarters of the army were removed into the town. He had no friends, and knew not where to go; so no alternative presented itself to him but that of entering Lyons with the officers, who, seeing him every day at the table of the commandant, could not suppose that an enemy would have the audacity to present himself there, and to seek an asylum amongst them.

And here the tribute of my deepest gratitude is due to M. de Guériot—that excellent and bene-

volent man, who was accused of weakness by many then living, neither whose courage nor whose virtues could have borne a comparison with his. Persons who did not live in those times, can have no idea of the bitterness of feeling expressed by the *ultras* against those who resisted the contagion of emigration. They would scarcely allow them any claims to honesty of purpose, not perceiving that the departure of the well-disposed freed the wicked from all restraint. "Guériot did not emigrate," was the cry of the partizans of emigration. That he did not do so, only made his position infinitely more painful; for the sufferings of the emigrants were not to be compared to those caused by the Reign of Terror in France. He remained in order to protect his wife and daughter, and endeavoured to conciliate his duty as a soldier with that which he owed to them.

Having once entered upon this perilous path, there was no choice but to go forward or to perish. The slightest imprudence might have brought him to the scaffold, and with him those most dear to him. It is easy to imagine how much he must have suffered, compelled as he was by his position to live amongst people whose opinions he could not share, and whose principles were repugnant to his noble mind; but he was rewarded for the sacrifices he made by being

able to save the lives of many; and it is most grateful to me to be able to do him justice by speaking the truth, and relating all the services that he conferred upon us. Our gratitude to him must be never-ending, as it ought to be to all those who risked their safety, their peace, I may even add their reputation, by dwelling in the midst of our persecutors; for such was the exorbitant price they had to pay for the safety of their countrymen.

When M. Guériot publicly admitted a hostile officer to his table, he exposed himself to destruction, had he been denounced; and yet he dared to do it. He bestowed commissions, lent uniforms—did everything, in short, which lay in his power to save an innocent man from death. Many who have a high reputation for courage would have shrunk from hazarding so much.

Very soon after the capture of the town, my aunt took me to Dubois-Crancé, he was a distant relation of my mother, and this claim, or more probably chance, obtained admittance for me; “for I have no relations,” was a saying of Dubois. I presented him with a memorial, the contents of which I do not recollect; but doubtless its object was to commend us to his protection. That which in the course of this visit made the

greatest impression upon me was himself. He appeared to me very tall, and wore his dark hair *à la Titus*. He was shaving, and a very handsome silver basin was being held beside him. "So," thought I, "the citizen-representatives of the people keep possession of the plate which they wrest from our parents." It was asserted that his lawful wife lived in Champagne on a very small pension. A very attractive woman, who styled herself his wife, received us graciously ; and talked much and jestingly about the heavy cavalry in wooden shoes that paraded the streets. They were Auvergnat peasants, who rode their horses without saddles and carried immense empty sacks over their shoulders, who had come hither on the promise of pillage, and returned with their sacks as empty as they came.

We sat down to await the conclusion of Dubois-Crancé's toilet. When it was ended, he came up to me and said : "Who are you?" My aunt informed him of my relationship to him, and of my wishes.

"You seem very young," he continued, "but you have the look of an aristocrat ; do you not know that I make them all tremble?" There was no answer to be made to this, whether it were meant as a bad joke or as a piece of bravado ;

but it did not frighten me. He read the memorial, and replied to it that he was powerless, having been recalled by the Convention. We left him, but not with the same feelings with which we had come, at least I did not; I felt humiliated by having asked a favour of this man, and in my heart accused my aunt of weakness, for having addressed entreaties to one whom I had learnt to despise. The ill success of our visit seemed to confirm my reasoning; but what would one not do to save those whom one loves? Subsequent events taught me the cruel lesson of imploring the aid and protection of persons far inferior to Dubois-Crancé.

My father continued to live in the profoundest retirement, endeavouring to conceal himself from all eyes. The Count de Clermont Tonnerre had been shot on the Place de Bellecourt but a few days after the enemy had entered the town. He walked to the place of execution with a calm and serene demeanour, greeting by the way such of his acquaintance as he recognised. It was afterwards known that he had effected his escape in the disguise of a peasant; but that one night having sought shelter in a barn where some volunteers had also taken refuge, he had dreamed and talked in his sleep, relating his whole history, and telling his

name ; thereupon he was arrested and brought to Lyons, and the rest is soon told. His execution, followed by several others equally hasty, showed us how much we had to fear from our new masters, and filled all those who lay concealed in the town with terror. All these victims met their fate bravely ; and as formerly, the noble deeds of the martyrs were passed from mouth to mouth, so now there were not wanting true-hearted persons who came secretly in the darkness to relate the glorious end of these heroes.

M. de Pr cy's nephew took his place in the foremost rank amongst them. Having gone out with the second column of the troops of Lyons, which was surrounded and cut to pieces, he was amongst the numerous prisoners who were brought back into the town and flung into prison. As he bore no outward mark of distinction, he found himself confounded with the rest, and being unknown to his persecutors, was on the point of being set at liberty under the obscure name he had adopted, when he was betrayed by a secretary of his uncle, who hoped to save his own life at the price of that which he sacrificed. No sooner known than sentenced, the young De Pr cy was likewise led to execution on the Place de Belle-court. He would not suffer his eyes to be

bandaged, and fell, exclaiming: "Long live the king!" The traitor met a traitor's just reward, but his death was not glorious as was that of his victim.

In the course of a few days the arrests began to multiply rapidly, and were followed by executions. Those who had remained in the town, or who had been brought back thither by their evil fortune, saw their hopes of avoiding a similar fate become every day more faint. How could they escape? Whom could they trust? Whither could they go? While my father was asking himself these questions, to which he knew not how to reply, and hoping still that the morrow might bring safety, we were surprised by a domiciliary visit in the middle of the night from the authorities of our section. There was no escape, and the most prudent measure was to appear calm and indifferent. My father staid quietly in bed, affecting an appearance of security which he was far from feeling. His papers were minutely examined, but he was not arrested. I feel it my duty here to add that we were never exposed to persecution by those of our own section. The blows aimed at us always had their origin in a higher quarter.

Soon after this, two artillerymen were billeted



upon us, who, finding their quarters comfortable, turned the large kitchen, in which they slept, into a cooking and mess-room for fifteen of their companions, who daily came thither to dine with them. At first, our two soldiers appeared very unfriendly, and uneasy at finding themselves in the house of a family of rebels. The least trifle excited their suspicions, as though they believed that we wished to make an attempt upon their lives. However, when they found that the aristocrats appeared to be good sort of people, they became milder and more sociable ; and as a proof of their goodwill invited Cantat and St. Jean to dinner. The latter repaid the civility by giving them a dinner in return ; and St. Jean, who wished to do the honours liberally, produced a bottle of wine, of which he vaunted the excellence, and filled the glasses. One of the guests expecting something good, made haste to drink, and instantly exclaimed, " I am poisoned !"—he was the most hasty of the two—his calmer companion tried to pacify him, but in vain. " I had been forewarned of it," repeated he ; " these aristocrats wish to poison us." Meanwhile, St. Jean had tasted the contents of the unlucky bottle, and found it to be strong vinegar. With great presence of mind, he

immediately drank off a large glassful of the supposed poison, and went to fetch the right bottle, by means of which harmony was restored.

Since the two soldiers had been quartered upon us, my father had done his utmost to escape observation, and never quitted his room except when they were absent. In spite of our watchfulness, however, he fell in one day with the elder of the two, with whom he entered into conversation calmly, and as if he had no cause for fear. A few days passed away very quietly, when one evening as Cantat was leaving my aunt's room to go to bed, she heard a gentle knock at the door, and listening, heard her own name called in low but hurried tones. She opened the door, and found there our next neighbour's maid, who said hastily : " You must wake your master directly ; they are coming to arrest him, and there is not a moment to lose. I heard them knocking below, and looked out of the window. There are a great many of them, and they asked if it was not here that he lived ; I sent them round to the other door ; but they are already coming back."

My father was called, sprang out of bed, hurried from the room and across the landing, and Madame de Soulligné's door closed upon him. Some voices were heard to cry : " He is making

his escape ; there is a door being shut ;” and they were, in fact, separated from him only by a single door.

They advanced hastily towards Cantat, who came forward with a light.

“ Where is he ? We have heard footsteps, and the opening of a door.”

“ But, citizens, of course some one was obliged to move in order to admit you ; did not you knock twice for the second floor ?”

“ You have been mighty long about admitting us ; but be that as it may, we shall find him, for we know he is here.”

They had indeed good authority for this : St. Jean, who was both talkative and imprudent, had fallen in with some people from Moulins, who had come with the Parisian revolutionary army to share in the spoils of Lyons. They had asked tidings of my father from St. Jean ; and he, yielding to his natural love of talking, had told them all they wished to know, and given his address.

I shall never forget that fearful night. The very short space of time which elapsed between the warning to escape and the entrance of the commissioners left us no leisure for reflection. I shared an immense bed with my aunt. My father's was at the other end of the room.

I ought to have jumped into it immediately, as we should thus have avoided many contradictory and dangerous answers ; but none of us thought of this. We concealed my father's things between us as quickly as we could, and had scarcely time to do so before they entered.

"Where is he?—where is he?" cried many impatient voices at once.

"Who?"

"Giraud des Echerolles."

"He is gone."

"Which is his room?"

"This."

"Where does he sleep?"

"In this bed."

"Then how is it that it has been used?"

"Because," replied my aunt, "my maid sleeps there when he is away, as I am afraid of being alone."

"A very fair answer ; but we do not believe it," and placing sentinels at our door, they went to search the other rooms.

They reached the closet in which Cantat slept ; the bed had not been used, but it was turned down.

"Whose room is this?" exclaimed they eagerly.

"Mine," she replied.

"Why is the bed turned down?"

She gave some reason which did not satisfy them, and they came back excessively angry and exclaiming "We shall find him yet!" They then left us under the guard of sentries stationed in each of the rooms, and departed to prosecute their researches throughout the house. Heaven only knows what were our feelings when we heard them knock at Madame de Soulligné's door; we knew of no possible place of concealment in her apartment, and already in imagination saw them return dragging my father along with them. It seemed as if the very blood in our veins were frozen by terror. Our suspense was agonizing: but when they returned he was not with them, and God was witness of our gratitude.

Furious at this disappointment, their indignation was vented upon Cantat and St. Jean, who now bitterly repented the distress he had caused; and it was decided that they should both be taken to prison for the night. They, poor things, took their night-clothes, and prepared to set out sadly enough, when all of a sudden the commissioners remembered the two soldiers whom they had seen quietly in bed, and deferred their departure in order to take their evidence. The one who had not seen my father swore, upon the faith of a good republican, that since he had been in the house the

only man he had seen had been Citizen Marigni (*alias* St. Jean, a name it was no longer safe to use). His comrade held his peace, and signed the evidence—one word from him would have been destruction to us. “You may thank these worthy republicans,” said the commissioner, “that you are permitted to stay where you are until further orders.”

We remained quite quiet until daylight, not daring even to speak, as we did not know how far we might be watched. As soon as there was light enough to see, Madame de Soulligné's maid came to ask for some clothes for my father. He had spent the night in a small closet, in front of which a chest of drawers had been dragged; and by great good fortune, this closet, which projected into the court, escaped observation in consequence of the darkness. He heard them speaking and knocking close by, and believed that he was discovered. The night was long and cold, for it was the end of October, 1793, and he had to pass it without any clothing.

We met with the thankfulness and joy natural to people who feel that they have narrowly escaped death, but who are still in dread of it. In fact, the sword of Damocles was suspended over our heads, and might fall at any moment. It was

necessary for us to decide upon some plan of proceeding, a very difficult thing to do, as we had few acquaintance who were not in the same situation with ourselves. All were afraid of committing themselves, and besides, all had their own business to attend to. We believed that our slightest movements would be watched, that the footsteps of any one who left our house would be tracked; and, moreover, the indiscretion of the servant who had nearly caused our destruction, prevented our confiding any more secrets to him. It was at length resolved that the conduct of all the requisite arrangements should be entrusted to me alone, as my early age and small size would prevent the supposition that anything of importance could be confided to me; whereas, if my aunt had gone out, she would have attracted the notice of the spies whom we saw lingering around the house during a considerable part of the day.

I went, therefore, to the same kind Madame Tournouer who had come to us in the middle of the night to warn my father of his danger. Her house was situated near one of the gates of the town, on the bank of the Saône, near the Faubourg de Vaise. Her husband was not a regular *traiteur*, yet the establishment was more than a mere public-house, though they were much reduced

from their former easy circumstances. We agreed upon the steps to be taken to facilitate my father's escape ; and the only remaining difficulty was how to accomplish his reaching her house, to contrive which I was sent on a second errand.

This took me to the other end of the town, to a M. Cléménçon, an acquaintance of my brother's ; but only his wife was at home, who knew none of us. The reception I met with was, however, not the less kind on that account, and no old friend could have shown more devotion to our interests. Not only did she consent at once to lend me her husband's uniform, but promised to come herself, with a friend whom she could depend upon, in order to accompany my father, who would be much less likely to excite suspicion, if he were walking with two ladies, than by himself. The fact that the old Custom-house was traversed by a passage open to the public, greatly facilitated his departure.

Dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, and giving his arm to his two protectresses, he left the house in the afternoon, and threading the least frequented streets, they reached their destination without encountering any difficulty. Madame Tournouer's house was full of people ; and on perceiving a soldier of the National



Guard, with two ladies, she hastened to make apologies for the crowd and the noise. "You will not be comfortable here," said she, "there is no room; and these two citizens (*citoyennes*) will like a quieter place. I will take you to the summer-house in the garden."

My father traversed the noisy crowd with head erect, and calling for something to drink. Soon after his two companions left him, and came to bring us their tidings. We were delighted to be assured of his safety; yet in what did this safety consist? He was in a public-house, filled with the very people who would have arrested him, or torn him to pieces perhaps, if they had recognized him, or guessed who he was; but the mere fact that he had escaped from a house surrounded with spies, appeared to us like safety, which may serve to give the reader some idea of the times in which we lived.

The difficulty which now remained for him, was to leave the town without going out of the gates, and this was effected by bringing a little boat noiselessly up the river to the summer-house. My father entered it at night, and in the most profound silence; and in a few minutes the worthy boatwoman had deposited him on the other side of the gate. He was then in the

Faubourg de Vaise, where, still thanks to the care of Madame Tournouer, he was introduced by stealth into an apartment under sequestration, where, for the moment, he would be safe from pursuit or detection.

The very short time which she had had at command, had prevented her from taking other and more effectual measures. As I have already said, we then lived only in the present moment; it was all that we could call our own, and it would have been folly to count upon even the next minute.

Thus, for the second time, my father passed the formidable barriers of the town—no easy thing to do, and one which even those of the citizens who were the most free from restraint could not at all times effect. Some unlucky days there were, when no one was suffered to pass; others, when, in order to enter, it was necessary to undergo a strict examination, or to be provided with the most unexceptionable papers. A story was told of a person, who, like my father, wished to leave the town, and like him also having no passport, devised a plan for doing without it. He ingeniously contrived to reach the Porte de Vaise unperceived, and stopping in

the middle, he waited until the sentry, who was parading up and down before the gate, should turn towards him.

"Citizen," said he then, "is it true that to-day no one is suffered to leave the town?"

"Yes, citizen, such are the orders."

"Oh! very well; in that case I shall not enter it," answered the man, quietly turning round, and walking away.

The sentry, seeing him bareheaded, supposed that he lived close by, and did not interfere with him.

My father found himself exposed to fresh peril in the very retreat which was supposed to be so secure. He was forbidden to walk about, or to make the slightest noise, for where once the official seals were affixed, no living creature was supposed to find entrance. He promised everything, but failed in the performance. With his natural vivacity, such complete immobility was more than he could endure.

An old woman, who inhabited the apartment below him, heard a noise, and suspecting a thief, hastened to give notice that the apartment under sequestration was inhabited. Great excitement was caused by these tidings, and people hastened

to the spot, and searched everywhere, but no one was to be found. By great good fortune he was warned in time, and effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered.

But now arose a fresh difficulty : nothing was prepared for his flight ; and what was to be done ? Where was he to go ? That day the passage of the gates was unimpeded, and my father took advantage of this to re-enter the town, out of which he had been conveyed at so much risk. He was taken to the convent of the Two Lovers,\* which, during the siege, had been converted into a hospital.

The enemy's fire having been continually directed against the Hôtel Dieu, from which they were separated only by the Rhone, that splendid edifice, riddled with shot, could no longer serve as a refuge for the wounded. It caught fire five times. A black flag was hoisted upon it ; and messengers were dispatched to demand that the asylum of the sick and the dying might be spared. " It is a place of concealment for

\* There is an old legend to the effect, that two lovers threw themselves from a rock into the Saône ; and that their horror-stricken relatives founded a monastery close to the spot where this catastrophe occurred.

*muscadins*,"\* was the reply, and the enemy continued to fire upon it. Thereupon, the sick were carried in the arms of such as could afford assistance to the convent of the Two Lovers, at the other end of the town, which appeared likely to afford a more secure retreat; and on this occasion, women lay in, and dying men expired in the open street. Might not this well be the abomination of desolation spoken of in Scripture? They were indeed fearful times!

My father remained there in concealment for three days, then left it, and without encountering any further difficulty, reached the house of Madame de la Coste, who did not know him, and yet risked her own safety in order to assist him. She lived in a country-house, at some distance from Lyons. I never saw this lady, and do not know what is become of her; but should these pages ever fall into the hands of any of her family, they will convey to them the assurance that her memory will never be effaced from our hearts.

\* The nickname bestowed by the Jacobins upon young men of the better classes, and dressed with some degree of elegance, whom they probably suspected of using a great deal of perfume.

How noble, how admirable is that Christian charity which, with gentle but unshaken firmness, pursued her way in the midst of crime, carrying with her healing and consolation, and extending its tender care to all who were in distress. She asked not who was the sufferer; but she saw the suffering, and that sufficed her. How many unfortunates have thus been saved, their names remaining unasked and unknown! But in those days giving and receiving followed closely upon each other, and those who gave alms one day were frequently compelled to ask it on the morrow.

During this time, we had been subjected to several domiciliary visits which were general, and to others which were specially directed against ourselves. We received no tidings of my father, were entirely ignorant of my brother's fate, and lived in a state of anxiety which nothing could relieve; for surrounded, as we were, with spies, it was impossible for us to obtain the slightest intelligence concerning them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

And so in this fair world she stood alone,  
An alien 'mid the ever-moving crowd,  
A wandering stranger, nameless and unknown,  
Her claim to human kindness disallowed.

MRS. NORTON.

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THE SEALS—MY AUNT ARRESTED—DETAILS OF HER IMPRISONMENT  
—TRIALS AND EXERTIONS WHICH I HAD TO UNDERGO—MODE OF  
LIFE OF THE PRISONERS—COOKERY.

THE commissaries of the section came to affix their seals to my aunt's effects, and the day on which this operation was performed was the last of my education. From that moment, the passing events were my only instructors.

I still took lessons of English, but my drawing lessons had come to an end, owing to the flight of M. Villone, too worthy a man to escape suspicion, and who moreover had served during the siege. He had left in my hands by accident a little engraving of Challier, which suddenly met the eyes

of the commissioners, causing them so much the greater surprise that they had not before known of its existence. Their admiration vented itself in loud exclamations, and for the moment superseding every other thought, they at once dispatched it to the section, where great joy was expressed at sight of the portrait of this martyr of liberty.

The commissioners stood upon no ceremony in applying the seals. I heard them speaking quite openly of the different articles of furniture which happened to suit them in the houses they had already visited, and making concessions to each other at our expense. They stationed in our house, as keeper of the seals, a little old man with a wig, who wore a grey coat, held in his hand a cane with an ivory handle, and assumed airs of great importance. After having given him their instructions, they turned to my aunt, and said: "The Citizen Forêt is to eat at your table, to sit in your room, and to warm himself at your fire." After this sententious speech, they departed; and I ran to Mr. Davis's, to beg him to come no more to our house. To take English lessons was a thing not to be thought of; Citizen Forêt would have believed that we were conspiring against the Republic. The very name of Davis was in itself a crime, and I am not sure that he did not expiate it by the loss of his head.



On returning to our melancholy abode, I strove to accustom myself to the presence of this constant spy upon our actions. My aunt displayed a degree of calmness which contrasted forcibly with her natural vivacity ; but hers was a character the strength of which developed itself in proportion to our trials. Her presence of mind never forsook her, and her prudence and courage increased with the necessity for them. The taste she had formerly displayed for the comforts procured by wealth, seemed to have disappeared for ever. The luxuries and pleasures which she had formerly enjoyed, apparently did not cost her one feeling of regret. Forgetting herself in her affection for us, it was for us alone that she feared ; and in the new path which was opening before her, she was to lose all, without giving one sigh to her own fate. Such greatness of mind, courage, and self-abnegation could only be found in one whose character had been raised by the love of God above all the considerations of selfish interest. Her love to Him embracing and sanctifying that which she bore to us, seemed already to bear her spirit heavenwards.

It was evening, and we were about to sit down to table with Citizen Forêt, the authorised spy placed on guard over us to scrutinize our thoughts and keep account of our tears, and St. Jean and Cantat were preparing our frugal meal, when

the footsteps of armed men were heard hastily mounting the stairs. Citizen Forêt opened the door, and a municipal officer entered, followed by an officer of *gendarmerie* and several soldiers. "Where is Giraud des Echerolles?" were their first words. My aunt remained silent, and pointed to the guardian of the seals. He was not gifted with quickness of apprehension, and the question was impatiently repeated before he could explain that Giraud des Echerolles was not there; that the apartment was under sequestration; and that the seals, of which he was appointed guardian, having been applied that very morning, no one could possibly be concealed there. Our two soldiers, be it observed, had gone to lodge elsewhere. Notwithstanding Forêt's statements, they searched the remaining rooms, and presently came back to the one in which we were.

"Where is your brother?" inquired the municipal officer of my aunt.

"I do not know," replied she.

This was the exact truth; and to all his questions the replies he received were equally unsatisfactory.

"Well then, since the brother is not to be found, we will take the sister. You do not choose to tell us where he is, so you shall go

to prison in his stead, and stay there until you are pleased to speak. Come along."

I made a motion to come forward, but was stopped by a look from my aunt. She asked for time to collect a few things to take with her, hoping to be able to say a few words to me in private; but this favour was not granted, we were not alone for a single moment; I could not even seek to obtain intelligence from her looks, for our very glances were watched. At the moment of their entrance, however, she had found time, in anticipation of the impending danger, to desire me not to come near her, and to hold my tongue; and during the whole of this brief scene she did all in her power to avoid me, or rather to treat me with marked indifference; for, thought she, if they arrest the sister, to how much greater danger must not the daughter be exposed—a mere child, from whom they would hope to extract every secret without difficulty, either by artifice or violence. It was thus that her provident affection sought to elude the perils by which she believed me to be threatened.

She left me without venturing to bestow upon me a word or even a look. It was the month of November, 1793.

"Whither are you taking me?" she inquired.

"You will see," was all the answer vouchsafed, and I saw the door close behind her. Thus I was deprived for the second time of my mother, my guide, my support ; I was left alone in the world, and scarcely yet fourteen years old !

St. Jean followed my aunt at a distance, and having seen her taken to the Section of the Exchange, immediately returned to give me information where she was. We thereupon set to work to make up a bundle of sheets, bed-clothes, and everything which we could think of to enable her to pass the night in less discomfort. The keeper did not interfere with us ; but when St. Jean, carrying all these goods and a mattress, prepared to go out, he protested that he would neither open the door nor permit any article to be taken away.

"But they belong to her, and they are for her."

"I am sorry, but it is impossible."

"But she is old, and will suffer from the want of them."

"I am sorry, but it is impossible."

There was no alternative but to resign ourselves to our fate, and wait with patience. We learnt that Citizen Forêt was our master, and as we could not go out without his leave, we were little better than prisoners ourselves.

My aunt spent the night in one of the halls of the section. She did not feel the absence of everything which could have conduced to her comfort, nor did sleep visit her eyelids, for all night long she witnessed the successive arrivals of people who had been arrested like herself. At daybreak she was transferred, together with her companions in misfortune, to the Recluses, a building destined henceforward to serve as their prison.

It was not till very late on the following day that I learned where she was confined. I immediately sent to the arsenal to Madame Léger, in whose keeping all the furniture still remained which my father had lent to M. de Guériot, begging her to send a mattress and a truckle-bed for my aunt. It will scarcely be believed that I met with a refusal, and that she endeavoured, though without success, to convey these same goods to a prisoner in whom she took more interest.

The day after this, I went to the section as early as it was feasible to do so. I had two important objects to obtain: one was to see my aunt, the other to procure some bread; and here I must explain how this was done.

There was in each section a limited number of bakers, to whom the sale of bread was exclusively

confined. Their shops were closed, and every one in turn took his station in front of the small opening left in the door or window, and handed through it the order from the section, by which he was entitled to so many ounces of bread; the baker having examined it, delivered in return for the money the appointed bread obtained with so much trouble. The receiver instantly moved off, and the string made one step in advance. As it often extended the length of several streets, those who were at the farthest end might hope to get their breakfast at about five o'clock in the evening. Such were the blessed effects of liberty!

I have said what my objects were; my effort to gain them was the first step of that painful and arduous and solitary career which I have since pursued. It was not without agitation that I entered the hall of the section, and ventured to go forward alone, and to raise my voice in the presence of so many strangers. Fortunately for me, I recognized a man named Duc, one of the commissioners who had applied the seals in our apartment two days before. I spoke to him of my aunt, and of her arrest, and entreated permission to see her. "Ah!" said he, "we had left her in peace; they were not so courteous. Citizens, I think it is

quite right that this little girl should go and see her aunt, who has been a kind of mother to her: we may allow it."

His words were approved, and an order for my admission to the prison of the Recluses was written on a little square bit of paper, in the name of the Section of the Exchange. Once in possession of my order, and encouraged by this success, I went on to explain that having been under sequestration we had also been commanded to provide food for the keeper of the seals, and that as bread was not to be had, I wished for an order to buy it.

"That you cannot have; it is contrary to the law."

"But, citizens, you know that I cannot obtain it without an order; so what am I to do?"

"You must do as best you can."

"Am I to starve then?"

"Never fear, you will not starve; all those of your party have some resources. You are of the race of the aristocrats, who always know how to take care of themselves, and no doubt you inherit their spirit of intrigue, so you will not die of hunger."

"Well," replied I, resolutely, "if you sentence me to have nothing to live upon, you cannot find

fault with me for supplying no bread to the keeper whom you have ordered me to feed."

"Oh, as for him, it is quite another thing! A good republican as he is, will have his order, of course; he has nothing to do but to come and ask for it. But for yourself, you may set your mind at ease; you will find out how to manage."

These words were true, for Providence, of which they never thought, watches over the orphan; and how, without its assistance, could I have surmounted the difficulties which crowded around me?

I made haste to leave this den of villainy, and to proceed to the prison of the Recluses. As yet no crowd had collected at the entrance, for many people did not even know where their relations were confined, the arrests still continued, and everything was in confusion. I owed the happiness of again beholding my aunt to the promptitude of the step I had taken, and perhaps also to my early age, which had not been restrained by the cautious or timid dictates of prudence.

I entered, and passed through the first door while inquiring for the gaoler, to whom I showed my order. He read it, turned it over, read it again, and paused to reflect, while I waited for his decision in the most painful suspense. They had



received no orders concerning admissions. The gaoler, however, was not as yet experienced in the rigours of the new system, nor inured to cruelty, and I was so little that he took pity upon me, laid aside his scruples, and suffered me to pass. I was taken through a second door, and then through an iron gate into a court. I was rejoiced to have got so far, and half suffocated with mingled emotions of sorrow and of joy, I followed the turnkey who acted as my guide, as fast as I could, absorbed in my own thoughts and my own emotion, when I was roused by the sound of voices, of people speaking to me, and almost touching me; they were criminals asking for alms, and rattling their chains as they approached. The clank of fetters and the dark and haggard faces thus breaking in upon my thoughts of loving eagerness, filled me with horror. I had never been brought into such close contact with crime, and I alternately hastened and slackened my footsteps in dread lest they should perceive the horror with which they inspired me.

A long and gloomy corridor conducted me to the staircase, and I was obliged to ask one of these men to make way for me; he was seated on the first step, talking to a woman dressed in tattered finery, with a painted face and bold, impudent

demeanour, before whose gaze my eyes fell. It was with a feeling of repugnance that I saw my gown touch hers ; but everything within this prison made me shudder. When we had at length reached the first floor, I thought that I should see my aunt ; but though the turnkey showed me her door, he had forgotten the key, and left me to go and fetch it. I remained standing alone before this door, which had three bolts and two new locks ; two other doors on the same landing were also furnished with new locks, which gave evidence of the novelty of these precautions. " Such care," thought I, " taken to imprison my aunt ! The guilty can breathe the fresh air which is denied to the innocent ! They are free to move about, she is locked up." But I dared not even sigh, my very thoughts were fettered ; for I feared lest they should be divined and imputed as a crime to my aunt.

At length the door opened, and I sprang forward, expecting to see her whom I had come to seek ; but the women who met my eyes were strangers.

" Are you a prisoner ?" asked they.

" No, no ! Where is my aunt ?"

My poor aunt hastened forward in delight at seeing me. " How are you ? What have you been doing ? What has happened to you ?"

“My dear aunt, have you been able to eat? Have you slept? Are you not ill?”

I had a thousand questions to ask. The other ladies looked at me, listened to us, and shared our feelings. They called me their good angel, as my appearance gave them the hope that the door might yet open to admit some angel of their own. I was the first free person who had entered the prison. How had I contrived to obtain admittance? I explained as well as I could; until my aunt, jealous of her treasure, taking me by the hand, withdrew me from their inquiries, leading me across a loft, into a tolerably spacious chamber, where she made me sit down on her mattress, which was spread upon the ground.

I have forgotten to mention, that after Madame Léger refused to send me a bed for my aunt, a worthy woman gave me a hair mattress, which I was so fortunate as to succeed in forwarding to her; but one day and two nights had elapsed without her having anything but a little straw to sleep upon. This mattress served her as bed, table, and chair; and in this room, which was inhabited by more than fifty persons, I saw no other furniture. Those who had no mattresses, and who were by far the greater number, had a

very little straw to lie upon. Such was the spectacle which met my eyes, and for the time checked my powers of speech.

My aunt appeared neither altered, dispirited, nor absorbed in her own sorrows; she had no thought but for the delight of our temporary meeting, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of it, notwithstanding the idea of the dangers to which she believed me to be exposed. Her fears even served to enhance her pleasure in seeing me. Feeble child as I was, I was everything to her; for I had become her support, and the source of her hopes. Together we recapitulated the events of these three long days, so fraught with new and painful impressions, not a single hour was forgotten; and this interchange of feelings by turns saddened and cheered our hearts.

My aunt overwhelmed me with caresses; but time flew rapidly by, and I was obliged to leave her. I departed laden with messages, which I gladly undertook to deliver. It was happiness to me to be the bearer of consolation to so many afflicted families, to tell them of the means that I had employed to obtain admittance to the prison, to say to them: "They are are living! I have seen them! They are looking for you!"

I was escorted through the spacious loft, as if in triumph. "Do not forget!" entreated the prisoners. "Execute our commissions this very evening, we implore you."

"Yes, yes, this very evening," I replied.

My aunt gave me her blessing; and the happiness of feeling myself useful, of being able to serve these unfortunate women, softened the pain of this first separation, and enabled me to traverse, without fear or disgust, the gloomy corridors and the crowds whose aspect had at first appeared to me so repulsive. I was conscious of nothing but the power of serving others, and it gave me courage and energy. Little and feeble as I was, I felt as if I had grown upon the strength of it.

The distances I walked about the town, in order to convey the notes entrusted to me, and to relate what I had seen and done, were immense. I received some answers in writing, and others by word of mouth. My memory and intelligence seemed suddenly to have redoubled, in emulation of my zeal. I did not mistake one direction, or forget one message. St. Jean accompanied me in my nocturnal wanderings, for I came home very late, but my heart filled with happiness, and conscious neither of fatigue

nor of the annoyance of finding Citizen Forêt seated by my fireside, for I was too joyful to feel angry with any one. It seemed as if this day had given double vigour to all my faculties. I went to rest in the hope of conveying tidings of their families to the poor prisoners, and my sleep was very sweet.

I returned on the morrow to the prison, provided with a basket containing my aunt's dinner; and was so fortunate as to obtain admission and give an account of all that I had done. But sad tidings awaited me. The orders concerning admissions had been received, my little square bit of paper was no longer available, and the gaoler tore it in pieces in my presence; a feeling of pity, however, induced him to let me pass for this once. This incident, however, overclouded the happiness of my dinner with my aunt, which we ate seated side by side, on her little mattress. "You must inquire," said she, "what steps you should take to obtain a fresh order of admittance." I felt very unhappy when I left her, and my evening was a sad one. I had hoped to see her every day; and in early youth we are apt to believe what we hope.

I spoke of my distress to Citizen Forêt, and he answered me very humbly that he had no

influence with his son, who was a member of the municipality. I was but too well aware that he spoke the truth. He had a great respect for, or more properly a great fear of, this influential son, who had no other merit than that of being as great a villain as his colleagues. He did not, however, make himself a distinguished name amongst them, as he was but an obscure villain, covetous and bloodthirsty, but destitute of genius. Still he was a member of the municipal council, and so his father drew himself up whenever he mentioned his name. As for Citizen Forêt himself, he appeared to be very much out of his element. His understanding was limited, and his natural disposition, being rather good than otherwise, inclined him to kindness. It often went against him to enforce his authority rigorously, even while he enjoyed the comforts that his post afforded him.

His life had been passed as a silk-weaver, in working hard all the week, spending on Sunday the earnings of the six preceding days, and often devoting Monday to the same employment, as was the practice of many of his fellow-workmen. When the rich were reduced to poverty, he found that he could no longer obtain work ; the blame of this was laid upon the aristocrats, he there-

fore thought it quite right that some other employment should be furnished him by them; and to be a keeper of the seals applied by the authorities, was one at once lucrative, perfectly easy, and comparatively harmless.

The first day that he entered upon his post, he was in full-dress, consisting of a grey coat, a well frizzed wig, and an ivory-headed cane; and he affected a cold and ceremonious demeanour, which contrasted strangely with the free and easy rudeness of the commissioners. I fancy he was a little afraid of the wild beasts upon whom he was to be quartered—for such was the appellation bestowed upon us. But with all this, he had a certain inherent respect for nobility, from old association, which he could not altogether shake off, in spite of his anxiety to be a Jacobin.

By degrees he became softened towards us, and discovered that we were not absolute barbarians after all. Thereupon, his dress became less rigidly precise; he left off his wig, which was reserved for occasions of ceremony, and habitually wore a grey skull-cap, like his coat, with grey slippers to match. He used to spend the whole day in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire; he had never enjoyed such luxury before. Every now



and then he would turn round, and feel and admire it, lean heavily back, in order to make himself more comfortable, and exclaim, with an air of satisfaction: "There is no denying that an arm-chair is a very happy invention!" Then he would feel the cushions once more, and repeat: "What a very good contrivance!" After this he would stretch his legs, lean back, and enjoy himself in a half-reclining posture.

He was at bottom a harmless animal, rather well-disposed than otherwise, but doing wrong out of obedience, as if it were a thing that had become necessary and unavoidable. He had a horror of executions, but durst not confess it to his wife and son, who were constantly dinning into his ears that he must keep pace with the times he lived in and be a thorough-going republican, which, in their sense of the word, meant to have an unquenchable thirst for human blood.

"I cannot get used to that," said he to me one day, when we had become better acquainted. "They forced me to go and see some people guillotined, but I came back in a fever, and could not sleep for a week. It is of no use their talking—I can never get used to that. It must be owned that life was more peaceful in former

days. It is true that I was obliged to work, but I was well paid, and spent my earnings in comfort. I remember weaving a waistcoat for Louis XV.: what a beauty it was! and I had plenty of money for it. It must be owned that those were good times." The poor man would never have dared to say as much to his wife or to his son. "As for my wife," continued he, in a lower tone, "she always liked executions. If any one was to be hung, she was one of the first to go and see the sight. It was of no use my locking her in; she always managed to make her escape, and be on the spot in time."

This female fury was one of the worst evils with which I was beset. Every evening she came, after the labours of the day, to share her husband's quarters; I could not even enjoy undisturbed the liberty of sighing over my trials, for there was this woman telling her husband the news, which consisted of the fresh cruelties, tortures and executions that each day brought forth, at each of which she appeared to have been present. Not a detail was spared me; she almost acted them over again, her face expanding with a delight which proved the pleasure she took in those fearful spectacles; and I had no authority to bid her be silent. She usually ended her recital

by taking her supper from her pocket, which for the most part consisted of bread and strong cheese, in a bit of paper. This so-called strong cheese consisted of the fragments and remains of every description of cheese, which the venders collected and pounded together, moistening the whole with brandy. I leave it to the reader to imagine the appearance, taste and smell of this sort of salve, which she spread upon her bread, and eat with the utmost relish, as if delighted at the abominable smell which it diffused throughout my room.

This woman embittered my life more than I can describe, and the discomfort of my home was still further increased by St. Jean and Cantat. They had never been friends, but now their dislike to each other had reached its climax, and they quarrelled from morning till night. I was also reduced to great difficulties about food, for I had five people to support; it was no easy matter to buy it, and St. Jean would not do the marketing, nor Cantat the cooking. Their disputes were so frequent and so violent, that I was twice obliged to beg that my aunt would remonstrate with them, notwithstanding my unwillingness to worry her, during her imprisonment, with matters of so disagreeable a nature,

or to give up the pleasure of seeing her on two occasions, in order to send them in my stead.

I never returned home now without a feeling of disgust. I had no sooner got up than Citizen Forêt made his appearance, and at night I was obliged to wait until it pleased him to withdraw, before I could go to bed. Cooking and eating were all done in my room. When I thought of my aunt, then indeed I felt that it did not become me to complain. Had I been with her, it would have been different; then I could have expressed my feelings without restraint, and should have found comfort in her affection; but alone, without a friend, without any one to lean upon, or to whom it can open its heart, a child is indeed most miserable!

But to return to my story, upon which I have anticipated in order to give some idea of my daily life. Having no order of admission, I was unable the next day to obtain entrance to the prison, and had to wait several hours before I could even send my aunt her dinner. Cantat had carried the basket for me to the prison door, where I had taken charge of it; and nothing on earth would have induced me to give it up, for upon it depended my only chance of being let in. In this, however, I failed; the basket only was

admitted, upon the strength of a bargain made with one of the turnkeys to pay him for the conveyance of it.

It has happened to me to be at the gate of the prison at ten o'clock, and at twelve I and those similarly situated have been still laden with our baskets, which no one had chosen to take from us. The gaoler then caused the gates to be shut until two o'clock, during which time he had his dinner; and after that the turnkeys and their wives mingled with the crowd, bargained with us, and refused to take charge of our baskets if we did not offer them as much as they wished. People were often obliged to carry the dinner away again, from inability to meet demands so exorbitant, for amongst the prisoners there were many who were very poor.

At other times, their privations were rendered more severe by the negligence or ill-will of the turnkeys, who would leave the baskets in the court, and not deliver them till the next day; lastly, I have seen them open the baskets at the door, and cut up and eat what they contained, adding to our distress by their insolent mockery. They probably chose this manner of giving us to understand that it would be useless to attempt to conceal letters or advice to the

prisoners in the provisions sent to them. I cannot describe the indignation which I felt on learning that my aunt had been deprived of food. I afterwards took care to procure a cold fowl, to which she had recourse when no other dinner made its appearance, and which she kept in a small basket beside her mattress, which contained the linen she required for use.

I have said nothing as yet of our neighbours. Their history was the same as our own. The seals were applied in their abode as well as ours, a similar grey man had been quartered upon them, a similar discipline was enforced. All the well-disposed shared the same general monotony of suffering. M. Mazuyer had effected his escape ; M. and Madame de Bellecise had been arrested, and their courageous and high-minded daughter, Félicité, being exposed to more personal hostility, was compelled to seek safety in a hurried flight.

Being gifted with great clearness of perception, she had early foreseen the disastrous issue of the siege, and had entreated the permission of her parents to leave them. "Let me go," said she ; "I see nothing but darkness in the future. The inhabitants of Lyons, abandoned to their own resources, will not be able long to resist an enemy

who will receive constant reinforcements. Great disasters will ensue. We ought to endeavour to collect money before that time comes, and I will contrive to do so." Accordingly, she disguised herself as a peasant, and taking a very circuitous route, reached Bellecise, her father's estate, at a distance of twelve kilometers\* from Lyons, without difficulty. She found everything placed under sequestration, by order of Fouché, who was established at no great distance from thence, and caused her to be put under arrest so soon as he heard of her arrival.

Notwithstanding this and the sequestration, Félicité found means to sell a quantity of provisions, and turned everything she could into money. In spite of the secrecy of her proceedings, Fouché was apprised of them, and summoned her before his own tribunal, upon an accusation of defrauding the Republic. She defended herself with much courage and presence of mind. Fouché, possibly touched with admiration for her, dismissed her, with a caution not to continue her present course of conduct, and with an assurance that he would keep his eye upon her.

Feeling that she could do no more, Félicité

\* About one thousand and fifty English yards, rather less than a quarter of a league.

effected her escape, which being known, a price was set upon her head. Her anxiety to see her parents once again, induced her to brave the peril of returning to Lyons. I was so fortunate as to see her before her departure, at Madame de Guériot's,\* where she passed for a needlewoman coming to work by the day. Her courage and her virtues had inspired me with equal admiration, respect, and affection for her. To be like her was beyond my power, but to imitate her at a humble distance became the object of my greatest ambition. She at length succeeded in reaching Switzerland, disguised as a collierness, travelling on foot, and sleeping on straw. Thus she succeeded in eluding the pursuit of her powerful and offended enemy. She proceeded to Fribourg, to one of her sisters, who had emigrated thither, where she was soon after rejoined by M. Mazuyer, who, captivated by her admirable qualities, made her his wife. The Princesse de Condé, who was then at Fribourg, signed her marriage contract.

The reader may perhaps remember my mentioning that she had two ribs fractured on the day of the massacre of the prisoners of Pierre-

\* Madame de Guériot soon after quitted Lyons, the scene of so many horrors, where, short as had been her stay there, she had found time to do much good.



cize. This accident resulted in the formation of a gathering, which caused her severe pain. For many months, one cup of milk in the day was her only sustenance, and several doctors thought her case hopeless. She herself entertained little expectation of recovery; but when M. Arnoux, a clever surgeon from Moulins, of whom I have already spoken, sought refuge in Lyons,\* she expressed a wish to consult him. He had the reputation of being a daring but rough practitioner, and accordingly he suggested to her to have the abscess cut out; and on her refusing to try so desperate a remedy, he said:

“Well then, go into the country; drink six pints of water every morning, bathe once a-day, or twice if you can, and go out riding frequently.”

“But how can I ride, when I have hardly strength to exist?”

\* Arnoux being proscribed, together with all those who had served during the siege, wandered about for a long time, and at length entered the service of a blacksmith in the Faubourg de Vaise, as a journeyman, in which capacity he distinguished himself by his skill in shoeing horses. He retained his situation as long as the Reign of Terror lasted; and when at length he was able to resume his station in society, his master expressed great regret at parting with him on account of the talent he displayed..

“No matter—ride; you can be held upon your horse; the rougher his paces are the better: you must be well shaken.”

Such a treatment seemed more consistent with Arnoux's reputation than with Félicité's state of extreme debility; nevertheless, she had courage to attempt it. She went into the country; and one day, after one of these rough rides, she fainted, vomited, and brought up the contents of the abscess. A great many physicians found fault with the treatment, and denied its power to produce such a result. She let them say what they pleased, and—recovered.

I have again anticipated, in order to bring to a conclusion this brief notice of the interesting and high-minded Félicité, who assuredly ought not to be forgotten. These details did not become known to me until long afterwards, for in those days all were too much occupied with their own adventures to have either time or means to become acquainted with those of others. To return now to my own history.

I could not obtain entrance to the prison, and spent whole days before the gate, standing in the mud, which was purposely collected there, and crowded and pushed about amongst the two hundred women brought thither by a similar fate. My

weariness was as nothing compared to my sorrow at being unable to see my aunt, and at length I resolved to give it utterance. Observing one of the turnkeys whose countenance was less harsh than that of his colleagues, I resolved to have recourse to him ; and putting into his hand a bundle of assignats of small value, I said : " Will you not take pity upon me, and let me see my aunt, who is like a mother to me ? See how little and how feeble I am ; I cannot force my way through the crowd gathered round the door ; here, accept this for your trouble, and do me the favour of calling me from the first step, as if I were summoned to go to the gaoler ; who knows whether, after I have passed the first door, the others may not be easier of access, and whether your kindness may not extend still further ? "

He went away without answering, and presently I heard a loud voice calling, " the little citizen (*citoyenne*) Giraud. "

" That is I, that is I, " and I pressed forward through the crowd, many of whom were jealous of suffering themselves to be left behind, for there indeed we had good reason to attach much importance to our precedence. My heart beat fast, and I had much trouble to make my way through with my basket, a blow or two soon destroyed

the balance of my little pots, and the broth streamed over my frock ; but already I had reached the steps, I passed through the first door, and found it easier to bargain for admittance through the two others ; my little assignats paved the way for me, and I saw again the court and the staircase that I had so longed to see—to my eyes they were splendid. I had gained such a victory ! for the more conscious I was of my own weakness, the greater the triumph appeared ; and how intense was the delight of seeing my aunt once more !

I shared with her the dinner I had brought, cold and shaken as it was, and thought it delicious. I found an old chair, which she had purchased from the gaoler, added to her stock of furniture, and it served us as a table. I was very happy during this day that I spent with her, desiring nothing but her presence—conscious of no sorrow—seeing nothing but her. It was only her reiterated commands which at length induced me to leave her ; and I came home feeling very much to be pitied. I would have given anything to be suffered to remain with my aunt ;—the wish was • a selfish one, it is true, but it seemed hard to return to take my place between two spies at my own fireside, and to find there two other people who did nothing but quarrel ! Harassed by the fa-

tigues of the day—having stood several hours in the damp—squeezed and knocked about by the crowd, and often failing to obtain the happiness of seeing my aunt, my life seemed to me a heavy burden, and in prison alone should I have felt myself free. I longed for that gloomy abode as for the highest happiness; and it was only obedience to my aunt's commands, and the hope of being of use to her, which restrained me from entreating to be confined with her.

No sooner was I awake than Citizen Forêt would knock at my door, and grumble at finding it fastened; submitting to be the slave of his will, I made haste to receive him, in order to avoid displeasing him so long as there was no important and unavoidable cause for doing so. He never quitted my room again after he had once entered it. I was thus obliged to put a constraint upon my feelings, lest he should see my tears; and perhaps it may have been this habit of daily and hourly resistance which gave me strength, for restraint is often wholesome, and God conceals, in the trials that He sends us the germ of many virtues which spring up in silence in the heart, and unknown to him who possesses them, support him on his way, and guide him through the perils by which he is beset. Yet he goes forward, unconscious of his strength,

because he knows only the weakness of his own nature.

After this first experiment, I often succeeded in obtaining entrance to the prison. I had discovered two or three kind-hearted turnkeys who accepted my assignats very willingly, it is true, but in return protected me against the impediments which were daily added to any intercourse with the prisoners. I suspect that many of these were devised with the object of exhausting our means ; for every additional rigour required to be met by an additional bribe. Malleval, Durand, Placot, and Meunier, were distinguished amongst the turnkeys for their mildness ; and many of the prisoners were indebted to them for the alleviation of the rigours of their position. One of these would call me, while another would forward me on my way, and the constant entreaties of my aunt, together with her gifts, preserved me from being neglected or forgotten by them. Once at her side I forgot everything, even to the executions which took place daily. I had so much difficulty in reaching her, that I was conscious of nothing but the delight of being there, where I felt that I had a friend and an interest. It would be impossible for any one who had not experienced a similar sense of abandonment, to understand its bitterness, or to

conceive how it were possible that the prison could appear to me delightful. Such a prison too ! and such a strange mixture of persons as were assembled in that room ! Gentlewomen, fish-wives, nuns, courtezans, women of property, poor servant-girls, peasant women and venders of herbs ;\* and in the midst of all these, and concealed by the numbers, spies, of whose existence we were aware, without being able to identify them. It was at that memorable period that virtue revealed itself more openly than ever as the true nobility, the true equality, untainted by and independent of guilt, leaving to its oppressors the bondage of passion and of crime.

The spacious loft was soon as full as the room. Arrests continued to be as numerous and hasty as ever. I remember Mesdames de Saint-Fons, de Mognat, and de Montbriant, amongst those who shared the room inhabited by my aunt. When they had been crowded into it to the number of fifty-eight, the measure was full, and it became necessary to lodge the new-comers in the loft. Those who were quartered there were not so

\* Amongst the rest I saw there a poor little English girl of four years old, with her nurse who could not speak a word of French. I was present when they were summoned to be set at liberty.

well known to me; but amongst them I was acquainted with Madame Brochet and her daughters. I am not diverging from my subject in dedicating a few lines to them; for I am writing the history of the unfortunate, and we were indeed a numerous family.

Madame Brochet was arrested with her two eldest daughters, for refusing to state where her husband was concealed. She had a third daughter, only eight years of age, who was taken from her, to be examined separately. They hoped, by removing her from the influence of her friends, to extract from her weakness and inexperience the required information; and the better to succeed in this, the prospect of reward or punishment, according to her conduct, was held out to her.

The child, however, was neither allured by the one, nor terrified by the other; and frustrated their base artifices by adhering conscientiously to her duty, and replying to all their questions only by the following words, which she repeated with the utmost simplicity, and quite unconscious of any merit in so doing: "I do not know where papa is; and if I did I would not tell you."

Conquered by her perseverance, or perhaps moved by respect for such strength of mind in



a frame so feeble, they restored the child to her mother.

It was in company with Madame Brochet that I saw M. de Beaumont, colonel of the regiment of dragoons then quartered at Lyons, who was likewise a prisoner at the Recluses. He profited by a few days of greater leniency, during which the prisoners were permitted to leave their rooms for a few hours, to renew his acquaintance with her; for it was a great pleasure to recognize the face of a friend amongst the crowd of strangers unknown to each other and united by no ties. I am not aware of the motive of his arrest; but I well remember his being the cause of a night of great terror to the rest of the prisoners.

His soldiers had remained faithful to him, and in vain solicited his restoration to liberty. As it was their office to preside at the daily executions, they were better than any one aware of the danger of a prolonged confinement; they, therefore, collected tumultuously round the tribunal, demanded and obtained that their leader should be restored to them, and hastened to deliver him. The building was surrounded by the men of the regiment crying aloud for their colonel, and hailing him with loud acclamations when he

was brought forth. It was very late at night, the shouts re-echoed through the interior of the prison; and while the dragoons, in all the excitement of joy, were leading away their beloved commander in triumph, the prisoners, unacquainted with the cause of these fearful outcries, were every moment expecting to be massacred. It was only the next day that, much to their joy, they were informed of the cause of their alarm. My aunt merely said when she saw me: "We all expected to be massacred last night; I never thought to see you again."

By degrees small coteries were formed, and people began to try to make themselves a little more comfortable. A few more chairs made their appearance; Madame de Saint-Fons was the first who succeeded in getting a table, which she used to lend to her neighbours, who made arrangements to dine at it in succession. To eat their dinner, seated at a table, appeared to them the height of luxury. All were very punctual to the hours appointed, for all were mutually obliging and obliged.

My aunt had come to an agreement with three other ladies, to have their meals in common. These were Mademoiselle Ollier, a bookseller,

who sold all the forbidden pamphlets, and from whom I remember that we once bought the king's will, but no one was suffered to enter her sanctum, unless he could give the pass-word; Mademoiselle Huette, a dressmaker, and Madame Desplantes, proprietress of the Hôtel du Midi, on the Place de Bellecourt. The latter, who had a good fortune, had for a long time concealed in her house M. Desplantes, the officer who had escaped from the massacre of Pierre-cize. Gratitude gave birth to love, he married her, and she was now in prison in the stead of her husband.

On the days when my aunt's friends furnished the dinner, I used to bring some soup, for I was a supplementary addition to the party. The fourth day's dinner always consisted of such fragments as had been carefully saved from the three preceding ones. That day I made my appearance as soon as the doors were opened bringing nothing with me but some butter, salt, and eggs, and used to consider it the happiest of days.

We used to take our exercise in the great loft; and although there was a very bad smell there proceeding from an adjoining closet, yet the air of it was more wholesome than that of

the room in which fifty-eight women were closely packed night and day. Those whose place was close to the windows, would not suffer them to be opened ; and as it was now November, and they had no fire, no one could resent their refusal.

After our walk, and a little conversation, we used to return and busy ourselves in preparing the dinner. As I was the youngest, this task was entrusted to me, much to my delight. I have said that the ladies were allowed no fire. Being weary of breathing such impure air, and of eating all their food cold, they asked for a stove. The weather was becoming severe, and the close and fetid air of their room required some purification ; yet their request was refused, although they offered to pay whatever expense might be entailed. They then asked for little foot-stoves (*chaufferettes*), supplied with wood cinders, and these were likewise refused. At last, however, some foot-stoves, supplied with a little charcoal-dust, were given them. These were replenished every twenty-four hours. The fire in them was hardly perceptible, and every now and then was stirred with a piece of iron to revive it.

It was on one of these wretched foot-stoves, that

I used to place the long narrow pots in which we brought our provisions to the prison, that being the only shape which could preserve their contents from being spilt by the swaying of the crowd, and even then we dared not fill them more than half-full. Lying on the ground, in order to be on a level with my fire-place, I used to blow this apology for a fire, until I had succeeded in obtaining a little heat.

It was necessary to set to work early, in order to have dinner ready by twelve o'clock. Some cold veal, cut up and warmed in some broth, did duty for a *ragoût*. After this I would undertake the masterpiece of my skill—an omelette. The dish to which we gave this dignified name, consisted of eggs beaten up and mixed with some spinach, saved from the day before. It was the general favourite, on account of the trouble of making it, and because it was cooked on the spot.

The coffee, which was reserved for breakfast only, was brought all ready mixed with milk, and sweetened with a very inferior kind of brown sugar, of a sticky consistency, and looking like soot; white sugar was beyond our means.

My aunt seemed to enjoy this very indifferent coffee. But she was so grateful for the slightest

attention, that it never occurred to her to find fault with anything. Everything was good, everything well done.

Bread was distributed daily to the prisoners, and their pitchers were filled every morning with fresh water. Those who could not pay the turnkeys for their trouble, got none; so the rich used to bestow alms upon the poor in this form. It was, in truth, the cup of cold water spoken of in the Gospel. Once a fortnight, I think, they were supplied with fresh straw, or what was called such. Each person received an armful. So small a quantity was soon worn down by use; and therefore the poorer women used to heap several portions together, that they might have something less hard to lie upon, and then slept huddled together, as best they might.

Of an evening, when all had made their preparations for the night, the room looked like a place of encampment, covered with mattresses, or with straw, so that one had scarcely room to set foot to the ground without treading on one or other of the fifty-eight unfortunate women who lay stretched upon the floor.

My aunt suffered much from her corpulence, which was such that she could not stoop down

without considerable inconvenience; but she never allowed herself to utter a single word of complaint. It seemed as if she had been used to such a state of things all her life. She had no thought but for my father and myself, and all her solicitude was directed towards us. Sometimes she hoped that my father might have rejoined Chambolle, whom we supposed to be in Switzerland; and then, thinking them both safe, all her anxiety would be centred upon me, whom she saw thus abandoned, and without support; and prayers, in which she commended to the mercy of God the orphan whom she was so soon to leave, would arise to Heaven without intermission.

My aunt never deceived herself as to the fate which awaited her, and therefore never indulged the hopes which supported or beguiled so many of her ill-fated companions. From the very first day of her imprisonment, she felt that she was doomed to death, and prepared herself to meet it. Her daily and hourly trials appeared to her merely in the light of a preparation for this final sacrifice; and she accepted them with humble resignation, finding comfort in her submission to the will of God. She said but little to me upon this subject, being anxious to spare

my feelings of affection, or perhaps my weakness; but many recollections have subsequently unfolded before my astonished and admiring vision, the real greatness of her character, which would often reveal itself in some accidental word or expression, and of which I was then too young fully to comprehend the strength or the devotedness. God alone could do justice to the noble heart which He had filled with such generous emotions. He alone could bestow on it its reward.



## CHAPTER IX.

“Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

“Day is for mortal care;  
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;  
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.”



BREAD—DOMICILIARY VISITS—MY FATHER AT MADAME DE LA  
COSTE'S—THE SEALS APPLIED—HE ESCAPES—IS PURSUED—  
TAKEN FOR A THIEF—AND REACHES THE MILLS OF SERIZIOT—  
MY FOSTER-MOTHER—I GO WITH HER TO FONTAINE—A DEATH  
SCENE—HISTORY OF MADEMOISELLE DE SAURIAC.

You must not, my dear Mary, look upon these details as too trifling. If but little is required to support life, it sometimes happens that even that little cannot be obtained without great difficulty. The bread which you look upon as something so common, which in your refined delicacy you may even perhaps at times have rejected

with disdain, I was sometimes unable to procure for my aunt. Days would often pass without my tasting it myself; and as for your father, during the stormy periods of his life, many were the occasions when he too was in want of bread!

Never forget those fearful times, but let your thoughts dwell upon them, and let the remembrance of them check your murmurs at any privations you may have to endure, while it prevents your attaching too much importance to the comforts and luxuries of life. Your relations, though not very rich, had means sufficient to secure to them both independence and enjoyment. Their house, which had passed from father to son for many a generation, had been supplied by degrees with everything that could contribute to their comfort. Reasonable and moderate luxury added every year some fresh source of enjoyment, and my early years were passed in the lap of plenty. On a sudden, the source of our prosperity was dried up, and in the place of all these blessings, nothing remained to us but poverty and misfortune; so that even the sorriest food was not always at my command.

When my thoughts revert to those days of trial, my soul is filled with silent adoration and

gratitude towards that Almighty arm which sustained me upon the thorny path that I was called upon to tread, and which alone could have afforded support to my youth and inexperience. How thankfully I now acknowledge such merciful protection !

God is indeed the Father of orphans, their hope and their stay. How sweet is His countenance to those who love and seek Him ! In Him consists the wealth of the needy—He affords them consolation which makes the trials of this world as nothing in their eyes. The wrongs inflicted by the wicked cannot touch them ; their cruelty, their ambition, their vainglory, their ambitious designs, all vanish away together with themselves. Sometimes, even they survive their power, their passions, their distinction ; while the poor man whom they despised, pursues his course steadily through the sufferings that they heaped upon him, without envying their glory, or cursing their cruelty. The humble victim of their persecution sees their greatness pass away like a dream, and grace is often given him to pray for them from the depths of his compassionate heart.

The prison bread, if bread it could be called, was so bad as to be scarcely eatable. It consisted

of some heavy paste, mixed with bran and fragments of straw nearly as long as one's finger, between two hard crusts. Every other day, each of the prisoners received a little loaf of this kind. My aunt did not touch hers, for she could not swallow it. I had none ; and it was too hard for me to accept that supplied to Citizen Forêt, which was very bad also. But how was bread to be procured ? It was nowhere to be bought. At length Providence came to my aid, employing as its instrument Brugnon, my father's servant—that excellent man of whom I have already spoken.

He had insisted on taking a part in the glorious struggle, which had terminated so disastrously ; and having borne arms during the siege, he must assuredly have paid for his offence with his life, if our guardian angel, M. de Guériot, had not saved him, at my father's entreaty, by enrolling him on his list as a driver of artillery waggons. He made believe to enter the town with the besiegers, and soon after entered the service of M. de Montlezun, an artillery officer, retaining his pay as driver. Being thus tolerably well off, and suspecting our distress, he came to offer me the bread supplied for his rations. It was excellent ; and how thankful was I to be able to take it to

my aunt. He would frequently also bring me milk, or some bits of ham, which I received very gratefully. In short, he showed himself a kind-hearted man and a faithful servant; and so pleasant is it to see virtue rewarded even in this world, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of here concluding his history, although by so doing I must interrupt the thread of my own story.

There was in the Rue St. Dominique a handsome house, belonging to an old and very wealthy Mademoiselle Chirat. Her fortune excited the covetousness of a rather worthless fellow who had none of his own, but who was not bad enough to compass her death in order to obtain it; a method which, moreover, did not always serve the purpose of those who adopted it. He chose a different course. Mademoiselle Chirat was frightened—persuaded that she was in danger, that her fortune was coveted and her life threatened. She was assured that but one resource remained to her, if she would save both the one and the other—that, namely, of marrying a staunch republican. She believed all, and was terrified. He affected to sacrifice himself, in order to save her. She was taken to the municipality, the marriage contract drawn up and signed, and she came home lawfully married to her pre-

server. He, however, was soon as much wearied with his old wife as she with her young husband, and made her life a burden, while she was no less disagreeable to him in return. Thus, being both very uncomfortable, they at length formed the prudent resolve of coming to a friendly understanding. Mademoiselle Chirat offered her husband a considerable sum to resign all claims upon herself and her fortune, on condition that she should hear no more of him ; and the young man, who was probably nothing worse than thoughtless and foolish, and was very weary of the part he was acting, was delighted that it should end thus, accepted her terms at once, and departed, leaving her much relieved to find herself still Mademoiselle Chirat.

The bridegroom of a few days standing did not reappear ; and it was during this species of widowhood that M. de Montlezun took lodgings in Mademoiselle Chirat's house. While his master was from home, which was often the case, Brugnon found means to make himself useful to the mistress of the house. As he was very intelligent, and had received a tolerable education, he managed extremely well the affairs which she entrusted to his management, after having made trial of his ability in matters of lesser importance.

By degrees, he became so indispensable to her, that she began to dread the departure of M. de Montlezun. Very few really honest and trustworthy people had been left at large. She had no one to advise her, was no longer equal to the management of her own business, and feared to fall again into the hands of those who would take advantage of her. She therefore desired to retain Brugnon, by marrying him to her housekeeper, who had a tolerable fortune of her own. To this Mademoiselle Chirat added liberal donations, and eventually bequeathed to them a very comfortable country house. I have since seen Brugnon in the enjoyment of the comforts with which she repaid his services, and thanked God at the sight. May all those who are faithful as he was, receive like him a visible reward in this life, to rejoice the hearts of the good, and confirm the virtue of the wavering !

The bread supplied for Brugnon's rations, the best that was in those days to be had, was reserved for my aunt, and I brought away hers in exchange at my own peril ; for had I been taken in the fact, both I and my bread should have remained within the prison. My daring, which was the consequence of the needy circumstances to which I was reduced, was never discovered. I also brought away with me

the carcase of the precautionary cold fowl, which I used to convey to my aunt, lest her dinner should not be admitted. When broiled, this carcase was a delicacy which I dared not reserve to myself, but was compelled to share with Citizen Forêt, to whom it was a great treat, he being as little accustomed to eat Bresse fowls as to sit in an arm-chair. Nevertheless, people soon get accustomed to what is agreeable to them, as I found one day, when out of economy I had ordered a cheaper kind of oil than that which we habitually used for frying. My room, which served at once as kitchen and dining-room, was filled with smoke. Madame Forêt, horrified and disgusted, thought fit to retire, fainting, to her husband's room, while he hastened to her assistance, grumbling meanwhile at the nasty smell. Even the servants complained of it. I sat down to table alone, but hunger soon induced them all to follow my example; when I merely asked old Forêt whether in his own home he had never made use of any but superfine oil. He muttered a few unintelligible words, and the frying was continued.

My object in recording these trifling, perhaps too trifling, details, is to show the more clearly what was the life I led at that time, by what kind



of people I was surrounded, and what were the annoyances and contradictions I had to experience. It is unfortunately but too true that petty annoyances, constantly repeated, become a cause of serious unhappiness. The frequent altercations between St. Jean and Cantat were not the least of my daily vexations, and constantly exposed us to the risk of having no dinner. Otherwise, I saw little of St. Jean except at meals, for he went to work at the demolitions. I suppose that the desire of earning a little money induced him to seek this employment, which was open to everybody ; and it was a very natural wish on his part, for I had none to give him. From time to time I had sold a little plate or some of the goods left under the care of Madame Léger ; but sales could be effected only at a considerable loss. Besides, it was necessary to be very careful as to the people to whom you addressed yourself, selecting such as, while they profited by your distress to obtain your property at half-price, were at least sufficiently honourable not to denounce you ; for if it was a crime even to possess plate, it was a much greater one to sell it, and imprisonment or death was the punishment awarded to those who were driven, by want of money, to part with their property ;

and he who denounced this so-called fraud upon the Republic, was rewarded with half the value of the goods, or at least with *the promise* of it.

I lived poorly enough upon potatoes and some remnants of white beans which we made into salad ; on great occasions we had fritters made with heated flour—that was the celebrated frying which had caused such a stir ! What I was able to get in the way of vegetables or butter was reserved for my aunt, who ate *maigre* on Fridays and Saturdays, and anything like a delicacy which our scanty means enabled us to obtain, was always laid aside for her. This was the dinner for which the quarrels of the servants made me tremble ! How many entreaties I often had to expend upon them ! I used to go from one to the other to pacify them, representing to them that my aunt must suffer by their discussion, and begging them to conquer their mutual dislike for her sake, “for I knew,” I said, “that they both loved her ;” but in two days time the same hostilities would recommence. I again request indulgence for these details, but as I said before, I am giving a picture of my life, and it is the minute touches which give the likeness ; besides, I was then only fourteen years old.

Every effort continued to be made in order to find my father. Sometimes they would go and

inform my aunt that he was arrested, hoping that in her agitation she might betray his place of concealment. For my part, I was wearied out with domiciliary visits, one of the most disagreeable of which occurred a few nights after my aunt was taken to prison. Towards midnight there was a loud knocking at the door; Citizen Forêt was in his first sleep and kept them waiting some time, so the summons was repeated. At length, having completely dressed himself, he opened the door just as it appeared about to give way beneath their blows, and was severely reprimanded for his slowness. My door being fastened on the inside was a fresh cause of indignation. The keeper trembled and apologized; Cantat, who was not courageous, lay and quaked with fear to that degree that I could hear her bed creaking under her. My reiterated entreaties at length induced her to conquer her terror; she unfastened the door, and they burst into my room, exclaiming "Where is he?"

Old Forêt, indignant at finding his fidelity suspected, began to explain at length the nature of the office he filled, and called to witness the seals affixed upon four of the doors. A dozen questions had already been asked me before he had done speaking. I had sate up in bed at the first sound, awaiting in silence what might occur

next. The curtains of my huge bed were drawn ; two officers walked round it, looked surprised, then drew near and asked me who I was. I told them, and at the same moment heard the voices of a dozen men exclaiming at once : " What a tiny voice !—what a little girl !—how thin she looks !—what a poor little creature she is ! "

I remained exposed to their derision all the time that I was subjected to a long and dangerous examination concerning my father—his pretended plots, and the retreat where he had sought repose from his exertions ? I was questioned, also, concerning my aunt and my brothers. My answers were brief—I knew nothing. They altered the form of their interrogations ; but still I knew nothing. At length they took their departure, to the great relief of the keeper who did not like to have his night's rest disturbed, and whose pride was galled by their presence. He promised himself to show more alacrity another time.

After this visit was over, I was seized with the most violent fit of trembling I have ever experienced ; my strength failed me from the moment that I ceased to hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, I gave way beneath the burden of my sorrow, and of my loneliness and conscious weakness, and the rest of the night was passed in a

state of physical and mental suffering bordering upon despair; never had my forlorn condition appeared before me in so terrible a light.

I was subjected to several other nocturnal visits under pretext of searching for arms concealed in my apartment; and old Forêt, who never suspected that this was a mere excuse, talked himself black in the face about the seals, and wondered that no one listened to him. I was the sole object of these visitations. While the commissioners appeared to be engaged in the search, they plied me with questions, so much the more insidious that they appeared to be uttered without design, and to be called forth on the spur of the moment by the sight of some article which met their eye. Fortunately I perceived the snare, and avoided it.

It would at any rate have been beyond my power to give them the information they desired, for I had no idea what had become of my father since his departure from Vaise. It was not until afterwards that I learnt how deeply we were indebted to Madame de la Coste, who gave him refuge in her country house, which was at the distance of a few kilometers from Lyons.

My father was conveyed thither by night, and never left the room assigned to him. Madame de la Coste's maid was the only person to whom the

secret of his presence there was confided ; and every morning, after making my father's bed, she used to shut him up in a wardrobe, in order that the other servants might wander freely through the house to convince themselves that there was no one there. When they believed themselves safe from any indiscreet domiciliary intrusion, the prisoner was let out of his cell, and went into Madame de la Coste's room, which adjoined his own. A few days passed quietly over in this manner ; but after that, M. de la Coste, who was absent, having been denounced as obnoxious to suspicion to Fouché who was on a progress through the neighbourhood, the latter immediately gave orders for a domiciliary visit to his house.

About eleven o'clock at night an unaccustomed ring was heard at the door-bell. The alarm roused the whole household. So imperious a summons announced the myrmidons of authority. My father was awakened, for he must be more effectually concealed. The mattresses were removed from Madame de la Coste's bed, and a hollow was made in the straw mattress, into which he inserted himself. The mattresses were replaced, the bed made, and Madame de la Coste got into it. I leave it to the reader to imagine my father's situation. He had drawn his night-cap over his

ears to protect them from the straw, and held his closed fists pressed to his forehead in order to obtain a little air and space. All these arrangements were the work of an instant. "By order of the representative, Fouché!" At the word the door was opened. The commissioners asked Madame de la Coste where her husband was.

"He is absent on business," was her reply. In return, she was commanded to present herself before Fouché. She resisted the order, pleading her delicate state of health, the nervous ailments which often compelled her to keep her bed, her exhausted strength, and that it was well known that she never went out. But she pleaded in vain.

"You must obey, and not argue," was all the answer she received. Scarcely was she allowed time to put on a dressing-gown. Her maid hastily raised a corner of the mattress, whispered to my father, "We are lost," of which he was but too well aware—let it fall again and followed her mistress. The doors were closed upon my father, and the seals applied to them.

His position was a fearful one—he was half stifled, yet durst not move for fear of deranging the bed, and being unable to get into it again

without being detected. He hesitated for some time ; but at length, unable longer to endure the want of air, he crawled from his hiding-place as softly as possible. Hearing a noise, he stopped to listen, and recognised men's voices singing hymns in praise of liberty—they were those of the dragoons who had remained to guard the house, and who were spending their time in drinking. My father, fully aware of his danger, moved about upon tip-toe, and examined all the ways of escape that remained to him : they were few indeed. Everything was closed and fastened, there was no outlet, no resource. He directed his attention towards the windows which looked out upon the garden, and proceeded to take counsel with himself.

“I may die of hunger here in these sealed and sequestered rooms, or the commissioners may come, before the official removal of the seals, to take away such articles as may please their fancy. In either case I am undone.” Fearing lest his strength should be impaired by want of food, he determined to effect his escape without further delay. After again reviewing the *pros* and *cons*, he made choice of the window of a small closet, a little further removed than the rest from the spot whence the noise proceeded, and sprang down into the garden, only slightly grazing



his hand in so doing, although he fell upon some broken glass; making a noise which attracted the attention of the revellers, who rushed forth, exclaiming: "What is that noise? That must be him! It is he!" My father had only time to conceal himself under a little staircase, upon which they all sprang, examined every place, opened everything that remained to be opened, ran hither and thither in all directions without once thinking of the little staircase beneath their feet; and after heaping torrents of abuse upon the individual who had made this noise, and whom they could not find, re-entered the house and resumed their carouse. My father again took counsel with himself what course to pursue. If he staid where he was, he could not hope to escape a second search, and if he was to quit his hiding-place, whither was he to go? He had arrived at night, and had never set foot in the garden.

It was necessary, however, to come at once to some decision, and he set out. Bending down almost to the ground, he endeavoured to reach what appeared to him to be a covered alley, but unfortunately he had forgotten his white nightcap, which was still on his head, and the moon coming from behind a cloud, its light betrayed him. He heard voices exclaiming: "I see him! It is

he ! Look at his white cap !” And the pursuit commenced. No precautions could now avail. He stood up, and ran at full speed towards a vineyard enclosed by a wall, which stood within the garden. The rising of the ground slackened his speed, which was still further encumbered by his slippers, and he looked despairingly at the height of the walls ; but love of life quickened his speed and redoubled his strength, and he continued his flight, although he could see no way of escape. He was conscious, however, of the approach of a pursuer, whose footsteps gained upon him ; and a dragoon, who had overtaken him, was just extending his hand to seize him, when the wine he had drank, together with the speed of the pursuit, caused him to stagger and fall. My father had just reached the angle of the wall, where he found the remains of an arbour, and climbing up by the aid of the branches and of some nails which remained in the wall, he reached the top of it he scarce knew how, and let himself drop down on the other side. The imminence of the danger, and the instinct of self-preservation natural to all men, had developed in his aged frame a degree of vigour of which he was till then unconscious.

The dragoons, unwilling to adventure such a leap, carried their pursuit no further. It is

probable that, fearing lest their ill-success should be imputed to them as a crime, they bound themselves to each other to keep the matter secret, and returned to their singing and carousing. The leap my father had taken was a very high one, but he was only a little stunned for a moment ; he then hastened to examine his position, and found, to his consternation, that the vineyard was entirely surrounded by walls as lofty as the one he had just escalated. He proceeded a little way along them, and then finding himself again close to the house, and fearing to be once more betrayed by the moonlight, he concealed himself in a pigeon-house, there to await daylight and whatever fate it might bring with it. Where was he ? and what was to become of him ? Such were the fearful reflections which occupied the long, and yet all too fleeting hours, and the least sound made him tremble.

Daybreak came at length, and soon afterwards a little girl bringing some food for the pigeons. To discover my father and to take him for a thief were one and the same thing. She screamed, and was about to run away ; but on his endeavouring by signs to dispel her fears and move her to compassion, she held her tongue, and came towards him. He then asked her if she had a father, and what was his occupation.

"He is the vine-dresser of this place," replied she.

"Well then, go and bring him hither without letting any one else know that you have seen me."

The child promised, and obeyed him to the letter, and presently a countryman made his appearance. He was of sinister aspect, and his countenance repelling and dubious. My father being, however, compelled to trust him, affected the greatest confidence in the man who held his fate in his hands, explained to him how he had been so fortunate as to escape from unmerited pursuit, and entreated him to give him shelter until he could leave the neighbourhood in safety.

"What you say may be very true," replied the vine-dresser, "but that would not prove that you are not a thief; and if you are anything else, I have no desire to expose my life for your sake, so leave my premises directly."

It was in vain that my father pleaded, the man was not to be moved; and perceiving all appeals to his feelings to be vain, he confined himself to the endeavour to obtain from him some old clothes in exchange for those he wore, offering to redeem them if he succeeded in effecting his escape: "Should I perish in the attempt," added he, "they would of course be yours."

“But have you no money?” asked the countryman, hesitating, though he looked with a greedy eye at my father’s new great coat. The latter fortunately found in a side-pocket a small pocket-book, of which he had forgotten the existence, and in it fifty francs. This small sum decided the vine-dresser to accept the bargain, and he went away directly to fetch the shabbiest clothes he had, which my father put on as quickly as he could, and yet not sufficiently so to satisfy the vine-dresser, who grudged both his time and trouble, for he refused to cut the hair of the would-be peasant, and in order to complete his disguise, my father was compelled to perform this operation for himself. Having given him some directions concerning his road, the man put a vine-prop into his hand: “With that,” said he, “you cannot fail to be taken for a vine-dresser;” and after looking to see if the coast were clear, he turned him out of doors.

My father succeeded in reaching some mills on the Saône without difficulty. He had been furnished with a recommendation to the owners; but remained there only a few days, as it was thought necessary for his safety that he should retire to some more remote place. He was, therefore, given into the charge of a miller whose solitary abode

was in the department of the Ain on the confines of that of the Rhône. There he remained under the name of Peter Mérier, passing for a worthy old journeyman miller, remarkable only for his clumsiness.

All this while my life continued the same. The difficulty of obtaining access to the prison increased every day, so that I was often unable to see my aunt at all, and came home overpowered with fatigue, having been deprived of the consolation which gave me strength to endure everything. Long and weary were the hours which we spent before that door, the threshold of which the new and more rigorous enactments would not suffer us to cross ; and very painful was the return home when we saw ourselves compelled to abandon all hope. The next day we would return again, to be once more disappointed.

One day when, after many failures, I was again before the prison-door, I was waiting, the foremost amongst the crowd, for permission to enter. The sentinels had crossed their matchlocks to intercept our passage, when the agitation of the impatient crowd for a moment broke through the barrier, and I was pressed forward against and beyond the muskets. Before the soldiers could take more effectual measures to restrain us, I had already

received much abuse and several blows. I had been carried onwards involuntarily, not having even strength to resist: no one was less to blame, and yet I was the most severely punished. However, I profited by this accidental occurrence, and by the confusion consequent upon it, hastened to the second door, then to the iron grating, and to my delight beheld my aunt in the court of the prison, all the prisoners having obtained permission to go down.\* I was about to go up to her and forget all my disasters in the pleasure of talking to her, when the gaoler, attracted by the noise and angry at the confusion, came to the assistance of his turnkeys, and I was harshly repulsed. Never had I failed when so near the goal. My aunt's sorrow was expressed in her countenance, and she might have read in my eyes all that with which my heart was filled. Once more I was compelled to cross the threshold of the fatal door, and it seemed to me as if all the blows I had received in entering were being dealt me a second time as I passed it, and far more painfully felt.

The mud, which was purposely accumulated in front of the prison, produced a degree of

\* These permissions were constantly retracted as soon as given, but now and then we found the prisoners in the court taking the air together with the convicts.

damp which was very unwholesome. We often spent four or five hours standing in it, and many women became ill in consequence. As I was very anxious to preserve my health, lest I should fail in a service which was one of such heartfelt love, I procured myself some furred clogs (*sabots*), of which the thick wooden soles preserved my feet from the wet it is true, but were a great impediment to me in walking. One evening that I came home later than usual, the keeper said to me, with something of eagerness in his manner, as he opened the door to admit me: "Your foster-mother has just been here; she waited for you a long time."

"My foster-mother! but she is—dead," I was going to say, but stopped.

"She is here," he resumed. "There is a woman going to the place where your sick sister is, and she wants to know if you have any messages to send."

"And where is she?" asked I eagerly, beginning to suspect that there must be some mystery connected with this visit.

"If you run directly in that direction, you may perhaps be able to overtake her. She has got on a scarlet bodice and blue petticoat, and her little girl is mounted on a donkey."



I was at the foot of the stairs before he had done speaking. I understood very little of the story, but made the utmost haste nevertheless. Cantat followed me, and old Forêt let us go without making any reflections on the subject of the said nurse or foster-mother. I presently caught sight of the red bodice, the blue petticoat, the donkey, and the little girl; and hurrying on, I soon overtook them.

The peasant woman had no sooner made sure that I was the right person, than she informed me that my father was concealed in her house, and was on the eve of endeavouring to quit France; and before undertaking this dangerous journey, wished to see me once more, and obtain from me some tidings of my aunt.

Having for a long time been cut off from all intercourse with us, he was not aware of his sister's imprisonment, and sent for me only because he was aware what a bad walker she was. By my aunt's express desire, he was kept in ignorance of the fact that she had been imprisoned in his stead. But even had he given himself up to the authorities, he could not have saved her, and I should have had to lament the loss of them both.

Lastly, the peasant woman informed me that

she had come to Lyons solely for the purpose of fetching me. This summons from my father was at once welcome and painful. My heart was divided between the claims of two duties, which appeared to me equally sacred. I could not bear to leave my aunt, and thus deprive her of her only source of consolation; but on the other hand, it was perhaps the last opportunity that might ever be offered me of seeing my father, and he might also have some secrets to confide to me. I determined, therefore, upon going, and commended my aunt to Cantat, begging she would try to see her, in order to tell her that my chief motive in going was the hope of bringing her back some certain intelligence concerning my father. I then bade her farewell, and followed my unknown friend in complete ignorance whither I was going.

I had carefully abstained from asking any question on that subject in the hearing of the maid; and it was not until after she had left us, that I learned that we were going to Fontaine, a beautiful village on the banks of the Saône, about eight kilometers from Lyons; we did not follow the course of the river, but took the road by Croix-Rousse. The little Driette\*

\* The short for Dorothea.

had offered me her donkey to ride; but perceiving it to be very tired, I would not burden it, though the darkness, the rain, and my heavy clogs, made the journey a very fatiguing one to me.

The road, with which I was quite unacquainted, was very rough; we advanced exceedingly slow, and all these impediments only added to my impatience. It seemed to me as if the village, which we did not reach until very late, must be at the end of the world. At length I caught sight of some houses, we threaded one or two streets, and the donkey stopped. "Here we are," said the good woman; "and now you will see your father."

We entered, but he was not below; we were told to go up-stairs, and that we should find him. I did so, entered an upper room, and what a scene there met my eye! It arrested me at the door, silent and motionless with astonishment.

A young and pretty peasant girl, leaning against a table, was supporting in her arms a woman radiant with youth and beauty, who seemed to have that instant started from her bed. Her beautiful head was thrown back and supported on the arm of the girl, and her long black hair

hung down in dishevelled masses to the ground. There was a bright colour in her cheeks, but it was the last effort of departing life; her splendid eyes were fixed on vacancy. Magdalen, for such was the name of the pretty peasant girl, was in tears, for she loved her, and saw that she was dying, while yet she had scarcely strength to sustain the cherished burden. An old peasant, standing in front of the two women, held a basin of water, while a lamp, placed on the ground, threw a vivid light upon this touching group, formed of persons utterly unconnected with each other until brought into contact by so singular a chain of events!

The old peasant was my father! My emotion seemed to have arrested my vital powers, and held my delight at seeing him in abeyance. My guide, whom I heard them call Mother Chazières, came to take his place by the side of the sick woman; and telling him how wet and tired I was, urged him to go down-stairs with me. I was soon established beside my father, in front of a good fire, and my aunt was our first subject of conversation. He was anxious to know all about us, and I was no less so to learn what had befallen him. Our brief separation furnished much matter for discourse, and ours lasted very long.

At length the two women came down-stairs, saying that their patient was asleep, and busied themselves in preparing supper. It was already late when that was over, and time to go to bed. This was a thing not easily managed, as there were more people than beds, and some contrivance was necessary. I wanted to spend the night by the fire, but to this my father would not consent ; and it was settled that I should go up to the room of Mademoiselle de Sauriac, the sick lady, and there occupy the bed which Magdalen shared with her little sister, who had a sack of dry leaves given her for a couch. The good people of the house sat up all night themselves, and compelled my father to lie down on their bed, while I went up to the room where I was to pass the night.

I there found Mademoiselle de Sauriac lying on the ground, upon which her bed had been made to avoid the danger of the fall in case she was seized with convulsions. I entered as noiselessly as I could, fearing to awake her. A young stranger, whom they called M. Alexandre, went up-stairs at the same time with me, having to cross the room in order to reach a small closet allotted to him, and separated from it only by a thin partition.

He stopped beside the pan of live coal which had been placed there for me, and looking at the sick woman, who was lying on her side with her face concealed, he said to me: "She will die to-night, I see that; I wish that I could sleep elsewhere; I cannot bear the idea of hearing her moans and all the noise that will be made. I cannot endure death—no, I cannot endure death!"

"What should you fear?" replied I. "My bed is in front of your door. I shall guard you."

He went into his room, and I got into bed as quietly as I could, in order not to awake my companion, whose head was almost touching my bed. No sooner was I quietly settled than the good peasant woman, believing me to be asleep, gently laid a handkerchief over my head, placed a lamp beside Mademoiselle de Sauriac, and began reciting in a low voice the prayers for the dead. I understood now that she slept the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Mother Chazières, in her kindness, had feared to alarm me by telling me the truth; the handkerchief placed over my head was to conceal the sad sight from me, and imagining that, fatigued as I was, I should not fail to sleep soundly, they would no longer withhold from one whom they had loved and lost the pious tribute of their prayers, which

were uttered with great fervour. They then rose and noiselessly left the room.

I cannot deny that the consciousness of being alone with death, and placed in such close proximity to it, affected me deeply. The silence, the feeble glimmering of the lamp, the involuntary shrinking of human nature from the aspect of dissolution, together with the solitude, combined to fill my soul with awe. M. Alexandre's fears returned to my mind. He had dreaded the sounds of death, and the unhappy young woman's voice was already hushed for ever! I was, so to speak, astonished at this silent passing away, for I was used to see the strokes of death fall around me daily, attended by agitation and display. "Alas!" I thought, "how many victims perish on the scaffold! Often at mid-day have savage cries informed me of the number of heads which have fallen beneath the revolutionary axe; while at three o'clock of the same day, I have heard the sound of guns mutilating with small-shot the wretched beings destined to yet more cruel sufferings, many of whom are consigned still breathing to the tomb. The aspect of death should be familiar to me, and yet I view it with awe and amazement! It has come in silence and darkness to this peaceful refuge, which I should have deemed so secure from it. In

it there is a holy mystery ! I am at once so close to and so far removed from this young creature, who is already filled with all knowledge ! already beyond the reach of the evils of life !” I felt for her a kind of religious veneration.

In the midst of these serious reflections I fell asleep, and woke fancying that I heard Mademoiselle de Sauriac move, and hoping that I might be right ; but overpowered by fatigue, I soon fell asleep again ; and waking about seven o'clock, I got up at once without making any noise, and taking the greatest pains not to touch her, as if I could have disturbed her still. Walking on tiptoe, and holding my breath, I quitted the chamber of death. I am not sure that I could sleep there now. In those days the idea of death was familiar to my mind, the constant habit of beholding it had divested it of a portion of its terrors, and those were regarded as objects of envy who falling asleep in peace and silence were saved from playing a part on the bloody theatre of execution.

This poor girl, who was only twenty-two years of age, had some brothers left, who doubtless mourned her loss. She died far away from her relations, and from all those whom she had loved. Could she have been bled, perhaps she might have been saved ; but amidst these good peasants prompt



assistance was not to be expected. We all know how they deal with their own sick. Magdalen, their daughter, had nothing but her tears to give. She was tenderly attached to Mademoiselle de Sauriac, and related to me the following particulars of her history.

At the commencement of the revolution, Mademoiselle de Sauriac\* and her parents, lived in a country house in Auvergne. A band of insurgent peasants went thither, took her from her family, and dragged her to the house of one of her uncles, to which, with a horrible refinement of cruelty, they compelled her to set fire with her own hands. After this they restored her to her parents ; but these fearful scenes had produced an indelible impression upon her mind—her reason was alienated, and she never recovered it.

Every effort to restore her senses having proved fruitless, she was sent to Lyons, where she was placed in the madhouse, the physicians attached to which enjoyed a very high reputation. She was lodged in a pretty and cheerful apartment, and for two months was the object of constant care. At the end of that time she retained no trace of insa-

\* I do not know whether this were her real name, but it was the one by which she was known to our excellent peasants.

nity beyond the loss of memory ; she was perfectly gentle and tractable, and the doctors recommended country air for her. Some fortunate chance made them acquainted with Magdalen, a peasant girl whose manners and deportment were considerably superior to her station, because the loftiness of her mind was reflected in them as well as in her appearance. Mademoiselle de Sauriac appeared to be much attracted by her, and the doctors, well pleased to give her into the care of so interesting a person, took lodgings for her in Mother Chazière's house.

In the midst of the terror which everywhere prevailed, no more was heard of the persons who had thus disposed of her. It is probable that her relations were compelled by misfortune to entrust this interesting and unfortunate being to these strangers, who required but small payment it is true, but yet who, with all possible goodwill, were unable to bestow upon her all the attention to which she was accustomed, and which her situation demanded. After a short time she received no further tidings of her family, and died as it were forsaken in the arms of the stranger who had become her friend.

Sometimes she would talk to Magdalen of the days of her childhood ; for these her memory—in

other respects impaired—was as strong as ever, and their cherished recollections were deeply engraven upon her heart, which reverted to them with the deepest tenderness. In the touching tones of earnest feeling, she would describe the happiness of her early years; her affection for her father and mother, that of her brothers for herself; their sports, their disappointments, their transitory sorrows. “Remember what I tell you, Magdalen,” would she say, “you must be to me in the place of memory, mine is so bad! Sometimes it fails me altogether. But my brothers will not forget me as others forget me. If they were in France, I am sure they would come and fetch me, and I should return with them to my old home. It is such a beautiful large house! You will come with me, you will be so happy! and you will never leave me. My brothers! my brothers! They will come back—they are coming!”—and with her eyes fixed on the door, she would pause to listen breathlessly for the sounds of their approach. Thus day by day she watched and waited for them; but they came not. Perhaps they never knew where their sister had found refuge, or heard of her death; or perhaps they had gone before her to the land where partings are unknown.

This event brought several strangers to the

house, and compelled my father to retire from it. I was called to give evidence concerning the death of Mademoiselle de Sauriac ; but fortunately I was too young to be accepted as a witness, which saved me from a falsehood, as I should otherwise have been obliged to assume a feigned name, as I passed in the house for one of the nine children whom Mother Chazières had nursed. The general distress thus sufficiently accounted for my presence there, and rendered concealment unnecessary. As for my father, so soon as there was any suspicion of a domiciliary visit, he made his escape by the garden, and following a by-path which led him beyond the limits of the department of the Rhône, he proceeded to the abode of the good miller who had already saved his life, and waited there until the danger was over, when he would return to Fontaine, to the house of Mother Chazières, which, being larger than that of the miller, his presence there did not occasion so much inconvenience.

## CHAPTER X.

To them life was a simple art  
 Of duties to be done;  
 A game where each man took his part,  
 A race which all must run—  
 A battle whose great end and scope  
 They little cared to know,  
 Content as men at arms to cope  
 Each with his fronting foe.

MILNES.

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LIFE AT FONTAINE—THE CHARACTER OF FATHER CHAZIERES—  
 VIRTUES OF HIS WIFE—MAGDALEN—MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE—  
 PASSPORTS—MY FATHER'S DEPARTURE—I RETURN WITH MAG-  
 DALEN TO LYONS—WE OBTAIN ACCESS TO THE PRISON—MY ILL-  
 NESS—MORE DETAILS OF PRISON LIFE.

WHEN it was once given out that I was staying with my foster-mother, less precaution being needed, I was permitted to be present at the evening meetings, which I very much desired. Several pious women belonging to the neighbourhood used to meet, about seven or eight

o'clock in the evening, in Mother Chazières' cow-shed—which she took care to have provided with fresh straw—bringing with them their knitting or their spinning. Some would bring stools with them, while others knelt in the straw. A lamp, suspended from a beam, marked the centre of the assembly, over which Mother Chazières presided, seated in a high chair. After she had finished her task, and taken part for some time in religious conversation, she would read the life of some saint, and towards midnight closed the meeting with prayer, kneeling in the midst of the peasant women, who, kneeling likewise, prayed fervently with her.

This touching scene will never be effaced from my memory; its patriarchal simplicity at once impressed the imagination, and gave repose to the heart. How much cause have I to be thankful to Providence, that at a time when, abandoned as I was to my own resources, I never heard God's name mentioned, or His service attended, I should have found in a humble cow-shed a worship so pure and so blessed—where religion appeared to me in so venerable a form, and afforded me such unspeakable consolation!—for indeed I needed comfort; and although I was not at the time

fully conscious of the blessings I enjoyed, this ray of divine light was vouchsafed to revive my courage, and guide my youth.

These pious women were sent to strengthen and confirm my love of God, my hope, my faith. Unconscious of their power, they fulfilled their daily task in the simplicity of their own hearts, and shed a hallowed light upon mine. I spent a week in this house upon which rested the blessing of the Lord, where a few poor and obscure persons used their utmost endeavours to comfort the sorrows and assuage the sufferings of those who had once been rich and powerful ; a task in which they frequently succeeded.

Magdalen had a mind far above her station. Beneath her graceful, almost timid demeanour, and sweet smiling countenance, was concealed a firm and decided character. It seemed as if her talents rose in proportion to the difficulties which she had to encounter, and no obstacle had power to arrest her. She was possessed of the secrets of all, and it was her information and advice which regulated the movements of the persons concealed in the house of her parents. Gifted with exquisite tact, and with the prudence of mature years, she herself explained to them how far they might

safely confide in her father; knowing as she did how much his limited understanding and timid nature could bear.

The character of Father Chazières was a source of constant anxiety to us. Naturally kind and well-disposed, he willingly gave refuge to those who were proscribed; but he was a coward and a drunkard, and when in liquor, his courage failed him. He would often secretly make his escape to the pot-house, where he heard none but the most revolutionary language. He was there derided for his submission to a wife who was an aristocrat and devotee. Alarmed by the representation of the risks to which she exposed him, and urged to resist her influence, he would then come home much excited, and determined to speak with authority; and would inform his wife, that henceforward he meant to be master in his own house, and would send away all the strangers, for whom he was resolved to run no further risk.

His poor wife either heard him in silence, or else endeavoured to soften him by gentle words, and by a smile of indescribable sweetness. Then, when she thought him sufficiently sober to understand the truth, she would gravely, and even sternly urge upon him the necessity of doing his duty. “ You are already punished for having



gone to the public-house," would she say, "for you return from it as wicked as those with whom you have been associating. What reason have you to-day, more than you had yesterday, for sending away those unfortunate strangers? The only difference is, that yesterday you feared God, and to-day you have been in the company of people who do not fear Him. The kindness of your heart induced you to receive these poor people: you wished to serve them; why should you cease to do so? But take courage; God sees what you do, and He will preserve you from the power of the wicked, if you do not wander from the right path."

Father Chazières usually ended by yielding, after a little resistance, to the arguments of his excellent wife; but his unstable character took from us all feeling of security. The reader may easily imagine how painful and alarming were such scenes to the unfortunate beings who were the witnesses, and might be the victims of them. One day, he came home more excited than usual. It was evident that he was preparing to deliver himself of some important communication, and we waited anxiously to know what it might be. "Wife," said he, drily, "Sunday has just been publicly abolished; it is not to be kept as a holi-

day any longer. It is the tenth day that is to be the holiday ; so I shall work on Sundays, and have my clean shirt on the tenth day."

I 'cannot describe the amazement of Mother Chazières. She was silent at first, and then with virtuous indignation reproached him for his cowardice. " So," said she, " you fear men more than God ! You are ashamed of your religion ! Do you not know that God created the world in six days, and that Sunday is the day on which He rested from His labours, and which He hallowed ; and you will not honour it ! I know nothing of the tenth day, which is a holiday of man's making ; I only know the Lord's holiday. So long as you live with me, I will not suffer such weakness. You shall put on your clean shirt and your best clothes on Sunday, and you shall not work. I repeat that I will have nothing to do with a man who is ashamed of his God ; so you must choose between me and your wicked associates."

Old Chazières, too indignant or too much embarrassed to reply, drew his chair close to the hearth, and began to poke the fire, grumbling all the while, but venturing neither to look up nor to speak to any one ; and presently went off to his shop, to resume his awl and his shoe-making.

Then the storm blew over, until some evil influences caused a return of ill-humour, or imbued him with fresh fears, which he failed not to make us share.

Magdalen was the moving spirit of the house. Her strength of character raised her above those amongst whom she lived, and to the piety and kindness of heart of her mother she added an active and enterprising disposition. Not content with pitying the unfortunate, and giving them sustenance, she used her utmost endeavours to save them, and would have sacrificed herself unhesitatingly in order to succeed in doing so. All her sentiments were noble and generous, her judgment was just, her penetration acute. She knew how to adopt on the instant the measures best adapted to the circumstances and to the people with whom she had to do, concealing such parts of her plans or intentions as might have been beyond their courage, while she imparted to them all that could serve to fire their zeal. Magdalen was indeed one whose like is rarely to be found on earth, and it is a great satisfaction to me to pay to her virtues the tribute that is their due. Her span of life was brief, but she found time to do the work of a whole day in its morning hours; and when summoned thus early to give account of

her time, its scanty measure was crowded with good and noble actions, which followed after her to the presence of her Judge. Humble and simple, her life on earth was like that of the violet, which sheds around a perfume, of which it is itself unconscious. Few are acquainted with its lowly dwelling, but none of them can forget the sweetness it exhales.\*

\* I have already said that no difficulty could daunt Magdalen. The following anecdote is a proof of it: A gentleman, concealed I think in her sister's house, was anxious to recover some papers left in his desk, which was under the seals. For this it would be necessary to withdraw them by stealth. He described to Magdalen the situation and the plan of the house, and giving her the key of a private staircase, which communicated by a secret door with the apartment under sequestration, he said to her: "You will ascend the stairs without making any noise, you will enter my room in the same manner, and when you have taken the papers from my desk, you will go softly back again without having been heard by the keeper." At the siege of Prague, in 1741, Chevert in a similar manner gave his orders to a serjeant to whom he had entrusted the conduct of a perilous enterprise: "You will go up," said he, "by such a place; you will be challenged—you will not reply; you will be challenged again, and again you will not reply, nor will you to the third challenge. The sentry will fire and miss you; you will cut his throat, and by that time I shall have come up to support you;" and everything came to pass according to Chevert's words. Like the

The death of Mademoiselle de Sauriac had been a bitter sorrow to Magdalen. She had become warmly attached to the unfortunate being, whose only friend and resource she was. The poor girl was the constant object of all Magdalen's thoughts, cares, and affectionate anxiety; and they had become so essential to each other, that they could not bear to be apart. Although Mademoiselle de Sauriac never entirely recovered her reason, and her memory continued much impaired, she nevertheless retained the language and expressions of a well-educated person; and her conversation, by rendering them familiar to Magdalen, had refined her speech without detracting from its noble simplicity.

A young German, who owned a manufactory of cotton print in the village, had also contributed

serjeant, Magdalen did not hesitate to undertake the task; but less fortunate than he, she encountered difficulties which compelled her to abandon it. The least of the dangers to which it exposed her, was that of being taken for a thief; and the egotism of such a request is almost as surprising as the self-devotion which granted it. Magdalen died young, and regretted by all who knew her. Having been insulted at the gates of the town, her horror and alarm were such as to bring to a close the life which she had so nobly dedicated to the consolation of the afflicted.

to the enlargement of Magdalen's mind. He wished to marry her, and had therefore sought to raise her to his own level by giving her such an education as she would require in a station far above that to which she could otherwise have aspired. She became warmly attached to this estimable man, who, while he appreciated the qualities of her heart, had informed and cultivated her intellect; and had given herself up to the happiness of so desirable an intimacy when she found herself compelled to renounce it. After this she had many suitors, but she refused them all; her mind was too cultivated and refined to content itself readily with the companionship of the rustics of her own class, by whom she was neither understood nor appreciated. This refinement was augmented by the society of the persons who sought refuge under her father's roof—the courtesy of their language and manners was better suited to her delicate taste, than those of the peasants who surrounded her.

A few months before my acquaintance began with this worthy family, a beggar was brought to them, who asked merely for a night's lodging. None of the neighbours could take him in, and the benevolence of Mother Chazières being well known, they had recourse to her. Nevertheless,

she refused, at first ; but bethinking herself, she added : “ It is getting late, and the poor man would have to sleep in the street ; well, let him come. Peter can sleep in the hay-loft for one night.”—Peter being an idiot relation of hers, whom she took in out of charity, and who slept in the cow-shed. The beggar, who had been waiting at the door, was now ushered in. He was very poorly clad, and carried a couple of pigeons in a basket. Mother Chazières made him sit down ; and having examined him attentively, “ Oh !” thought she, “ Peter’s bed will not do for him.” She therefore had another prepared for him in a closet adjoining the so-called upper room, and gave him a good supper. The stranger was very tired, for he had come a long way, and had a long way yet to go—that was all he told them ; and hospitality forbidding further inquiries, they merely bade him good-night.

“ That must be some unfortunate man who is proscribed,” said Mother Chazières with a sigh : “ he is no peasant.”

“ He will go away to-morrow, I hope,” said her husband ; then added, more thoughtfully, “ poor fellow !”

“ But if he should be very tired ?” said Magdalen, in a tone of entreaty.

“ Oh, if he is very tired, of course we cannot turn him out of doors—that would be too hard !” replied her father, hastily. “ He must stay and rest for three or four days.”

The next day the stranger did not appear to be sufficiently rested, and gratefully accepted the permission to remain. His painful position taught him fully to appreciate the value of the shelter afforded him by these worthy people. He employed the time allotted to him in studying their character ; and Magdalen’s countenance and behaviour having inspired him with a well-merited confidence, he related to her his history, and asked for her assistance and advice. His story was as follows : He had served with the *Vendéens*, and was taken and sent as a spy to those who had the power of judging and sentencing him. Such proceedings were in those days very brief. Our hero appeared so exhausted as to be scarcely able to walk, and expressed a wish to the two *gendarmes* who escorted him to enter a small public-house by the road-side in order to rest. His guards granted his request, and allowed him to drink some wine to recruit his strength. M. Alexandre, for he it was, appeared very thirsty ; and at length the elder of the two *gendarmes* got drunk, and fell down under the table ; the younger one was on his guard and



drank little, which his unfortunate prisoner observed with no small uneasiness, but it was presently allayed by the young soldier.

“Sir,” said he, when he perceived his comrade to be unconscious and fast asleep, “I perceive your design ; but do not be alarmed : so far from seeking to prevent it, I will aid your flight. Count upon me, and stay here till I return.” He came back presently with some shabby articles of peasant’s clothing, a basket and two pigeons. “There, Sir,” said he, “make haste and disguise yourself ; those two pigeons will always make you appear to be coming from some place in the neighbourhood.” It seemed to M. Alexandre as if he were passing from death to life. The urgency of the danger permitted only a brief expression of his gratitude ; but the receiver of the benefit was not the most enviable of the two.

The pigeons proved in fact to be his safeguard, as they gave him the appearance of coming from some neighbouring market. He took the roads that were the least frequented, and only approached the most remote and solitary cottages to beg for food for himself and for his pigeons. In this manner he reached Fontaine, where I became acquainted with him. His wish was to go to Lyons, where his father and sisters had taken

refuge ; but the siege was just come to an end, and everywhere fugitives from Lyons were pursued, overtaken, and tracked like wild beasts to be given over to the executioner. M. Alexandre thus saw himself encompassed by new perils ; not daring to enter the town, and knowing neither whither to fly nor what to do, he consulted Magdalen.

“ My father is willing to keep you here for a few days,” was her reply ; “ you must take advantage of that time to ingratiate yourself with him. Do not tell him that you are an emigrant, but talk only of your father, concerning whose fate you are ignorant, and who may perhaps be in prison ; for which reason you cannot go to Lyons without at once exposing yourself and running the risk of compromising him. My father will no doubt suffer you to remain here until you can obtain tidings of him, and I will undertake to go in quest of them. Have you any papers ?”

“ Yes, but they are forged : I drew them up myself.”

“ That does not signify ; give them to me. They will satisfy my father, who will suspect nothing ; and more than that, I will get them signed as if they were real.” Magdalen took M. Alexandre’s passport to her father ; and the worthy man, reassured by the sight of it, said that were the

passport signed (*visé*), he saw no objection to his guest remaining with them. This was a great point gained.

Magdalen immediately hastened to Simon Morel—such I think was his name—the town-clerk of Fontaine. He was a very upright and worthy man, who had been long and tenderly attached to her; and although she had repulsed his addresses, she did not shrink from applying to this, her former lover, and confiding in him implicitly, informing him of the object her visit, and of the magnitude of the service which she had to solicit from him. Simon resisted at first; but all other ways of pleasing her being closed against him, he was content at length to be glad to serve her, and promised to acknowledge the passport, and have the necessary signatures appended to it. The measure was perfectly successful, and M. Alexandre was installed in safety in the lowly refuge conceded to him.

Not long after, the common council desired to construct a fountain, which should have some pretensions to beauty, but none of its members knew how to draw. Magdalen requested M. Alexandre to make a design, which she took to Morel. It was approved and adopted. Thereupon she again sought her former admirer, to whom she

vaunted the stranger's talent. "There is not one of you," said she, "who writes a good hand. Now that your secretary has left you, why should you not engage him in his stead? You will have both his pen and his cleverness at your command, and the business of the parish will get on all the better."

Morel was delighted with the idea, and brought it forward as his own; it was approved, and the *ex-Vendéen* soldier was installed secretary of the republican Common Council of Fontaine. The great advantage of this situation was, that it gave him a place of residence; and that at the end of three months he would be legally entitled to a passport.

This matter being settled, Magdalen went to Lyons to make inquiries concerning M. Alexandre's family. She found his sisters working for their daily bread, and his father languishing in prison. Thanks to the exertions of this noble girl, some relief was afforded him; and the assurance that his son was still alive was the last gleam of sunshine that gladdened his path of life, for he was executed only a few days later. It seemed as if the generous spirit of Magdalen diffused consolation everywhere around it, as if she lived only to do good to others. It was at this period that I made the acquaintance

of M. Alexandre. He was a gallant soldier, had braved many a peril, and met death face to face, yet he trembled at the peaceful passing away of a woman.

The means of escape were frequently discussed at the evening meetings. A dangerous one was adopted. If they had confined themselves merely to passports, they would have run less risk; but they attempted more, and failed. It was proposed that a meeting of the common council should appoint four commissioners to go to a castle situated on the confines of Switzerland and of the department of the Ain, under pretext of searching its archives for some papers which were of importance to the parish of Fontaine. It was hoped that this daring imposture would obtain credence, which it did not.

The passports themselves, however, were more legal than many others. They were written by the secretary, M. Alexandre, and M. Morel, the town clerk, affixed his seal to them. They both appended their signatures, and those of the other members were forged. Heaven knows with what zeal I laboured to produce an exact imitation of those which I was charged to fabricate. Many were the passports thus concocted by us. Magdalen would go great distances in order to deliver them

herself, willingly encountering any risk in order to be useful. But she did not confine herself to this. Having perceived in a young countryman some resemblance to one of the refugees who was afraid to trust entirely to these forged passports, she sought him out, won him over to the cause, and it was soon found that urgent business compelled him to visit the adjoining department, in which some of his relations resided, and he obtained a passport in order to go thither. Two days after, the town-crier gave notice that he had lost his pocket-book, containing not only his passport, but a considerable sum in assignats, and promised a reward to any one who should find it. The young man meanwhile falls ill from the vexation at this double loss, and takes to his bed, while his likeness effects his escape.

M. Bourdin (a merchant concealed in the house of Magdalen's sister), M. Alexandre, my father, and Charmet, a young countryman who would not enter the service of the Republic, were the pretended commissioners who desired to effect their escape to Switzerland. The preparations for their departure occupied some days. There was danger in going, but there was danger likewise in remaining, for the house was very small; and in order to avoid suspicion, it was necessary to make no change

in the usual mode of life of its inhabitants. The doors were left open as usual, to affect the appearance of security. They might be surprised at any moment, and between them and extreme peril the only barrier was a child of nine years old, the little Dorothy, who acted as a sort of outpost to prevent surprises and give the alarm.

Little Dorothy combined the fleetness of a bird with its acuteness of vision. Active and joyous, she seemed to be constantly at play, yet her watchfulness was never at fault. Every secret was entrusted to her, and the lives of many were in her hands; but gifted with sagacity beyond her years, she reasoned and reflected, and acted with all the prudence of a sensible woman; and these qualities were so much the more precious in her, that it was frequently impossible to inform her beforehand of what she should do, or to give her instructions concerning circumstances which could not be foreseen, and which yet rendered it necessary that all should act in concert.

I recollect that one day the mayor made his appearance so suddenly that Dorothy had only time to run in, exclaiming, "Mother, the mayor is coming!—here he is!" My father was in the lower room, which had but one door, so that flight was out of the question. He retreated

between the wall and the bed, of which the curtain was always drawn for this express purpose; but when I saw him protected only by so feeble a barrier, I felt as if I could not draw my breath. One keen glance directed to the end of the room, and he would have been undone! Mother Chazière, retaining her usual calm and self-possessed appearance, went to meet the mayor, gave him a seat by the fire, and approaching him, began talking with great apparent interest about his concerns; then drawing nearer still, she leant against the back of his chair, and bent over his shoulder, while inquiring eagerly after his health, his wife, his business, and his amusements. She thus concealed from his gaze a large portion of the room. I placed myself so as to aid her purpose; and while she went on talking in a loud voice, my father, admonished by a sign from Dorothy, crossed the room on tiptoe, and made his escape through the door.

I breathed again: the child had been singing all the time. As soon as he was gone, Mother Chazières changed her position, quite naturally as it appeared, and continuing to converse with the same ease as before, left the room open to the gaze of the unwelcome mayor, who turning round, seemed to examine it minutely. It was evident that he had intended to take us by surprise, and to



assure himself with his own eyes of the truth or falsehood of the suspicions which began to fasten upon these worthy people. He rose, and Mother Chazières, rising to accompany him, found means to show him almost the whole of the house. I cannot describe the air of simple satisfaction with which this excellent woman called upon him to admire the arrangement of her furniture, nor the sagacity which she concealed beneath this apparent guilelessness. The mayor departed under the persuasion that the object of his visit had not been suspected.

Its result was to hasten the departure of the fugitives; these happy days—for happy they were, in spite of their constant alarms—fled rapidly away. Happy as I was in the presence of my father, I dared not give myself up to the enjoyment of it; he might be arrested even in the midst of us at any moment, and my fears made me anxious for his departure.

And then my aunt!—I had no tidings of her; she did not know where I was, and what would she think of my lengthened absence? What must be her anxiety for the only treasure yet remaining to her? My heart yearned towards her, while a counter attraction drew me to my father, and I remained in order that when I clasped

her in my arms, I might be able to tell her that he was gone. Yet this very departure for which we were so anxious must expose him to fresh dangers ; but every evening the sound of cannon reverberating as far as Fontaine, brought tidings of the death of his friends—of his brothers-in-arms. Many of them were not so happy as to be killed upon the spot. The soldiers of the 9th regiment of dragoons, I believe, undertook to dispatch those whose sufferings were not ended by the grape-shot ; some, tossed alive into pits dug to receive the dead drew their last breath under the pressure of superincumbent corpses ; others again perished in the Rhone, into which they were flung all torn and mutilated by the shot.\*

\* The Abbé Guillon de Montléon, in his "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Ville de Lyons*," relates how, in their thirst for blood, the authorities, not satisfied with shooting the condemned, devised loading the cannons with bullets. Sixty prisoners perished in this manner. The execution was long ; the firing had to be often repeated, and many who had not been mortally wounded, were obliged to be subsequently dispatched. They then had recourse to grape-shot ; and in this manner were executed two hundred and ten young men, some of whom had not ceased to breathe the next day, when they were flung piece-meal, together with the dead, into the pits which were to receive them all. At that period so little order

This fearful sound, which daily rang upon our ears, foretold the fate of all those who lay concealed in the neighbourhood of Lyons. My father would bow his head, and say: "To-day it is their turn, and mine will perhaps come to-morrow. How long will this hospitable roof be able to afford me protection? Inaction in time of peril is indeed hard to endure!"

All was at length ready, and my father, with his three companions in misfortune, set out at midnight in order to gain the frontier. It was a solemn hour, and many were the fearful thoughts concealed beneath the calm farewell with which we parted. Each one was silent concerning his own grief—for why should he shake the firmness of the rest? My father charged me with the most affectionate messages for his sister, and then left me. He

was observed, and life was of so little value, that although there were only two hundred and ten condemned, and of these one had escaped, yet two hundred and eleven corpses were counted! It was said that an unhappy man who had obtained access to the prison of Roanne, to carry something to a prisoner, happened to be there at the moment when the unfortunates destined to undergo this new form of torture were being bound in pairs, and that he was seized, perhaps to make up a couple. It was in vain that he protested that he was only a poor porter, and no prisoner. No heed was paid to his statements.

seemed full of confidence, and I tried to appear no less so. My alarm was too great for tears.

I set off also, as soon as it was light, taking with me a loaf weighing twenty pounds, some meat, peas, butter and eggs. My riches rendering it impossible for me to walk, I embarked with Magdalen, and reached Lyons by water, in safety, with my goods concerning which I was anxious enough.\* I found everything just as I had left it, and Cantat told me that my aunt was well, and that she had seen her several times.

I was extremely impatient to see her and speak to her of my father, and hastened to the prison towards which all my longings were directed.

\* It was very dangerous to exhibit such riches. Provisions were so scarce, that any display of them excited covetous looks at least. To this our good friend, Mother Chazières, afterwards one day exposed herself, by bringing us a white loaf which she had baked on purpose for my aunt, her compassion being excited by the badness of the bread furnished to the prisoners. She walked fast, her eyes fixed on her treasure; but no sooner had she entered the town, than it attracted the attention of some women who followed her, saying: "No doubt that is for some aristocrat! We have no such good bread as that, and why should not we have it?"—"Oh, citizens!" said Mother Chazières, with that peculiar expression which I never saw except in her, "it is for some one who is ill—very ill!" and they let her pass.

Often did I wish to be confined there with my aunt, notwithstanding the happiness I experienced in being able to serve her, and the importance of the duties I was called upon to fulfil. My utter loneliness weighed upon my spirits, my strength was exhausted by fatigue, and the quarrels of the servants, and the presence of Citizen Forêt and his wife, still made my own abode hateful to me. It seemed to me that there was no peace for me but at the feet of my aunt, and there I could have slept so sweetly !

That day the orders were not very strict ; the friendly turnkeys, who supposed I had been ill, admitted me as soon as they could, and I obtained permission for Magdalen to accompany me. Her countenance, as she entered the prison, expressed deep sadness, to which was added horror and disgust, when she found herself surrounded by criminals, who, with haggard faces and eager eyes, crowded round us in hope of obtaining alms. Habit alone could conquer a repugnance so natural. Doubtless they were to be pitied ; “but,” said I to myself, “they at least have fresh air, and even that is denied to my guiltless aunt.”

At length all the gates were passed, and I saw her once again. She was not changed ; but my

absence had seemed to her very long. Several times lying messengers had come to inform her of the arrest of my father, in hopes thus to entrap her into a betrayal of his place of concealment—a means frequently adopted, in order to detect the places of refuge of unfortunate fugitives.

We seated ourselves side by side upon her mattress, which was rolled up for the day, while the chair was assigned to Magdalen, whom my aunt welcomed as a benefactress. I was happy in being once more with my second mother, in being able to gaze upon her, to admire her fortitude. She did indeed seem to me worthy of veneration, and I had no eyes but for her.

As for Magdalen, she was in a state of bewilderment which rendered her unable to move or even to think. It seemed as if she scarcely distinguished the objects upon which rested her eyes, filled with tears which could not flow. This sight, so new to her, the women crowded together lying piece-meal upon the straw, the intermingling of all ranks and stations, the traces of wealth still perceptible amidst all this misery, childhood and old age, sickness and health, vice and virtue, all confusedly huddled together, formed a spectacle which oppressed her heart almost to suffocation.

I had no appetite, yet I ate voraciously, while I told my aunt all that I had to relate, for it would not do to be seen conversing too eagerly. There were tares amongst the wheat—namely, spies—and we were so crowded together, that a word uttered even in a whisper might be overheard. It was with delight that she learnt the departure of my father; “yet,” added she, with a sigh, “how will he escape the dangers he will have to encounter? And whatever may be his fate, it will be very long before we are informed of it.”

Thanks to the excellent Chazières, the dinner was a better one than usual, and we had quite a feast; Magdalen alone ate nothing. We quitted my aunt with regret, and then she returned to Fontaine, and I was left alone. I had not a single friend!—not one to whom I could turn for advice or consolation! No doubt I committed many imprudences, or what at least would have been deemed such had I been older; but how could I be invariably prudent at fourteen? Providence watched over my ignorance and weakness. It pitied my loneliness, and adopted me for its child.

M. and Madame de Bellecise were under arrest in their own house, and their keeper admitted

no one to visit them. The same was the case with Madame de Soulligné, whose husband was in prison, and died not long after; and beyond these two families, I was acquainted with no one.

On my return from the prison, I found the accustomed scenes and faces to welcome me after the fatigues of the day. Citizen Forêt, seated in my chimney-corner, never gave up his arm-chair except to his wife, who led the conversation, talking in a loud voice of the executions, of the great deeds of her son, the member of the municipal council, and of the fine clothes of her daughter-in-law. Old Forêt had taken possession of my aunt's book of prayers (*les Heures de Noailles*), which the large print enabled him to read without his spectacles. I was vexed at this, but did not venture to reclaim it; and as he spent great part of the day in studying it, I took courage to read aloud every evening a prayer for peace. Before they retired for the night, I uttered it with all the fervour of my soul; Forêt clasping his hands, prayed heartily with me, and even his wife joined in the supplication.

When I read over this prayer (for I still possess the book), I feel that God did indeed watch



over His child. This was an act of daring which, in those days, might have sent me to the scaffold, and (which would have grieved me far more) might have still further aggravated the painful position of my aunt. It was indeed more than imprudent. Old Forêt, however, who joined so reverently in the prayer, would even go so far as to ask for it, glad to be able to pray to God once more. Naturally well-disposed, he would have been a good man, but for the weakness of his character. He feared his son, and still more his wife; and while she tyrannised over him, he yielded and obeyed. As I said before, she once tormented him till he went to see an execution; and he, who was frightened at everything, often said to me in a low voice: "It put me in a fever for three days and nights; and for a long time I could not close my eyes on account of those heads, which seemed to pursue and haunt me. How can any one like such a sight? But I durst not say so to my son, he thinks it glorious, and my wife is wild after it."

I continued my visits to the prison, until fatigue, bad and scanty food, and constant mental anxiety having made me really ill, I was obliged to suspend them for a time. I had no other ailment than want of strength to move, or almost

to keep alive. I remained in bed a week, in a state of absolute exhaustion. My aunt, who was very anxious about me, entreated the prison doctor to come and see me, which he did, and I found him kind and compassionate. No doubt he has received his reward from Him who hears the sighing of the poor, and marks every trifling act of kindness by which their sorrows are alleviated. He prescribed rest and some tonics, and then went back to relieve my aunt's mind about me.

It was during my brief illness that old Forêt received a visit from his son. The curtains of my bed were almost closed; but I saw his red cap, and heard every word of his discourse, worthy of its bloody hue.

"Father," said he, in a dry, abrupt tone, "if you were not a good republican—if I suspected you of being an aristocrat, I would denounce you, and have you guillotined to-morrow."

"Oh, my son! my son! that is hard indeed! My son, that is being too harsh!"

"Harsh! What do you mean? Do you not know that a true republican has neither father nor family? He thinks of no one but the republic, he loves no one but the republic, he

sacrifices everything else to it, and does so at once and without hesitation."

Father Forêt scarcely ceased trembling all the evening; and I suspect these visits did not afford him unqualified pleasure.

It was also during my illness that I received a note from my youngest brother. I know not by what means it reached me; but it informed me, that having been recognised and denounced, he had swam across the Rhone, and was going to endeavour to find an asylum in Switzerland. Here was a new source of distress! I thanked Heaven for my illness, for concealed behind my curtains, I might at least venture to weep undisturbed.

As soon as I was able to stand, I took my way towards the prison; and as I was about to pass the flying-bridge, I was stopped by a sentinel, who cried: "To the guard-house with you."

"And why?"

"You have no cockade!"

In those days women could not pass unless they wore the cockade; mine was fastened to my bonnet, which saved me the trouble of thinking about it, but now I was almost in my

night-cap, and had forgotten it. I told him my history, and that I had but just got up from my sick-bed ; he was touched, and suffered me to go forward, upon condition that I would buy one from the first vender whose shop I should pass.

I reached the prison without any further mishap, and passed the gate and the first door ; but when I reached the iron gate I found that a new order had been issued, and that only one person could be admitted at a time, every half-hour. The turnkey was a stranger to me, and there was a long string, so there was little hope for that day. I was too feeble to wait, and much disappointed, I entered an inner guard-room beside the iron gate, hoping that some caprice of fortune might come to my rescue. Fortunately for me there were no soldiers there. Only a few minutes had elapsed when a turnkey, with whom I was acquainted, made his appearance.

“ Placot !” cried I, unhesitatingly, “ am I not unfortunate ? It is a week since I have seen my aunt ; for I have been ill, and I am too weak to wait until my turn comes. Your comrade does not know me. Will you not have compassion upon me, or must I go back without seeing her ?”

I had scarcely uttered the words, before he placed me in front of him, almost holding me in his arms, and making his way between the wall and the string of visitors, placed me in front of his companion. "There," said he, "look at this little citizen, and see how small and pale and thin she is ; she cannot wait. You see that she would not be able to stand, for she has been ill ; so be good-natured, and let her pass, and go and see her aunt."

The other one opened the iron gate a little way, I made myself as small as I could and squeezed through, thanking them both as well as I was able ; and feeling very joyful, I ran forward, that I might not lose a single minute of my time.

It is only those who have stood a long time at a prison-door, and have there been squeezed, thrust aside, trampled upon, and at last sent away, who can fully comprehend the pleasure of success. My aunt's delight at seeing me made amends to me for all that I had to go through on the way. It made her uneasy however to think that, like many others, I always entered without an order for admittance, for she thought, and rightly, that sooner or later we should be punished for it. I believe our clandestine visits were tolerated only for the sake of ruining us more effectually, by compelling us to

exhaust our resources in repaying the daily concessions of three or four turnkeys.

I do not know what was the reason of the degree of liberty at that time granted to the inmates of the prison. The ladies were allowed to quit their rooms and walk in the court from ten in the morning till five in the evening, and they no longer had to pay three francs for a pitcher of water, which they could themselves draw at the fountain. The same privileges were granted to the men. It was then that I saw, for the first time, the sculptor Chinard; and I shall ever regret that he did not take my aunt's likeness. He had modelled in clay those of several of his fellow-prisoners, and he is said to have owed his subsequent liberation to the little statue of Reason which I saw in his cell.

Madame Milanés, the daughter of Madame de Bellecise, was also confined at the Recluses; but I had not hitherto seen her. She was one of twelve women who were shut up in a very small room at the further end of the prison, where they had neither space nor air. Their health was impaired by every conceivable privation, and by the disgust attendant upon them, and they requested as a favour to be allowed to go out twice a-day. It was granted them after their sufferings had lasted a

long time. Six of them in the morning and six in the evening were conducted to a little garden below my aunt's windows. The sentinels who escorted them thither remained to watch them while there, and after exchanging a few silent greetings, the prisoners were reconducted to their own quarters.

It is easy to imagine the annoyances consequent upon so close a seclusion, but no one but those who have themselves been subjected to them can tell how intolerable they are. Madame Milanés' even spirits and natural gaiety made her an invaluable companion in those days of trial; her serene and open countenance was refreshing at once to the eyes and to the heart. Notwithstanding her own bitter sorrows, she knew how to afford consolation to all around her; and in soothing the grief of her companions and endeavouring to reanimate their courage, her own acquired new strength. Her husband was executed, and her children cast upon the world alone and unprotected; but her strength did not fail, because it was derived from God.

If all had not her charms or her lofty spirit, I must in justice say that her resignation was shared by all. No complaints or murmurings ever reached my ears. There were no tears, no despair; the

countenances of all were calm and tranquil. The peace that precedes death was the only feeling which found place in their souls, and death they all awaited. The day had no morrow for many of their number, and so overwhelming an expectation left no room for lesser cares. Almost every hour some prisoner was led away, and "I shall soon follow him," was the thought of all. They embraced and blessed him, each one strove to strengthen his courage, and then they bade each other farewell, for the most part for ever. The doors closed behind him, and his friends listened long to the receding tones of his voice, to the sound of his departing footsteps, which, in all probability might never reach their ears again.

The simple question, "How do you do?" was frequently answered by "Very well, thank you, awaiting as we are the walk to the Brotteaux or the honours of the guillotine." And this was neither said from bravado nor to make a display of courage, but all talked calmly and naturally of a doom which was considered unavoidable. Some young men, for the sake of amusement, had adopted the republican style, and addressed everyone in the second person singular, but I never could answer them, for since I had been compelled to use this style to the turnkeys and other people



of that description, I could address it to no one else.

It was at this period that the ladies' quarters were changed, and they were installed in a large room and two small closets. There was but one outlet to this apartment. In the large room was a stove, where each one came in turn to warm up the coffee left from the preceding day. Upon it might be seen even glass phials, which being wrapped in paper and placed amongst the little pots which covered the top of the stove, got their share of heat without taking up any room. There is nothing like necessity for making people ingenious.

My aunt, whose size made it a trouble to her to stoop, had entered into an agreement with a poor peasant woman, likewise a prisoner, who made her bed every evening and rolled up her mattress every morning. As there was still less room in their present quarters than in their former ones, an effort was made to compel her to share this wretched bed with a companion, a fresh annoyance from which she only escaped by pleading the violent rheumatic pains to which she was subject.

I have already said that my aunt and three other ladies took their meals together, and lived every third and fourth day, upon the remains of the preceding ones. This arrangement was con-

tinued and the little party became more intimate amongst themselves than with the rest of the prisoners, as if they could already have foreseen that they would never more be parted, and that the same destiny was reserved for them all. It happened on one of the days when the fragments were to be eaten up and on which I came early, that I had passed a happy morning with my aunt, and was beginning to beat up the eggs for the renowned omelet, when a great noise was heard, and the turnkeys hurriedly traversed the building in all directions, exclaiming : "The Provisional Commission has sent one of its members to inspect the prison !" This was no other than the dreaded Marino, formerly a painter on china, at Paris. At his approach, all who had entered without orders of admittance made their escape ; and great was the confusion. My aunt, who was much alarmed, wished me to follow their example ; but I, who was absorbed in my cookery, answered only by pointing to my omelet, and adding : "The fact of my freedom is not written on my forehead. If I stay here, I shall be lost in the crowd ; and what should prevent them from taking me for one of the inmates ?" and stooping down over the foot-stove I went on with my cookery. It was the wisest plan. Almost at that moment Marino made his appearance at the

door of the first room, and came forward into the little one which we occupied.

“How many of you are there here?” asked he, in a hard, abrupt tone.

“Fifteen,” replied my aunt.

He did not count us, but examined some baskets of provisions. “The rich must feed the poor,” he continued, fixing his eyes on the peasant woman who made my aunt’s bed: “If you have any complaint to make of these aristocrats, speak!”

The poor woman protested that she had no complaint to make of any one. Marino delivered himself of a few more edifying republican sentiments and then departed; leaving me delighted at the success of my plan, and congratulating myself on not having given way. My triumph, however, was short.

Unfortunately, I was not the only one who had chosen to stay, although I was the only one who had the prudence to keep quiet. The others endeavoured to elude the observation of Marino, and it was precisely their efforts to do so which attracted it. His anger burst forth without restraint, being expressed with a vehemence which reached even our ears; and from words and recriminations he proceeded to deeds. “Since they have such a taste for the prison, let them stay

and enjoy it; they will then have no occasion to hide themselves, in order to avoid me. As for the turnkey on duty, he shall spend a week in the dungeon, as the price of his good nature."

Marino was tall and strong, and his voice was well suited to his words. Fear kept all silent before him. When he departed, he left terror and consternation behind. The prisoners were in terror for their friends; but I must acknowledge my selfishness—my first feeling was one of delight. I was so glad to be confined with my aunt, that I could think only of the pleasure of being able to wait upon and cherish her at all hours—to go to sleep at her feet, and be with her when she awoke! But then came the thought that she would in future have no one to serve her but from interested motives, and that such services must be unstable; and for her sake alone I regretted the loss of my freedom. My aunt was in despair at it, and profiting by the few hours in which she was still permitted to walk about the prison, she bargained secretly with some turnkeys of our acquaintance for permission for me to withdraw; and then came in great joy to inform me of her success, for which she no doubt paid very dear.

I went out alone about six o'clock in the

evening. It was already dusk, and the street was full of women, anxiously awaiting their relations or their mistresses; for they had been informed of our detention. Cantat was amongst the number, seeking me, and with her I returned to my distant home. All my companions in misfortune succeeded likewise in obtaining their release, either that night or the following day.

I am still convinced that these little scenes were got up for the express purpose of exhausting our resources, and depriving us of the money which they had not been able to wrest from us by other means; and very likely they found much amusement in comparing the various effects produced upon us by this real or feigned indignation. Ever craving for fresh excitement, and becoming weary of the tragedies enacted every day, they devised this and such like little burlesques for their recreation.

## CHAPTER XI.

Nothing, till that latest agony  
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose  
This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,  
In the terrific face of armed law  
I never will forsake thee.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

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ORDER OF ADMITTANCE—MARINO—ST. JEAN—MY AUNT REMOVED  
TO ST. JOSEPH'S—A FRESH ORDER REQUIRED—PROJECT FOR MY  
REMOVAL.

I SIGHED heavily as I quitted the prison, and saw the gate close behind me. It was not the mere parting which took place every evening; my aunt had insisted that I should not return without an order for admittance. "Do your best to obtain one," said she; "for the danger to which you are exposed kills me with alarm; and I had rather renounce the happiness of seeing you, than

be exposed to scenes so fearful. Take courage—God will help you !”

Alas ! I stood in great need of the courage with which she sought to inspire me ; for how and when could I obtain this order ? Should I ever be permitted to see her again ?

I went the next day to the office of the Provisional Commission, which sat at the Maison Imbert, in a street near the Place des Terreaux. It was long since I had visited this part of the town, which bore the visible impress of the Reign of Terror. The guillotine, which had been for some time stationary on the Place de Bellecourt, was now in full activity on the Place des Terreaux, as if it had been jealous of the distinction.

From the time I traversed the Place de St. Pierre, I perceived the water in the gutter to be crimsoned with the blood of the victims. I shuddered as I stepped across it, with a mingled sensation of terror, reverence, and awe, which made me long to sink down upon my knees. God help me ! the blood of my aunt was yet to mingle with the stream ! I passed close to the scaffold, the solid structure of which seemed to indicate that its services would long be required, and soon found myself in the ante-chamber of this famous

commission, where many other persons were waiting, like myself, until Marino should pass, for no one was allowed to enter any of the offices unsummoned.

Much time was wasted in this ante-room, from which those who waited were frequently expelled, without having been able to speak to the persons with whom they had business. The porter stationed there, generally endeavoured to turn them away; but when they stood their ground, and the crowd increased in spite of his efforts, he would grow weary, and would go and fetch Marino to dismiss them, which he certainly did most effectually.

For three days I went every evening at six o'clock, at which hour the offices were opened, and remained until ten, without having been able to speak to Marino. He it was who gave the orders; but he never came through the room where we were, having probably a private entrance of his own. The pretext of waiting there for him was a mere fiction to deceive us; for what were our time, our tears, our anguish to them? Every time I asked to see him, "Wait a little while; he will come presently," was all the answer I obtained.



During the hours I passed in this ante-room, many were the unfortunates I beheld of all ages and both sexes—strangers, soldiers, and travellers; and what became of them all? Once I remember seeing there an officer, who appeared to me to be of high rank, and had been brought thither to go through the mere form of having his passport examined and signed. He in vain demanded his papers, in vain repeated that his errand was pressing, important, that he had but little time, until wearied with long waiting, he began striding up and down the room, exclaiming angrily: “This is making game of good citizens. The late tyrant did not keep people waiting in this manner!”

At length, on the third day, the crowd became so great, that the porter, out of patience, went to fetch the terrible Marino. He introduced himself with a volley of republican oaths, uttered in his stentorian voice, and then addressed us as follows: “If you are come to get orders of admittance to the prisons, be it known to you that none will be given, unless to those who produce a doctor’s certificate, declaring the prisoner to be ill; and take notice, that should any doctor give the certificate from a contemp-

tible motive of favour, he will be thrown into the dungeon, together with the bearer of the certificate, and the prisoner will be guillotined."

After this brief harangue, couched in language too energetic to be repeated by me, the mob dispersed by degrees, hurried forth by Marino both with voice and gesture. One lady alone ventured to prefer a petition. I did not hear what it was. "Who are you?" he asked. She gave her name. "What! and you dare to utter here the name of a traitor! Begone!" And taking her by the arm, he actually kicked her out.

I cannot describe our feelings; we scarcely ventured to breathe. At that moment the silence which had followed Marino's outburst, was broken by the voice of St. Jean, who had accompanied me. Whether urged by weariness, or by inconsiderate zeal, he now endeavoured to assume some degree of importance. "Citizen," said he, in a clear and distinct voice, "may I beg you to attend to the business of the little citizen whom you see yonder."

How I shuddered at this fearful indiscretion! I had purposely placed myself behind the rest, that I might avoid being exposed to this tide of fury, and wait until it should ebb.

“And who are you that speak?” asked Marino, roughly.

“I?” replied St. Jean, slightly embarrassed. “I came with this little citizen, that she might not be quite alone.”

“Know then,” resumed Marino, in an imperious tone, “that she is here under the protection of law and justice; that children are guarded by them; and that no one here has a right to protect any one else. Begone!” and as St. Jean hesitated to obey, “begone!” repeated he, in a louder tone; and taking him by the arm, as he had done the lady, he put him out of the door.

For my part, I shrank into my corner, and remained there in silence; and soon none remained of all that crowd, but another girl of about the same age, and myself. Marino, seeming astonished at our daring and calmness, approached us with some curiosity. “Have you got certificates, you two?” asked he. We gave them to him. He took them, bade us in a tolerably gentle tone to wait for him, and re-entered his office.

No sooner had he vanished, than the door of the ante-room opened, and St. Jean re-appeared. I hastened to him. “What can you be

thinking of? You will compromise me—ruin me!”

“I am very cold, and I do not choose to wait on the staircase. I must stay in here.”

“Marigni (I durst not say St. Jean), pray go home! I will come back alone. You will prevent my getting an order, and will not be able to obtain me another in its stead. Go, I beg of you! Do not let him see you.” I had long to contend before I could gain my point; at length he went away, and it was not until I saw the door close behind him, that I could breathe freely.

Presently Marino called us into his office, to give in our names and addresses, that he might satisfy himself of the truth of our statements; and ordered me to come to him at eight o'clock in the morning of the next day but one. I had great difficulty in obtaining admittance; and it was only upon my assurance that I came by his positive orders, that I was suffered to cross the threshold. The death of Marat had greatly alarmed those of his class, and even a child was an object of terror. Marino received me kindly; he was no longer like the same man, his voice was mild, and his manners courteous. He gave

me the order I so anxiously desired, and I left him full of joy and hope.

Armed with my treasure, I hastened to the Recluses. It was five days since I had seen my aunt. The doors were opened to me, but to my surprise, I found her with her fellow-captives in the court, about to be transferred to the prison of St. Joseph. Each one had got a parcel under her arm, and they were preparing to quit this gloomy abode, when the gaoler interposed, and forbade the removal of their effects. It was with great difficulty that they obtained permission to carry away their little parcels. As for the mattresses, bed-clothes, and sheets, he kept them, as well as the scanty furniture he had sold to them ; and no doubt sold it over again at a high price to other prisoners, who were similarly compelled to return it to him.

I followed the captives to the prison of St. Joseph, but to my dismay was not permitted to enter ; my order being for the Recluses ! “How much time lost !” cried I sorrowfully. “Now I shall have to pass many more days without seeing her.” I did, in fact, waste two whole evenings in the ante-room of the Provisional Commission, and the third would have passed as fruitlessly

but for the weariness of the sullen man who received us.

Provoked at our numbers, he called Marino to thin the assembly, and then ensued a scene as stormy as the one I have already described. I kept as much apart as I could, to let the crowd pass by, and did not come forward until the last. "What, there you are again!" cried he impatiently. "What is it that you want?"

On hearing this tremendous voice, I lowered mine as much as possible, and apologising for my involuntary importunity, informed him of my ill-fortune. "Have pity upon me, Citizen!" I pleaded; "it is so long since I have seen my aunt. I have been waiting here three long days."

Those few words sufficed! He took me into his office, and altered the order for St. Joseph's. "There," said he, "take that, and run along." How gladly I obeyed him! And the next day I had the happiness of again embracing my aunt.

This change was an unfortunate one for us, and was besides an ominous step in advance. Fresh expenses must be incurred in order to secure friends at St. Joseph's; besides, this prison being

still more distant than the former one rendered my services very laborious, and it seemed to me as if all hope of freedom had now vanished for ever. I had sometimes dreamed of release from the bolts and bars of the Recluses, but my aunt never did. In the early days of her captivity when the prisoners flocked in in crowds, one of the turnkeys, mistaking her for a visitor, caught her by the arm to put her out of the door.

“Oh!” cried I, in despair, “why, why did you not obey him?”

“I am a very bad walker,” replied she calmly, “and I know no one; whither could I have gone? I should have been retaken and ill-used—and, perhaps, my companions would have suffered on my account.”

In fact a thief did make his escape a few days later, and the rigorous measures consequent upon this occurrence were severely felt by all the prisoners.

This was not the only evil of such an indiscriminate mixture of persons of all classes. It was not without some risk that they could take their walk in the court to breathe an air somewhat less vitiated than that of the rooms, in company of these gentlemen of the road, who emptied their

pockets while they were rejoicing at a sight of a small patch of sky. My aunt one day lost her pocket-book in this manner. It seemed to be but another refinement of ingenuity to make everything concur to complete our ruin.

It was during her imprisonment at the Recluses that my aunt formed the project of sending me away from Lyons. Having no hope for her own life, her only anxiety was to secure the safety of mine ; and under pretext that some important business demanded the presence of one of us at Paris, she endeavoured to extract from me a promise that I would accompany Madame des Plantes, who purposed going thither so soon as she should be set at liberty. I would not promise, however ; I could not for a moment entertain the idea of abandoning my aunt ; but my resistance did not induce her to give up this plan which I so much dreaded. Madame des Plantes, as I have already said, had married the only officer who had escaped the massacre of the Pierre-cize—a circumstance which rendered her position exceedingly critical ; nevertheless, trusting perhaps to the influence of friends, she hoped to obtain her release ; and my aunt, who thought only of the dangers to which I might be exposed at Lyons, longed for the moment of her departure.



I never knew what were the steps taken by these two ladies, not wishing to ask any questions on a subject so painful to me. Providence forbade the execution of the project, and thus spared me the pain of disobeying my aunt. Astonished at the greatness of her mind, I admired in silence her complete forgetfulness of self, and the generous love which sought to preserve me from all danger, and which dreaded neither suffering, loneliness, nor death, so that I were saved. Madame des Plantes' journey never took place—she followed my aunt to the scaffold; but the project afforded them occupation for a few hours, thus relieving the weariness of captivity. It was an important consideration, a precious hope, both for the one who cherished a dream of liberty, and for her companion who, conscious that she stood on the brink of the tomb, watched anxiously over the safety of the orphan whom she left behind.

It is easy to comprehend the fears prompted by her maternal affection; although I did not then imagine that I could run any risk. I took no notice of the fact that the number of young girls who visited the Recluses, had much diminished; for the mothers dreading to see their daughters exposed to the gaze and to the ill-usage of those in power, had taken the earliest opportunity of removing them. I no longer met my friend

Rose Milanés at the gate of the prison. My aunt, who was no less anxious than these ladies, wished to follow their example, but forgot that they were all inhabitants of Lyons, and had therefore a thousand facilities which she, a stranger, could not command. Had I perceived my absence to be essential to her peace of mind, I could have abstained from going to see her ; but I should at least have watched over her comfort as far as it lay in my power to contribute to it. Was not that the object of my life ? and could I have existed away from her ? While still near her, my sufferings appeared to me to be endured with and for her. Even the long hours that I waited before her prison gate had their measure of sweetness. The women and children whom I beheld there every day were all assembled with the same object—we suffered in the same cause ; a common sorrow made of us, as it were, one family. All the men were fugitives or in concealment ; only women made their appearance, or else children charged with important secrets which they never betrayed, Protected by their innocence, they frequently baffled the cunning designs of the wicked ; and this because in the frame of the child is lodged the spirit of the man which develops itself under the pressure of misfortune.

## CHAPTER XII.

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days,  
For truth, for Heaven, for freedom's sake  
Resigned the bitter cup to take,  
And silently in fearless faith  
Bowing their noble souls to death.

MRS. HEMANS.

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DEATH OF THIRTY-TWO CITIZENS OF MOULINS—DEMOLITIONS—  
SPIDERS—WALKS IN THE COURT—NUNS—THEIR PIETY.

It was during my aunt's detention at the Recluses, that thirty-two inhabitants of Moulins were brought to die at Lyons. I have always regretted that I made no effort to obtain access to them. The sight of a townswoman of their own would have given them pleasure; and who knows what they might not have been glad to confide to me? I felt a wish to try to see them, but did not yield

to it, not being acquainted with any one at the prison of Roanne, where they were confined, and knowing that I was all that remained to my aunt, and that I must not, therefore, by any act of indiscretion run the risk of depriving her of the care which was her due, and of her solitary though very feeble support.

On the day of their execution, the wife of Citizen Forêt came, according to custom, to entertain me with an account of this sight, of which she was still as fond as ever. She could not say enough concerning the good looks of my unfortunate townspeople. The hatred of the Jacobins of Moulins, who had given them up to the Provisional Commission, was too keen to suffer them to languish in the cellars of the town-hall, and they therefore made their appearance in the bloom of their health and strength. The MM. Touret were especially distinguished for their beauty and their courage. The latter, indeed, was shared by all, save one. M. Touret, the elder, was heard to express to him his displeasure on this account as they descended the steps of the town-hall to proceed to execution. So many thoughts must at such a moment be struggling in the heart, that the flesh may well give way, without its weakness being shared by the spirit; let us not therefore judge

M. B.—. I afterwards learnt that they had destroyed a great quantity of assignats, by throwing them into a pan of charcoal. Some prisoners saved part of them for their own use.\*

I intended to keep these tidings from my aunt, but I found that they had already reached her. She even asked me to find out for her the names of the victims. Only a few of them were known to us ; and I had no other means of gratifying her wish than by sending some one at nightfall to tear down one of the lists posted up at the corners of

\* My unfortunate townspeople were shot. The Abbé Guillon, in his "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Ville de Lyons*," says that the members of the Provisional Commission were so delighted with their idea of loading the cannon with grape-shot, which procured them the mimic spectacle of a battle-field covered with the dead, the wounded and the dying, that they hastened to impart it to their friends. And P—, the president, and Verd, the attorney-general of the commission, both friends of Fouché, wrote to the Revolutionary Committee at Moulins to send them their prisoners, saying that they were now going to crush the enemies of the people in a manner much better suited to the vindication of its dignity and its outraged sovereignty, than the contemptible and insufficient action of the guillotine. When the thirty-two were sent to Lyons, a letter from some of the members of the Revolutionary Committee requested for them the honours of the great cannonade.

the streets, which I conveyed to her the next day. The list comprised the names of the most respectable people of our province. My aunt bewailed their fate, and in so doing bewailed her own ! I saw but one person from Moulins at the Recluses, and this was M. Ripoud, the banker. He remained there but a short time ; and my aunt having obtained permission to visit him at the gaoler's, where he dined, I went with her. Those whose means enabled them to pay for a very bad dinner, eagerly sought the favour of being permitted to dine at this long, narrow and dirty table, because they could thus quit their rooms for a time, and flattered themselves that in the course of the meal, Fillon (such was the gaoler's name) might let fall some remark upon the events of the day, which might shed some light upon their own fate ; but gaolers were sent from Paris for the principal prisons of Lyons to render the isolation of the prisoners still more complete ; for it is in the nature of man to inquire, suspense wears out and crushes the strength which he can at once muster to endure, or conquer known evils. M. Ripoud's trial was brief ; his execution took place very soon. He was said to have resisted the executioner, and bitten him. Whether this were true, I know not.

The whole town bore marks of destruction. Demolitions were going on in every quarter, furnishing employment to that dangerous class of men who are always ready to revolt when they feel the pressure of want. The handsome fronts of the Place de Bellecourt were disappearing beneath the activity of so many hands ; and demolitions were going on likewise in the adjacent streets. It was with a beating heart that I drew near the formidable string, which frequently extended across the whole length of the square, consisting of a double row of men, women and children, who earned their pay very comfortably by passing a stone or a tile from hand to hand, without hurrying themselves, because they wished to leave work for the morrow. I and my basket were recognized even before I could ask leave to pass, and were greeted with "Aha ! there's an aristocrat ! She is taking food to the traitors. Come and work ! Come and work ! that is better than feeding serpents. There, carry that !" and I too was given a stone, and might think myself fortunate if it was not a heavy basket-full of earth, and if I was soon released from the task laid upon me and the coarse jests with which my ears were assailed.

This Place de Bellecourt furnished many a sad

episode to my daily life; for, as I have said, I could not avoid crossing it. At the time when my aunt was first arrested, it was there that the guillotine was erected. Whether it were that there was no fixed hour for the executions, or that it was liable to be changed for some secret reason, it so happened that one day, having put off going out on purpose to avoid the fatal hour of noon, I was so unfortunate as to reach it at the very moment of an execution. Dangerous as it was to exhibit the slightest disapprobation, I turned away my head and fled, without heeding the remonstrances of Cantat. It seemed as if my feet were winged, yet my flight was not so rapid, but that seven times the cry of "Long live the Republic!" fell upon my ear. Seven heads fell amidst the acclamations of the insensate crowd which, happily for me, was too much captivated by this bloody spectacle to take notice of my horror, or of my flight, otherwise I should doubtless have been brought back to the foot of the scaffold, and forced to be a witness of its horrors.

Another time, at a still later hour, I met some victims, who it was said, were to be put to death by torchlight, to vary a scene which habit rendered monotonous. The guillotine having at length been transferred to the Place des Ter-



reaux, the trench dug to receive the blood of the victims, was filled up ; but as if the earth refused to hide this innocent blood, it reappeared to cry aloud to Heaven. This spot, opposite the Rue St. Dominique, long retained its crimson hue ; and an involuntary feeling of respect caused it to be avoided by the passers-by.

At length the gates of St. Joseph's opened to give me admittance, and I found all the ladies shut up in an apartment at the end of a spacious court, consisting of two very large rooms, which had no communication with any other building. These rooms had no windows, and only a small grating in the middle of the door served to admit both air and light. In one of them were some beds for those who could pay for them, the rest being crowded together on straw in the other. My aunt, in order to avoid sharing hers with any one else, chose one of the three truckle-beds that were in the room ; but to compensate for the advantage of sleeping alone, the three ladies who had chosen them were put in the worst place, underneath an immense chimney, which was stopped up as well as might be managed with straw, not sufficiently however to preserve them from cold and damp. My aunt's sufferings were much increased by this, and the rheumatism attacked her head, causing

her acute pain. There were fifteen beds in this room, and no fire to purify the air; so that once more the prisoners were reduced to the sole resource of the little foot-stoves. Every evening they were shut into their rooms, and every morning the doors were thrown open, and they were free to wander about the court, which was surrounded by lofty walls.

In the room inhabited by these ladies I beheld that which I have never seen elsewhere—a perfectly black canopy covering the ceiling, formed of innumerable cobwebs. The laborious weavers had no doubt pursued their toils for many years in the dank silence of these gloomy chambers, which had all the horrors of a dungeon. Every day they added to their labours, and the result was a tented canopy, which hanging down like an inverted dome to nearly half the height of the room, intercepted the air, and seemed like a vast shroud in which we were about to be enveloped. It was disgusting to look up; the solidity of the material gave evidence of the number and size of the creatures by which it was inhabited. In vain the ladies complained to the gaoler, and begged to have their room cleaned. He would not consent until they offered to defray the cost; and then some criminals, for whose services they had to pay

very dear, came and dislodged the spiders, who were delivered to the flames in the midst of the court, together with their venerable toils.

Madame Milanés, always destined to suffer especial constraint, inhabited a separate room at St. Joseph's as she had done at the Recluses, and with the same companions. They were brought into the court twice a day, but here they were suffered to remain longer in the enjoyment of the fresh air, the fountain, and the power of moving about. It is when we have lost all that we learn to estimate the intrinsic value of things, and to see how little is necessary to man's existence ! The captives would gather round the fountain, where the clear water falling into its basin showed a gleam of life in this court, where all seemed either dead or doomed to death. They loved the sound of this little runlet of limpid water, which was in itself a blessing and a consolation, of which the memory was grateful. The visits of the prisoners to each other were a great comfort to them. As they walked up and down they could impart to each other their hopes, their fears, and the news that were conveyed to them. If a stranger was admitted to see a friend or an acquaintance, she was received in the court ; her arrival caused a sudden agitation, the prisoners gathered round her to learn

what she could tell ; and even when her ignorance, or her prudence, kept her from replying to all their eager questions, the very sight of her was a pleasure, a welcome interruption to the uniformity of daily life.

Sometimes, too, prisoners were brought thither only for a few hours, which were followed by a speedy death. Amongst these was a worthy nun. I never saw anything to equal the calmness of this woman. Having no resources whatever, and nothing to live upon, she went to the municipality to claim the pension promised her by law.

“ But have you taken the oath ? ”

“ No,” replied she.

“ Well then, you no have right to it ; but take the oath, and you shall have it.”

“ I cannot take it.”

“ If you do not, you will be taken to prison.”

“ Then take me to prison.”

One of those present thought to lay a snare for her, or perhaps he may have been touched by her guileless serenity, and have wished to point out to her a way of escape. Listen,” said he. “ Make believe to take the oath. I will write it, and do you say nothing, and you will be saved.”

“ My conscience forbids me to save myself by a falsehood.”

“ But, wretched woman, you will die ! They are going to take you to the bad vault.”

“ Where is it ? I am ready,” and she was taken to St. Joseph’s. She found there three other nuns, who received her very affectionately, and passed that day and the night in prayer with her companions. They recited the prayers for the dying ; and in the midst of these pious exercises she was summoned away. At noon she was with the dead.

Three sisters, the Demoiselles Châtaignier, were brought thither about the same time—they had been arrested with a priest concealed in the house—and all four perished together with my aunt.

Every day she united her prayers to those of the good nuns who were lodged in the same room with her. Their piety shed a ray of consolation over this gloomy abode of suffering, and a holy perfume, a celestial light, emanated from the dark prison where these poor nuns forgot the things of earth, and raised their thoughts to heaven. It was thus that they soothed the rigours of their lot, or rather welcomed their approaching liberty. The soul which meekly accepts the trials sent it, which joyfully submits to the will of the Almighty, cannot be held captive. It springs upward towards its

God. Hymns of love and praise were heard in the prison ; and like the song of the three Israelites in the midst of the furnace, so their prayers ceased not to ascend to Heaven. Joyful in the midst of their sufferings, they sang of their deliverance, for death was about to unite them with the spirits of the blessed. It was a glorious spectacle ! Woe unto those who dare not recall it to their memory, or suffer their thoughts to dwell upon it ! Is there anything more noble than the spirit of man free in the midst of fetters, calm under adversity, neither fearing nor defying his persecutors ?

## CHAPTER XIII.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might  
Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,  
A treasure all undreamt of: as the night  
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll  
Unheard by day.

MRS. HEMANS.

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MY AUNT—LIFE AT ST. JOSEPH'S—NIGHT OF TERROR—FOUNTAIN—  
THE LADIES TRANSFERRED TO THE TOWN-HALL.

My aunt had a constitution naturally delicate, and her education had tended rather to the cultivation of her intellect than the strengthening of her judgment.\* Having been introduced into society when very young, she liked it from habit as well as

\* I do not even apologise for repeating myself on the subject of my aunt, convinced as I am, that any one putting themselves in my place will readily understand and forgive me, if my veneration for her leads me into occasional reiterations of the praises she so well deserved.

from taste, and very soon her agreeable manners attracted attention and gave her a leading position in it. Card-playing, the art of conversation, knowledge of the world and of its duties, became to her important studies, and the progress she made in them was undeniable. No one could do the honours of their house so well as she. No one had more gaiety, more *esprit*. She had a natural talent for repartee, and great readiness of speech, and in the freedom of social intercourse scattered pithy and witty sayings with a profusion that made her at times a formidable personage ; for she never could resist the temptation of saying a witty thing. "I had rather apologise afterwards," would she say. "How could I keep it to myself when it is so good?" But apologies could not always heal the wound inflicted, for her words struck home—they were so apt, and doomed their victim to ridicule. Such wounds are incurable, and many of her victims never forgave her. Thus may wit often veil the goodness of the heart.

She received people every day, enjoyed her card party, and kept a few people to supper every evening. It was then that she gave the reins to her natural liveliness, and that her conversation com-



municated its own sportive gaiety to all around her. Those were to her the pleasantest hours of the day. Her table was delicately yet abundantly furnished, and she frequently gave great dinners, at which she collected around her all the most agreeable members of the society of Moulins. Independent as she was, and possessed of a good fortune, there was nothing to restrain her enjoyment of the pleasures of life. She was a woman of the world, loving the world, shining in the world, and formed by the world. If I linger over the details of so frivolous a life, it is to claim the greater admiration for the work of misfortune, which rending away the glittering veil which had concealed her true character even from herself, revealed all the strength of her energetic and lofty spirit. At the first breath of trial she shook off the shining dust which she had mistaken for gold, and rose as if to a new life of dignity and greatness.

From the moment that our family was stricken by adversity, my aunt seemed to forget everything for our sake. Far above all thought of self, she appeared not to be even conscious of the privations she endured. Neither the horrors nor the inconveniences of her captivity ever drew from her

a word of complaint. She was always satisfied; she wished for nothing, was annoyed by nothing, and freely yielded herself up to the lot which Providence was pleased to assign to her. I never saw her give way for a single moment to anxiety on her own account. All her solicitude was for us, for my father, and for his children; and now doubly alarmed for the safety of the one deposit left in her hands, she thought only of the means of securing its safety.

It was doubtless to avoid my being seen, and perhaps arrested, that she positively forbade me to ask for anything on her account, or to take any steps whatever with reference to her. The animosity with which the search for my father was still carried on, made her fear lest such bitterness of hate should react upon me, and she desired to shield me from observation. She had already made the sacrifice of herself.

But how shall we estimate the thoughts and feelings of so generous a nature? How do justice to the lofty simplicity of her self-devotion? I will not attempt it; for spirit must speak to spirit, the heart must be judged by the heart alone. Words are powerless to describe such calm

unshrinking abnegation of self—powerless to express how much I owe her.

Every day at dusk the ladies were shut in to their two rooms, which were divided by a massive wall, through which there was no communication, so that once shut in, they could neither see nor hear each other; and the turnkey, having counted them over, to be sure that their numbers were complete, left them with perfect security; for what means had they of attempting escape?

One night, when sleep had given some respite to their sorrows, by affording them an interval of forgetfulness, they were roused from this grateful repose by a fearful noise in the adjoining room. Shrieks, groans, and reiterated knocks at the door of it, filled them with alarm. Crowding round the narrow grating, through which alone they could see anything, they strove, in spite of the darkness, to discover whether the executioners had arrived, and the massacre had commenced. Perfect tranquillity reigned in the court-yard, of which the silence and darkness contrasted strangely with the fearful noises that rang upon their ears.

Filled with terror at the idea of some vague

unknown danger, their shrieks, mingling with those of their companions, increased their own alarm, which, in its turn, gave fresh strength to their voices, and rose almost to delirium; while the noise in the next room gradually died away, their clamours reached the ears of the gaoler, who came, imagining that the prison was attacked, and found only—some dying women! They were on the brink of suffocation, the fumes of the charcoal had overpowered the small supply of fresh air which made its way into their room.

Madame de Cléricault was, I believe, the first who became insensible. Her companions supported her by turns, close to the little grating, through which alone any air was admitted; but their strength soon gave way, they sank down in their turn, and their failing voices would have been spent together with their lives, if assistance had not been obtained. They were carried into the court, where they all presently recovered. Of course, the stove was not used again. The next day my aunt informed me of the terrors of the night. “A little air and a little water,” added she, “sufficed to allay them. It is little, indeed, that is essential to our existence.”

I soon became more reconciled to the life at St. Joseph's, than I had been to that at the Recluses. It was further off, it is true ; but there I was sure of admittance, sure of seeing and embracing my aunt, and that made me forget my fatigue. We used to walk together in the court, which though desolate and dreary was spacious, and thus permitted us to draw aside, to speak at our ease upon the subjects which most closely concerned us, without fearing lest our secrets should be overheard. We listened together to the rippling of the water, of which the murmuring sound and limpid purity soothed our feelings, and awoke tender recollections in our minds. We were united both in feeling and in thought. As there was nothing else belonging to earth to which I could listen with her, I seemed, as it were, to gather up and concentrate my affections, in order the better to share with her the slender enjoyments which she was still suffered to possess.

Those hours had many charms, sad indeed, but very sweet ! My aunt was the sole object of my thoughts, it was for her that I lived. I came every day, in the hope of coming again on the morrow. My fears had given place to a

species of security, and it never occurred to me that one day would be different from the preceding one. I was thunderstruck, therefore, when I heard the words: "She is no longer here; she is at the Town-hall."\*

Those alone who lived at that time in Lyons can understand the full import of the terrible words, "She is at the Town-hall." The Revolutionary Tribunal held its sittings in that noble edifice, of which the spacious vaults were used as a temporary prison, for those summoned to appear before it. But the very words were almost equivalent to a sentence of death; for the blood-thirsty judges, eager for executions, found

\* The Town-hall was a fine piece of architecture; and at that period the public were suffered to pass through it, in order to go from the Place des Terreaux to the Place de la Comédie, which facilitated the escape of several of the prisoners. Its cellars were used as dungeons, into which were thrown thousands of unhappy beings, subsequently given up to the executioner. A few were forgotten there, and were at length restored to the light of day. The cellars on the left were called the "bad cellars," those on the right the "good cellars," although many were the victims they furnished to the executioner; but for those who were confined in the latter there remained at least some hope of life.

all guilty; and but for the necessity, or perhaps the fears, which compelled them to observe the forms of justice, perhaps not one of those who came before them would ever have been declared innocent.

END OF VOL. I.

**PRIVATE TRIALS**  
**AND**  
**PUBLIC CALAMITIES:**  
**OR,**  
**THE EARLY LIFE OF**  
**ALEXANDRINE DES ECHEROLLES.**

—  
**VOL. II.**





**PRIVATE TRIALS**  
**AND**  
**PUBLIC CALAMITIES:**  
**OR,**  
**THE EARLY LIFE OF**  
**ALEXANDRINE DES ECHEROLLES,**  
**DURING THE TROUBLES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

**FROM THE FRENCH.**  
**BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "THE SICILIAN VESPERS," AND THE**  
**AUTHOR OF "GENTLE INFLUENCE."**

**"Courage was cast about her like a dress  
Of solemn comeliness.  
A gathered mind, and an untroubled face,  
Did give her dangers grace."** **DONNE.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**  
**VOL. II.**

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**PRIVATE TRIALS**  
**AND**  
**PUBLIC CALAMITIES:**  
**OR,**  
**The Early Life of**  
**ALEXANDRINE DES ECHEROLLES.**

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**CHAPTER I.**

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
While my soul, like peaceful palmer,  
Travelleth tow'rds the land of heaven;  
Other balm will not be given.

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH.**

Alas! and we love so well,  
In a world where anguish like this can dwell!

**MRS. HEMANS.**

---

**MY AUNT INTERROGATED — HER FELLOW-CAPTIVES — MY AUNT  
TAKEN TO THE BAD VAULT—I APPEAL TO PARCIN, CORCHANT,  
AND P—— IN VAIN—MY AUNT EXECUTED.**

My aunt was at the Town Hall! There was no  
more looking forward to the future! Nothing to



be contemplated but the fearful present, a day which might have no morrow ! God knows what was the anguish of my heart !

I hastened thither at once, and on seeing the great red seal upon my order, the sentinels suffered me to pass, and the gaoler admitted me without difficulty.

I found my aunt in the Hall of Commerce, with all her companions, besides several other prisoners, who either had been examined already or were about to be so. This hall, adjoining which was the revolutionary tribunal, was on the first floor, and the window commanded a view of the whole Place des Terreaux, at the end of which was the guillotine.

What I said to my aunt I know not ; but I kissed her and clasped her in my arms. Almost bewildered at finding myself there, I dared not breathe, I dared hardly think, lest I should make a noise and in some way increase the danger and compromise her.

A crowd of people filled this room, which contained no furniture, and of which the parquet floor was covered by a thick layer of straw, ground to fragments beneath the feet of the unfortunate persons who trampled it in their restless paces to and fro. It was an abode of anguish, a brief sojourn

between life and death ; and how much sorrow had it not witnessed. All felt that every tie was then about to be severed, and the words " life or death," hovered on the lips of all !

Within this narrow space, each one of these prisoners, bending beneath the burden of his own fate, struggled against his alarms, and moved restlessly about, unable to endure his fears, his hopes, and above all the tortures of suspense. We also, in our agitation, paced quickly up and down. My aunt had already appeared before this sanguinary tribunal, and had been accused of fanaticism—an accusation grounded on the little book of prayers found in her pocket,—and of her influence over her brother, whom they said she had instigated to rebellion, of which she had herself favoured the progress. After a few more insignificant questions she had been dismissed. The examinations were still going on ; we heard the prisoners called one after another, and saw them go out and soon return, for the judges got through their business quickly. All returned in ignorance of their fate, but such uncertainty did not last long.

When the person accused was sentenced to be shot, the president of the tribunal raised his hand to his forehead ; when he was to be guillotined, he touched the axe hanging from his bosom. Lastly,

if he were to be set at liberty, he laid his hand upon the register placed beside him. The prisoners themselves were ignorant of the meaning of these signs, which, if carelessly made, or imperfectly interpreted, may probably have cost many lives. Let us hope that some may likewise have been saved by them.

In the midst of this unquiet crowd, I recognised Chinard, the sculptor, whom I had seen at the Recluses.\* I beheld him pacing the room with long strides, which, in the agitation of his mind, he hastened as the decisive moment drew near, elbowing and running against every one, although perceiving no one. He seemed to believe himself alone, and having no consciousness but for him-

\* Chinard had powerful enemies as well as powerful friends. Three times he had been set free, and three times he had been again arrested on the Place des Terreaux itself, upon fresh accusations. I believe he was more fortunate this time. The revolutionary barbarism, which waged war against every trace of royalty, had broken the statue of Henry IV., which adorned the front of the Town Hall. Chinard was ordered to make one of Liberty to replace it. The attitude he chose was not approved. The goddess held the civic crown in rather an awkward manner, and not sufficiently forward. The Jacobins attributed this to an intentional want of respect to the divinity, and a wish to render her worship ridiculous. And this was one of the worst crimes attributed to him by his enemies.

self, he was speaking aloud. "Shall I at length be set free? Is it true that I shall cross the threshold of these doors? But will it be to live, to return hither once more—or—?" And his gaze traversing the Place des Terreaux, rested upon the guillotine.

I saw also the so-called soldier-girl.\* A good

\* I saw her for the first time at the Recluses. She habitually wore a man's great coat. Her manners were rough and her speech abrupt, but she was an excellent creature. I believe she was the daughter of a shopkeeper at Thiers, and had fled from home in order to follow her lover to Lyons, where he was killed during the siege, as stated above. As she was taken in arms, there was every reason to think she would be condemned. She frequently drew near my aunt, and sought consolation from intercourse with her. She had said to her long before, "I shall die, and I deserve it; but you will live, and you deserve to do so. Promise me that when you are free you will go to Thiers, to my father and mother, and tell them, that I beg them to forgive me; that I died penitent, and have atoned for the faults of my lifetime by an honourable death." I saw her tremble as she was about to appear before the judges; but when summoned to the tribunal she controlled her fears, and came forward with a firm step: "Well," said she, with an oath, and resuming her military tone, "you wish to kill me, as your bullets killed my lover. Here I am, make haste and let me follow him—do not keep me waiting." This language pleased them, and she was acquitted.

girl and a brave soldier, who had assumed the uniform of her lover slain beside her, in order to avenge his death, and to replace the man missing at his post. She was an excellent creature and beloved by all, but even she trembled then.

Madame de St. Fons was violently agitated, and the change that was taking place in her mind might already have been perceived, but that all were absorbed in other thoughts.\* The greater number of the ladies were calm and resigned, and waited in silence.

I know not how it was that even then the ultimate fate of some few was suspected. A blessed gleam of light had shone upon a few ladies who knew that they should be set at liberty. I cannot forget the difference between the faces which beamed with hope and those which had bidden farewell to it. The Place des Terreaux was already crowded with people, eager to see and welcome those who were set free. My aunt was not amongst them. "I know," said she to me, "that

\* Madame de St. Fons had not strength of mind to endure her sentence of condemnation. When in the middle of the night they came to convey the ladies to the *bad vault*, she was out of her mind. An act of clemency, very unusual at that time, sent her to an asylum. I do not know what became of her afterwards.

many women are to be put to death this tenth day, and I know what my own fate will be. I shall die." I endeavoured to combat this conviction, but did not succeed in shaking it. I could not make up my mind to contemplate her loss.

I think I see her still, as calm and resigned as her companions in misfortune, and with a countenance full of serenity. People were moving about and around us, but she perceived no one. Her eyes were fixed upon me, and I had eyes for her alone. My heart was overflowing with misery, and was yet filled with a kind of joy, that of love enduring until death. I was conscious only of her presence, and yet it seems to me as if a veil were drawn over those last moments. I cannot even recollect her words. But words are few at such a moment.

"You will come back after the release of the prisoners, and bring me my dinner yourself."\* She was very near the door, and gazing at me

\* Every tenth day a certain number of prisoners were set free. Great pomp attended this ceremony; which, while it declared the innocence of a few, rendered the guilt of the many more probable. It was a show of justice which satisfied the people. It even sometimes happened that those who were set at liberty in the morning, were again imprisoned in the evening, and subsequently led to the scaffold.

with eyes full of gentleness and sadness, as she embraced me for the last time. Oh, my God! was this her blessing? Why did the door open and then close upon me? I never saw her more.

The gaoler put the finishing stroke to my misery by tearing up my order. "It is not valid," said he, "you cannot be admitted again." A lingering feeling of compassion had induced him to let me in.

"Oh! do let me in again, never to come out," cried I, pressing with all my might against the door which had already parted me from her for ever. "Can I not see her again?"

But the door opened no more. I was driven from it, found myself in the ante-chamber of the tribunal, and was driven on further still. All was over.

A great part of this day is an absolute blank in my memory. One thought absorbed all others, I was not to see her again; and what was all beside to me!

St. Jean was present at the release of the prisoners. He looked sad when he returned, and I durst not question him, nor did he venture to tell me the names of those who were released. Everything seemed conspiring to warn me that she must die. I was in a state of complete prostration.

Old Forêt, touched by my distress, dressed himself in his best and went to his son, the member of the municipal council, to endeavour to interest him in my aunt's fate. This was an act of great courage on his part, and I was much touched by it, though I had little hope from it, remembering the words of this bloodthirsty man. His entreaties were fruitless, and he came home ashamed of his son, silent and sad, for he was naturally kind-hearted, and but for his weakness would have been an honest man.

Towards evening Madame de Bellecise sent me word to come up to her. Her daughter, Madame Milanés, set at liberty that morning, was come to see her. The blood curdled to my heart. "No, no," I exclaimed, "I cannot, I will not see her. What has my aunt done that she too should not be set at liberty?"

My soul was overflowing with bitterness. Suddenly I beheld at my side the still beautiful face of Madame de Bellecise. Her grey hair, the mild serenity of her countenance, the virtues of her whole life, combined to fit her for the office of the angel of consolation. She had obtained her keeper's leave to come down to me. Her looks of affection were the first to greet me; and she spoke to me with a gentle tenderness which dis-



armed my resistance. I followed her, but it cost me a great effort; and in the vehemence of my sorrow I even thought it unjust in her to compel me to do so.

It was, however, from kindness that Madame Milanés was anxious to see me, and had she not been afraid of my keeper, she would have come herself; but her position was one which demanded the utmost circumspection, and made it essential to her safety that she should do all in her power to escape notice.

I burst into tears at the sight of her, and she wept with me as she reflected upon my loneliness. There was something so maternal in her pity that my heart opened to her. She endeavoured to comfort me, and to give me a shadow of hope based upon the length of time that some of the prisoners had been detained at the Hôtel de Ville, previous to being set at liberty. She told me that she should be apprised of all that passed there, and would inform me of it, in order that I might take all the necessary steps to obtain my aunt's deliverance. "You must spare no effort to save her," added she. And I went to bed a little more calm because there still remained something for me to do for the object of my undivided affection.

Madame Milanés' maid, a very active and intelligent person, who was acquainted with most of those in power, and had rendered important services to her mistress, came early the next morning to fetch me. My aunt was in the *bad vault*, whither she had been removed in the night. "There is then no hope!" cried I.

"To-day, at least," she replied, "there will be no executions. The regiment and the revolutionary army of Paris have refused to serve together; they have been fighting, and their disunion gives us one day's respite. Come, you must take advantage of it to endeavour to see Parcin, the President of the Tribunal."

I followed her to the Quay St. Clair, where he lived. It was said that before he became a terrorist, he had been an indifferent shoemaker, on a small scale.

We waited in the court-yard of his house, together with a great many women of all ranks, gathered thither, doubtless, by the same sad cause. People were not permitted to approach those in power, and we had waited a long time when we saw an officer rapidly descending the stairs and walking away. "Is that Parcin?" cried a few voices.

"No," replied a man stationed there to inter-

cept our advance ; “that is the Commandant of the Place.”

“Run and overtake him,” said my protectress, in a low voice. “It is he, I know him ; but it is true that he is commandant, and he does not wish to be recognised.”

He walked so fast that I had some difficulty in overtaking him, and when I did so I was too much out of breath to speak plain. As he did not stop at the sound of my voice, I took him by the arm, and running along beside him I gave a free vent to my grief.

“She is not guilty ! No doubt she is mistaken for some one else ; let her be interrogated again. Give her back to me ! She is innocent ! Give her back to me ! I am an orphan, and have none left but her. What will become of me without her ? She is my second mother ; I owe her everything. She is my support—she is all that remains to me—she is innocent ! Examine her again ; restore her to me. She is innocent !”

I could utter none but disjointed exclamations. My emotion and the speed with which we walked stifled my voice and my breathing. His countenance appeared to me perfectly impassible. I did not see there a trace of feeling. He did not once look at me, and merely let fall these words—“I

will see." I redoubled my entreaties. "I will see," he again repeated, and rudely repulsing me, he redoubled his speed.

My companion now rejoined me, and took me to the house of Corchant, one of the judges. He was more accessible, and we were permitted to enter. He was at his toilet, and his beard was being trimmed. He had the reputation of being milder than his colleagues, but his sole reply to my urgent entreaties was likewise only—"We will see."

We were unable to obtain access to the other judges. At length I went to Marino ; he received me civilly, but refused to interfere. "This business does not concern me," said he.

"But," resumed I, bursting into tears, "cannot you say a good word for me?" He was not to be moved, however.

I passed the whole day in the streets, wandering about the Hôtel de Ville. Madame Milanés had written for me a brief petition to Parcin ; I gave it to him myself at the corner of a street. "I will see," was all he replied. At length, in the evening, I went to the office of the Provisional Commission, and waited as usual in the ante-room, exposed to all the coarse gibes of the soldiers on duty. "What, crying ! have you lost your lover ? No matter, you will find another." And one

of them drew near me. Heavens! how much bitterness was mingled with my grief! At that moment some one said to me: "Here comes Citizen P——."

It was he that I was waiting for; I had already sought him at his lodgings,\* and wished to entreat him once more. Weeping, I sprang forward to meet him. "It is my aunt; it is her life that I would obtain! She's a mother to me! She is all I have! Why cannot I die with her?" exclaimed I, repeating my constant cry.

"As an individual, I feel for your distress, but as a public man I can do nothing for you." And he turned his back upon me, without any sign or semblance of pity.

This man to whom I had addressed my petition—whom I had seen at my father's house, who had sate at his table, whom I had approached without shrinking—was the very man who had pronounced her death-warrant. "Let her perish," was his reply to those who said to him "There is nothing against this townswoman of yours." "Let

\* I had found him like one partially stupified by drunkenness — his eyes half closed, red, and swollen. Wearied by excesses, no doubt, he could no longer sleep—how could he have found rest? He received me without harshness, but refused all my entreaties.

her perish ; let the soil of the Republic be freed from her. She is a monster of aristocracy." And it was that man that I implored with all the fearless abandonment of intense grief. My tears flowed unchecked, my words likewise ; no fear restrained me, for what was there now left for me to fear ?\*

The next day I went early to the Town Hall, and stationed myself at the bottom of the stairs which led to the tribunal, in hopes of seeing the judges go by. But no one appeared ; doubtless there were other accesses which enabled them to escape the clamours of importunate petitioners. It was then that a man, having asked my name, made me a sign to follow him. I did so at a distance with a beating heart, in the hope of seeing her again, but in this I was disappointed. I mounted to the third floor, where my guide led me into a room which looked out upon the court, and then having satisfied himself that no one had seen me, he gave me my aunt's knife and her

\* The Abbé Guillon de Montléon says that P—— was the President of the Provisional Commission. I did not then know his office, but I knew him to be powerful. I learnt afterwards that he had been her murderer. He is the only one of those great criminals whom I could not have borne to see again.

*étui*, which she sent to me, and which had been consigned to him, he said, by a man whom he did not know. She knew then that I was at hand; she guessed that I should be found near the place of her confinement. I received these precious memorials with profound respect, and pleaded urgently for the favour of being admitted to see her; but he was deaf to my questions, unmoved by my prayers, and would undertake nothing.

Some few people did, I believe, obtain access to the *bad vault*, but the price demanded was immense, and what had I to give? I reverently kissed the treasures which my aunt had touched. Some compassionate souls were then still left, whose mission was to mingle some sweetness with the bitter cup we were called upon to drink. Perhaps, although he would promise nothing, this man may have reported to my aunt the words of her child, and afforded her loving heart the only consolation it might yet experience, by saying, "I have seen her; she loves you, weeps for you, and prays for you!"

During this wretched morning I never quitted the Town Hall. I was in a state of misery which I cannot describe. I wandered about the courts without finding what I sought, and had not the sentinels turned me back, I should have gone to

the very tribunal to ask for her. At length I stood transfixed before the fatal door through which she was to go out; I wished to see her once more, and then to die also. To see her, though I feared lest she should see me, and her courage might be shaken; and yet I kept crying out "I must see her again!" But here my memory fails. I saw people inquiring into the cause of my tears, which alone made me aware that they were flowing. I heard the hours strike; how quickly they passed. One quarter to twelve! I wanted to stay. Twelve!—Some one endeavoured to lead me away; and I went. Why did I go? Why did my courage fail? Could she think that I had forsaken her? If there be any consideration which can afford me consolation for not having seen her again, it is that the sight of me and of my grief might have rendered her sacrifice the more bitter.



## CHAPTER II.

The world's a room of sickness, where each heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest ;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,  
Is his, who skills of comfort best ;  
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone  
Enfeebled spirits own,  
And love to raise the languid eye,  
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by.

KEBLE.

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MY AUNT'S LAST NOTE—MADAME DE BELLECISE—MADAME MILANES  
—SHE WISHES ME TO GO TO SWITZERLAND—I REFUSE.

I WAS in a state of almost entire stupefaction, and overwhelmed with sorrow, when, about three o'clock, a knock was heard, and a woman, who was a stranger to us, left a note, and withdrew. The note was from my aunt, who was already with the dead, whose loss overpowered me with such bitter sorrow, and flung so dark

a shadow over my youth. The note was as follows.\*

“My best love to you, my dear good child. My note of yesterday did not reach you: be careful of your health and of that of your two friends. Many thanks for the coffee: I have just drank some. I beg of you to go and see your sister with them. Ask for nothing back, and send me very little. All belongs to Cantat and Marigni. I embrace you with all my heart, but have no hope of doing so in person. I have asked to be examined again. Take care of your health, and love your aunt who loves you, and prays for your happiness and to see you again. Do not try to obtain leave to see me. Much kind love to our neighbours; seek to interest them in your fate. Farewell, my dear little girl.

“I send you a box (it was a snuff-box, which I did not receive, nor yet the other articles alluded to; I suppose the man who gave me the *étui* and the knife, kept them for himself), which you can send back at dinner-time to-morrow, together with the *étui*, and the other trifles. I have another

\* It is painful to me to give to the public words so dear and so sacred, which can have comparatively little interest for them. I wished to re-write these pages, but my courage failed me.

box for to-day, and have need of nothing. I wish I could repay what I owe you. I am quite well."

This note, which was directed to Cantat, was written on a bit of paper which seemed to have been torn from an old book, and was without a date. Those who lived in those fearful times may detect the prudence and the foresight which dictated lines apparently so simple; and appreciate the tranquil resignation which does not even utter one superfluous word, much less a shadow of complaint. All, however, may admire it. It was from God alone that could be derived the strength which was her sole support and her glory.

What were my feelings on reading this simple note, traced by a hand now laid at rest for ever! But a few hours ago, in the fulness of health and vigour, her soul had ascended to heaven after dedicating its last thoughts to the consolation of my grief. "I am quite<sup>e</sup> well—I love you, and wish I could repay what I owe you." What could she owe me for services which it was my happiness to render to her? She had loved me with a mother's love, and had been arrested and perished in the stead of my father.

How much counsel was contained in this note, in which she had doubtless restrained the expres-

sion of her affection, lest, like the one of the preceding day, it should be prevented from reaching me !

“ Take care of your health,” was twice repeated. “ My two friends,” meant St. Jean and Cantat. She was grateful for the trouble they had had in her service ; and by speaking of them, thus hoped to induce them to remain faithful to me. “ Ask for nothing back ;” she was fearful lest I should expose myself to danger by reclaiming our sequestered goods. In saying “ all belongs to Cantat and Marigni,” she conveyed to them an intimation to claim them for me. A similar feeling of prudence made her forbid me to seek to see her. This prohibition was an eternal farewell ; it was to tell me whither she was gone. “ Send me but very little,” meant that her life would be short ; that she should no longer receive what I sent ; that I had better reserve my scanty resources for myself. “ I beg you to go and see your sister ;” while pointing out to me a place of refuge, she thought, doubtless, that my presence there would prevent the sale of Les Echerolles ; that thus something would be saved for my father to fall back upon ; and that probably my youth might shield me from the hatred borne to my family. She had no hope of seeing me again yet she sought to revive my

courage by giving me one ray of it. "I have asked to be again examined." And the box, which she bade me to return to-morrow!—She would have had me think that there was a morrow for her. I knew that there was none!

Lastly, she commended me to the kindness of our neighbours. My fate was the object of her deepest solicitude; and how painful to her must it have been to leave me thus alone! In the evening I heard some one weeping silently beside me; it was Madame de Bellecise! It was long before she sought to address to me any words of consolation, and this gentle compassion tended in some degree to soften my excessive distress. Those tears were worth far more than words. My courage failed at the prospect of my utter loneliness. I knew not where my father was, nor whether my brothers were still living. The life, which had been the guiding-star of mine, had been cut off; nothing now remained to me but tears, and those I could not shed.

Madame de Bellecise perceived it; she remained like a ministering angel beside me; and when her tears had softened my grief, and the state of statue-like tension, in which I had been for hours, gave way, and I was able to weep, my eyes sought hers to read in them the language of a heart which

bled in sympathy with mine, and I felt no longer alone. It seemed to me as if my aunt still spoke to me, though her gentle tones, her tears, her pitying eyes, reminded me yet of those dear ones. And when she asked me to follow her, I rose and did so willingly, that I might give way to my sorrow at her side. Madame Milanés also joined us. My situation seemed to affect her deeply, and she assured me of her friendship.

“Do you purpose seeking to rejoin your father?” said she to me. “I am acquainted with a family,” (she meant her own,) “which is going to Switzerland, and will readily take charge of you thither. You may, perhaps, find him there; and at any rate you can wait with them until you are able to rejoin him.” I refused this offer, for had I not even now received my aunt’s note, expressing her wish that I would return to my sister.

“You see, Madam, it is not in my power.”

“Very well, Alexandrine, but if I can be of any service to you in your arrangements for your departure, do not hesitate to employ me.”

After the loss of my aunt there was nothing which could add to my distress, except my ignorance of all that which had preceded her last moments. Thanks to Providence, some details

subsequently reached me, which will not be out of place here.

I am indebted for them to M. de Révéroni, who, thanks to very influential protection, was withdrawn from the *bad vault* but a few hours before the execution. He was with the ladies, and like them preparing for death; God in His mercy granting them the assistance of a priest destined to share their fate.

They spent the night previous to their execution in prayer, humbly confessed their faults, and asked for God's grace to enable them to meet their deaths courageously. Their resignation and pious fervour were such that M. de Révéroni, himself a husband and father, grieved to be withdrawn from amongst them, the hope of life did not appear to him comparable to so glorious a death. He had consummated his sacrifice, and already earth had faded from his view. He bade a sad farewell to these travellers towards heaven, and then turned wearily back to the toils of this world.

He has frequently said that this scene would never be effaced from his memory, and that words were feeble to express the peace of that solemn night. How I longed to hear the account from his own lips, but I sought him in vain.

The same holy calm which had reigned in the

gloomy vault accompanied them to the scaffold. When the door of their dungeon was thrown open for the last time, they were seen to come forth with the greatest tranquillity. They listened in profound silence while their sentence was read, and descending from the Hôtel de Ville with equal serenity, they walked with a firm step to the place of execution. When they reached the foot of the guillotine, the priest gave them his blessing. My aunt was the first to ascend it. She was followed by Mademoiselle Ollier, who desired to address the people, but this was not permitted. Afterwards came the rest. The man of God was the last to die. Like a faithful shepherd, he did not enter into his rest until he had seen his sheep beyond the reach of danger.

And did not God receive into His glory the souls of those who for love of Him had endured all their sufferings in the genuine spirit of charity? and while bitter tears were bursting from my eyes, sobs from my bleeding heart, was not heaven opened to *them*? had they not attained to all knowledge? had they not already received their reward?

Such a death is indeed glorious—Thou, oh Lord! didst not esteem me worthy of it! I was destined for a longer journey, that I might have



the opportunity of meditating on Thy ways, and being fortified by fresh trials. Alas ! I was often weary of my calamities, and dared to ask, why all the happiness of life was lavished upon so many others, while I was destined to live on unheeded in loneliness and poverty ; but the Lord at length deigned to draw me back to Him, and to teach me His counsel, and then I perceived that many a misfortune may be in truth a blessing. Many are the souls who have been purified by suffering in the depths of those gloomy dungeons, where He caused the torch of faith to shine before their eyes. Absorbed in the concerns of business or of pleasure, the greater number of them had forgotten the way of salvation until these trials were sent to reclaim them. Then they acknowledged their errors, and esteemed themselves highly favoured in being permitted to testify their repentance by their endurance of “ the light affliction which is but for a moment.” While even the wicked, whose yoke of iron was an instrument in His hands for the chastisement of His people, are not cut off from the hope of appeasing Him by the repentance of the heart. By how many crimes is purchased the possession of the transitory treasures of earth ! Already many of those who sought to usurp power

over their fellow-men have disappeared from amongst them, and are despoiled of the empty riches which were the price of innocent blood. They flourished but a day, and I may exclaim with the Psalmist: "I went by, and lo! they were gone: their place was nowhere to be found."

## CHAPTER III.

Life is before ye ! from the fated road  
Ye cannot turn : then take ye up your load.  
Not yours to tread, or leave, the unknown way,  
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.  
Gird up your souls within you to the deed,  
Angels and fellow-spirits bid you speed !

FANNY KEMBLE.



A DAY OF SOLITUDE—VISIT FROM M. ALEXANDRE—DISTRESS OF  
CANTAT—HE TAKES ME WITH HIM TO FONTAINE—KINDNESS  
OF THE CHAZIERES FAMILY.

THE next day I withdrew into a little parlour adjoining my room, and spent the whole of the day in complete solitude. The keeper respected my grief, and had discretion enough not to intrude upon me. Absorbed in reflections of which God alone was witness, I wept before Him over

my objectless existence ; life was now to me a dreary blank, and my spirit would not cleave to earth. With my aunt I had lost the object of my care, my hopes, my fears. She had been my first thought on awakening, my last on lying down to rest. What was left me now to do here below ? Without her, all around me was a desert, and my spirit pined to be re-united to hers in heaven.

I had kept no account of time ; and no sound had been able to arouse me from my deep and solemn meditations. Struggling with my overwhelming grief, I was endeavouring to rise above it and to master it, when my door opened, and old Forêt entered, followed, to my great consternation, by a republican guard, who, dismissing the keeper with an imperious gesture, I found myself alone with—M. Alexandre !

“What !” I exclaimed, “is that you ? And where is my father ?”

“I do not know where he is at this moment,” replied he. “We were arrested near the frontier, the authenticity of our papers being suspected. While the people who should have examined them were being fetched, your father won over the man left in charge of us, by giving him his watch ; he suffered us to escape through the window, and we were so fortunate as to reach Fontaine again after

a very short absence. Mine had not even been perceived, so I resumed my office. Your father has just set out again alone, Bourdin went off in another direction, and Charmet remains at home. Being warned that I had been denounced to the authorities of the town district, I am come with all speed to have my real passport verified by the authorities of the country district, before the denunciation becomes known and I am exposed to dangers even greater than those I have already encountered. I am going away, and have taken leave of the worthy Chazières, but I promised them to inquire if you had still any bread," (in their kindness they had several times sent me a supply). "If you want some, let them know, and they will bring it you."

"Oh no ! I want nothing more," replied I. "My aunt died yesterday."

"And you," resumed he, quickly, "what shall you do ? what will become of you ?"

"I shall await my fate ; I know that this night there are to be several domiciliary visits, and I shall be arrested."

"Indeed !"

"Yes, I have been warned of it : the prisons are becoming empty, and they wish to re-fill them."

“And you would stay?”

“Yes.”

“You would stay quietly here and wait for them?”

“Yes, I have no other wish; I even long for the time to come.”

“This will not do,” said he; “you had better return with me. I will go back immediately, and take you to Mother Chazières.”

“No, leave me; I will not seek to fly from my destiny. I wish to die; I wish to follow her. What have I now to do upon earth? I long for death.”

“But I will not permit it,” said he, in a tone of determination. “Doubtless Providence has sent me hither for the performance of a sacred duty, and I will obey its mandates. I am the only person here who knows your father, and the last who saw him; I assume his authority, and in his name I command you to fly from the death for which you long. How do you know that you would even have the privilege of dying? Who can tell what fate might be reserved for you in the prison, whither you would go? You provided for your aunt; but who will provide for you? Would you reckon upon interested services, which sometimes even failed your aunt? You must live for your father and for your

brothers, whom some day you will see again. In their name I summon and command you to get up and follow me."

He spoke with authority, but I still resisted. "I have no desire to live; leave me; perhaps even now I am alone in the world. My path is clear before me: Heaven points it out, and I will follow it."

"Well then," resumed M. Alexandre, "I will not leave you; and you will have my death to answer for."

On hearing these words I rose. "You have conquered," said I; "let us go. I have no right thus to assume the disposal of your fate."

I had no sooner consented, than Cantat entered.

"I am taking away your mistress," said he; "she will not sleep here to-night."

At this intelligence Cantat burst into tears. "What! are you taking her away?" cried she. "And what will become of us? They will come to-night to arrest her; and if they do not find her, they will throw *us* into prison. Leave her with us!"

I cannot describe the expression of M. Alexandre's countenance. At first it was that of astonishment, as if he had not understood her; then of anger, which he could scarcely control.

“Wretched woman! is that all you think of? You would sacrifice the last of your master’s family, the last who remains to you! You, who should think yourself happy to give your life to save her! But you are not deserving of such a fate; you are unworthy to die for her.”\*

In his just displeasure, he had raised his voice, and poor Cantat’s tears had been at once checked by this resolute man, before whom she stood petrified with fear. It seemed as if her consciousness were suspended, so motionless did she stand, without word or sign.

Next came the keeper: he had not heard what M. Alexandre said; but the loud tones of his voice had reached him, and he came to inquire into the cause of the dispute. M. Alexandre left him no time to ask a question, but informed him in a tone of authority, that he was the bearer of an order to take me away that moment. Old Forêt, feeling a profound respect for the republican uniform, bowed his consent, and opened the door for us. That which had happened convinced

\* The reader should not judge Cantat as severely as did M. Alexandre. She was a good woman in the main, and fond of me. I do not think she knew herself what she was saying at that moment of terror.



me that there was no time to be lost, and I went out, scarcely knowing what I was about.

All this passed so rapidly, that I am convinced we misunderstood Cantat's meaning, and that she had no time to set us right. It is but justice to say here, that the poor girl, although she had an unpleasant temper, had not a bad heart, nor have I the least reason to look upon her as an enemy. I often think that she took M. Alexandre for what he appeared to be ; and that while trying to persuade him to leave me at liberty, she herself intended to conceal me from the search that we dreaded. I confess that, not wishing to put her to shame, I have never questioned her concerning that moment, whether it were of error or of delirious fear.

I went away, leaving behind me, with regret, the only creature that had remained faithful to me, but which I durst not take with me—my little dog, whose honest eyes and affectionate caresses had welcomed my return every evening to my cheerless fireside. It was a real happiness to me to be subsequently reunited to this last remaining faithful little friend. She had been a favourite both with my father and my aunt ; she was like a relic of them, and my farewell glance said to her : "They loved you."

I proceeded rapidly along with my guide, whose uniform served us a passport; and having passed the gates of the town without the slightest difficulty, we soon found ourselves free, and in the open country. We had felt it of importance to make our exit as speedily as possible, because it was late for going out, and our doing so at undue hours might have excited attention. It soon grew very dark, and a fine soaking rain was falling. Our progress was rendered slow and fatiguing, by the impossibility of distinguishing anything; and nothing but M. Alexandre's intimate acquaintance with the road, could have enabled us to find it, amidst the pitchy darkness which protected our flight.

For my part, I gave myself up with full confidence to the care of this generous man, walking cautiously, and seeking to avoid making any noise, or meeting any one. In the silence of this nocturnal march, I recalled to mind all the sad events which had led me to wander thus at night, amongst the fields, young as I was, and alone with a young man, and a comparative stranger.

We arrived very late at Fontaine. The excellent people with whom I sought refuge, received me cordially. M. Alexandre informed them of

my calamity, and commended me to their care. They wept with me, and welcomed me with all the delicacy which is natural to minds of a high order. Half the night was spent in relating our several histories. M. Alexandre's return was a cause of joy to the whole family, and a good fire and supper restored us from our fatigues. Having long talked over the miseries of the present, and those which the morrow had in store—of the gloomy past and the dreaded future, I bade good-night to my guide, and holding out my hand to him, I sought to express my gratitude, but had no words to do so. "I shall see you to-morrow," I said; but I saw him no more. He had set out again before day-break. I do not know whether he be still living, or where may be his abode—never since then have I heard his name.

When I awoke the next day, I was bitterly disappointed to hear that he was gone. I felt guilty of ingratitude, for I had thanked him so feebly, so insufficiently. At the peril of his own life he had saved me in my orphan state, protected me in my loneliness and weakness. Surely so noble an act would be rewarded by the protection of Heaven; and in my prayers I failed not to implore it for him.

## CHAPTER IV.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull deep pain and constant anguish of patience !

LONGFELLOW.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear !

MILTON.

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I REMAIN THREE WEEKS AT FONTAINE—MAGDALEN'S AFFECTION  
FOR ME—MADAME MILANÉS—HER KINDNESS—A PASSPORT—  
FAREWELL TO MY FRIENDS—I SET OUT ON MY RETURN TO  
LES ECHEROLLES.

ON the very night of my escape, the authorities came to arrest me. But what was become of me ? The keeper replied, that I had already been arrested about six o'clock by a republican guard. "And to what prison has she been taken ?" "I do not know." And they went away. Her mind thus set at ease by finding that they were satisfied with this answer, and

that my safety did not endanger hers, Cantat kept my secret.

The number of the arrests made on such nights, made it impossible to ascertain the truth very quickly, and to gain time was a great point. If the poor thing had been taken to prison, I do not know how long her courage and discretion would have lasted. I hope, however, for her own sake, that she would have derived strength from her misfortunes. But, notwithstanding M. Alexandre's secrecy, concerning the place he was taking me to, she might easily have guessed that I was at Fontaine, whither St. Jean afterwards came to pay me a visit.

I spent three weeks with these excellent people, whose kindness never for a moment failed. I cannot to this day recal to mind without emotion, the delicacy of the attentions which they lavished upon me. It was only upon my own repeated entreaties that they suffered me to share their meals. They urged that I was not accustomed to their hours nor to their food ; but how could I retain *any* habits by this time ? The excellent Magdalen was unremitting in her tender care of me. She was always warned in time when domiciliary visits were to be paid in the village, and would then conduct me through bye-ways, beyond

the limits of the Department, whence I did not return until after the departure of the commissioners. My preservation was no longer a secondary object with her. I was the person to be saved, the only one who now engrossed her affectionate solicitude.

The condition of rest and leisure into which I suddenly found myself transferred, seemed intolerable to me. I had no cares now to occupy me, no one but myself to think of, and it seemed to me as if my life were bound by no ties. I was like a branch severed from the stem, and condemned to wither away. Under the influence of the profound melancholy which had now obtained the mastery over me, my sense of utter isolation awoke in me an eager desire to seek out my father. This desire grew into a vehement, almost morbid longing, by which even my anxiety to obey my aunt's last commands was in some degree shaken.

St. Jean and Cantat no sooner became acquainted with my feelings, than alarm at the idea of returning alone to Moulins made them employ all sorts of cunning devices to make me revert to my original intention. Whether it were that they respected the wishes of my aunt, or that they feared lest they should be punished if they did

not bring me back with them, they did all in their power to prevent my escaping from them. Through their means I was informed of the ill-usage to which many women had been exposed on the frontiers; and unable to make up my mind to risk such treatment, I abandoned the plan altogether.

I learnt afterwards that I had been deceived by them, and that the stories which had so alarmed me were entirely of their own invention. It was Magdalen who informed me of this, at the moment of my departure, when her fear of the dangers to which I might be exposed in my native place made her regret having seconded their wishes. It is, however, possible that they may have thought this plan the best and most beneficial for me. At all events, I can now excuse their having left no means untried of inducing me to adopt it.

These timorous spirits were the instruments in the hand of Providence to recal me to my duty, and I prepared to follow them. I confess, however, that it was not without alarm that I anticipated my return to a neighbourhood where the hatred of which my father had been the object made me fear the treatment to which I might be exposed, and my uncer-

tainty on this subject increased the agitation of my mind.

The life I led at this time was very tranquil, and might have been happy, but for the painful recollections and bitter regrets which filled my heart. Every day, at the evening meeting, I used to read aloud the "Lives of the Saints." Towards midnight, Mother Chazières said a prayer, and then the pious assemblage dispersed. Such a life was very soothing to my spirit; I felt that I had sisters with whom to pray. Every Sunday I read the prayers from the mass-book to the assembled family; and all kneeling, we fervently implored repentance for the guilty, and consolation for the afflicted. The simple Peter joined in our prayers with all his might, and prayed with his heart, if not with his understanding; and would Heaven require more? His humility was sincere, and his intelligence sufficed to enable him religiously to keep such secrets as were unavoidably confided to him.

In obeying the last directions of my aunt, I was about to enter upon a most undesirable course of life, to live alone, to regulate my own actions, and be responsible for my own words. It was a fearful and perilous prospect of liberty. I should have no guide, perhaps no friends. How great



is the wisdom which conceals from us the future ; for were it revealed to us, who would have strength to endure the burden ? Could I have foreseen the accumulation of sorrows which the coming years would heap upon my head, I think I must have returned to Lyons, and entreated for death upon the scaffold as a boon. But God, who knew my weakness, supported me in the midst of my misery ; and may He pardon the rebellious thought.

I can say nothing of my own character. I was under the dominion of external events, and acted upon the impulses given by them, rather than upon my own. At once firm and timorous, confiding and reserved, my loneliness caused me to repress my feelings within my own heart ; to speak of them to those who could not understand them, would have seemed to me a profanation. For the same reason I kept my opinions to myself ; there is often safety in silence. Since then I have heard my courage lauded, and have been astonished at it. Could I have acted otherwise ? I was swept along by the force of circumstances, and merely followed the path they pointed out.

I was easily deceived by an appearance of sincerity ; for, notwithstanding my misfortunes, I

found it difficult to believe in evil, or rather I greatly felt the need of believing in good. Having been undeceived concerning St. Jean and Cantat, I was sensible of a repugnance towards them which I could not conquer ; while at the same time, the old habits of my childhood made me feel a kind of deference for their admonitions. The necessity of showing a confidence in them which I did not experience, was torture to me. This opposition between my feelings and my situation now appeared to me almost the only thing which it was difficult to endure ; for a feeling, which I dare not call resignation, but rather indifference, had by degrees taken possession of me, and freed me from all anxiety on my own behalf.

Nothing could be more wholesome, or more fortunate for me in the state in which I was, than my stay at Fontaine. In spite of my utter uselessness, my isolation, and my ignorance of the fate in store for me, I felt it a comfort to be with Magdalen, and by degrees I took the place of Mademoiselle de Sauriac in her heart. My position was well calculated to excite her interest. She never left me ; and seeking every means in her power to divert me from my grief, she became every day more dear to me. Mother Chazières for her part studied my tastes, strove to gratify them,

and would always have at her table some greater delicacy for me than they themselves partook of. My remonstrances were unheeded. "You are not accustomed to live as we do," would she reply, and no change was effected. Lastly, her husband showed me every attention of which he was capable, and was evidently touched by my position. I was now alone in his house, and as he did not think my age such as to endanger his safety, he was always in his best humour.

St. Jean, who had easily divined my hiding-place, soon came to see me, bringing with him my dear little dog, Coquette. It was the first moment of pleasure I had experienced, and I was touched by the consideration which had procured it for me. The delight of my faithful little friend was no less than mine. She loved me, was faithful to me, and was the only creature that belonged to me. One must have lost all, as I had, to feel the value of such caresses ; it was a link which united me to my past life, to all that had once been mine. She seemed to me to bear the traces of the beloved hands of my father and aunt, who had loved and caressed her ; and to be even grateful for their kindness. How many memories of the past were restored to me with her ! I wept at the sight of her, as she seemed to recal to me all that I had

lost. She appeared to understand me, and I no longer felt alone.

St. Jean informed me that the seals had been removed at his and Cantat's request, to enable them to obtain their effects, in accordance with the order they had procured for the purpose. He next informed me that their intention was to profit by the opportunity of a carrier from Moulins, who had brought a load of wooden clogs to Lyons, and was going back empty.

"And I am come here," he added, "to ask what you mean to do?"

"I shall accompany you," replied I. "I have neither the will nor the power to act otherwise."

In fact, since I had taken a firm resolution to obey my aunt, my alarm and agitation had in a great measure subsided. I charged him to go to Madame Milanés, to inform her of my approaching departure, and to ask her advice as to the means of obtaining a passport.

He soon returned in order to take me to her, without giving Citizen Fôret notice of my presence at Lyons. I shall never forget the affectionate kindness, the almost maternal tenderness of Madame Milanés, or the agreeable impression produced upon me by her attentions, her language and her manners. I returned at once to all my old habits

as if to old friends, and my eyes filled with tears at the thought of all that I had lost, and could never regain.

To obtain a passport, a certificate from a section was required. I could not ask for one from my own section without great danger ; it was therefore decided that an assignat for a hundred francs should be employed in its stead, a substitution readily tolerated by the person whose office it was to deliver passports. The conduct of the negotiation was entrusted to Madame Milanés' maid, one of the most intelligent persons I ever met with. The man having been forewarned, I went with her to the office, and put into his hands a paper which he seemed to read with great attention, then putting it carefully into a drawer, he handed me my passport, in which I was described as an embroideress—a character befitting any woman—for it was necessary to have some trade.

I supped with Madame Milanés, and slept in her room. As I was undressing, she noticed a red riband fastened to my stays.

“What have you got there, Alexandrine?” asked she.

“My father's cross of the order of St. Louis.”

“Are you mad, my child? do you mean that you have always worn it?”

“To be sure! I have nothing left but this cross, and I mean to keep it for him.”

“And when you went to the prison?”

“I wore it just the same. Did not he pay for it with his blood?”

“Alexandrine, pray give it up to me. If you should be searched, you would endanger your life, and, perhaps, lose it; you cannot in reason expose yourself to such a risk.”

It cost me much to yield to her wishes; still I could not contend against her prudence, her friendship, and above all the gratitude I owed her; and I gave up my treasure to her. I had besides carefully concealed in my stays some papers which had been entrusted to me by my father and my aunt, who both forgot that in a moment of urgent alarm, they had given them to me to hide. I could think of no safer place than my stays, and there they remained. Amongst them were several blank signatures of M. de Précý which he had entrusted to my father, for what purpose I know not. These, however, I had destroyed long ere this, being aware of the danger that his name bore with it. Having no longer the blessing of receiving their directions, I had faithfully observed those already given. But all these I was obliged to sacrifice to the will of my prudent protectress,

which was so much the more painful to me, that it was one more object of my care of which I was deprived. I grew poorer every day.

The next day I went to the Provisional Commission to have my passport examined and signed. A——, late prefect of the college at Moulins, was charged with this office. He looked at me fixedly for a long time.

“How long have you been an embroideress?” said he.

“Ever since I have been able to work as well as my mother,” I replied.

He did not say another word.

Returning from the office of the Provisional Commission, I prepared to go back to Fontaine. Our parting was a very affectionate one, for Madame Milanés was much touched by my fate. She herself was on the eve of leaving Lyons to rejoin her children, whom she had long since sent to Switzerland beyond the reach of danger, to the care of one of her sisters who had lived there ever since the emigration began.

When we parted, Madame Milanés gave me a little parcel of slightly singed assignats.

“Here,” said she, “are some assignats which were saved from the fire into which your unfortunate townsmen threw all that they possessed,

before their death. A few of them were saved, and I give them to you as the person having the most claim to them, being a native of the same place."

Her delicacy in offering me this assistance went straight to my heart, and very brief reflection sufficed to show me that she had but profited by this report to relieve my necessity ; for how could these assignats have come into her hands ? I called down the blessings of Heaven upon her, and again feeling very lonely I took the way to Fontaine, under the escort of St. Jean, there to remain until the time came for my departure.

Magdalen could not bear to part with me, nor to see me go. She liked neither St. Jean nor Cantat, and informed me of their intrigues to dissuade me from remaining, or going to Switzerland.

"And you are going with such people as those !" cried she. "As long as I thought it was for your good I held my tongue, but they have no fears except for themselves. Stay with us, we love you, and we will take care of you."

"I must obey my aunt, Magdalen."

"But your aunt did not suppose that you would



be in danger in your wicked province ; she was anxious for your good ; they only want to take you there lest they should be punished."

I could reply only by tears to the arguments of this admirable girl. Her affection touched me deeply, but could not shake my resolution.

"Well then," said she, "if you should be unhappy, write to me. I will find means to reach you, and I will rescue you, and bring you back with me ; as long as I live no harm shall befall you, and you shall wait here for your father's return."

Excellent Magdalen ! doubtless she would have done it—she was fully capable of it ; but I could now only weep with her over a separation which deprived me of so true a friend. I passed a few more peaceful days at Fontaine ; days of calm after the tempest, such as renew our strength to encounter fresh calamities.

Everything in this lowly retreat pleased and attracted me. I regretted everything. The little Dorothy, though as discreet as a grown-up woman, had all the gaiety of her age, and often forced a smile from me. Peter saw that I was unhappy, and he too strove in his own way to direct me. His powers were limited it is true, but having once noticed that I laughed at seeing him jumping

about with Coquette, he was in the habit whenever he saw me looking, as he thought, too melancholy, of beginning to dance in his peculiar fashion with steps and attitudes so grotesque that I found it impossible to keep my countenance. Pleased at seeing me laugh, he would redouble his efforts, and nothing but fatigue would make him leave off. I was touched by the kindness of his intention, and felt an interest in the poor idiot, who had sense enough never to commit an indiscretion, and whose prudence far exceeded that of many people in the full possession of all their faculties.

Cantat and St. Jean's affairs being at length settled, they came to fetch me, and I bade farewell to the good Chazières. Our parting was a very sad one. Never was a step taken of greater importance, for its influence extended over the whole of my after life.

I returned to my aunt's apartment, where I passed a very sad night. The keeper, seeing me provided with a regular passport, never thought of opposing my departure, which besides was entirely to the advantage of his interests. He was not sorry for the removal of the only person who had any claim to the property under his care,

and which he had already accustomed himself to look upon as his own. They say that with the assistance, or at the instigation of his wife, he stole great part of the goods. He perished together with her at a subsequent period of reaction.

I went to bid farewell to Madame de Soulligné, whose daughter was my friend, and of about my own age. Their keeper admitted me to see them in consideration of my approaching departure. M. de Soulligné had been executed, and they hoped soon to obtain permission to quit Lyons in order to retire to a little property which Madame de Soulligné possessed near Sens, and of which they gave me the direction. These farewells were very painful. It was so doubtful whether we should ever meet again. For my part, I felt as if I were walking towards a precipice.

I went up to Madame de Bellecise whom I honoured as a saint, and loved as a mother. She wept over me and blessed me. I ventured to ask her where was her daughter, the object of my intense admiration ; for I could imagine no young woman who could surpass Félicité de Bellecise.

“She is saved,” was the reply.

“ God be thanked !” I exclaimed ; “ may He one day restore her to you, and preserve her friendship to me.”

Old M. de Bellecise joined his earnest good wishes for me to those of his wife, and I left them. No doubt they felt much compassion for me.

Early the next day I got into the clog-maker’s cart, and quitted the ill-fated town where I had lost all that I held dear, taking with me a little boy of four or five years of age, named Maine, whose father had been guillotined, and whose mother, having fallen into poverty, was now sending him to the care of an uncle who was a bookseller at Moulins. The sight of a child younger and more unfortunate than myself, made me feel how much I had still left more than he ; I was going to rejoin a sister, a nurse whom I knew, and to live in the house in which I was born ; and might perhaps meet there some of my old friends.

My journey was a sad one ; the tone of my companions’ conversation, and their abruptness of speech had never struck me so much before, but they felt no restraint upon them now. In Cantat’s bag I perceived some gowns of my aunt’s ; she told

me that she had given them to her ; she had literally interpreted my aunt's letter dictated in a widely different spirit. I kept silence, for I began to understand how useless it is to complain.

## CHAPTER V.

Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

KING JOHN.

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RETURN TO LES ECHEROLLES — OUR NURSE — SEQUESTRATION —  
INTERROGATORY — LIFE AT LES ECHEROLLES — MADEMOISELLE  
MELON — CHANGE OF ABODE.

It was a lovely morning when I arrived at Les Echerolles—a lovely morning in the beginning of May, of the year 1794. And yet, how deserted and sad did everything appear to me! Nobody expected me, but I was received with the most sincere joy by my old nurse, like a lost child whom she had never hoped to see again. Next day, my

travelling companions set off again for Moulins,\* and I found myself greatly relieved in mind—the species of deceit in which I had detected them, having inspired me with a constant uneasiness which made their presence oppressive to me.

From the time that I was forced to live with people whom I mistrusted, I acquired the habit of repressing my feelings, and concealing my thoughts at the bottom of my heart — a custom which sometimes answered very well, but which too often deprived me of the pleasures of sympathy, and of the benefits I might have derived from good advice.

Oh ! how happy is she whose childhood flows quietly away, surrounded by love, under the care of a tender and vigilant mother, whose hand supports and guides her tottering steps, whose experience enlightens her dawning intellect, and whose heart breathes her own virtues into that of her child, and by inspiring her with the love of God, dissipates her fears and strengthens her faith !

\* They took little Maine back with them. Truth compels me to acknowledge that they had both of them many good qualities, though their reciprocal antipathy occasioned us a thousand annoyances. I must forgive them everything, however, as it was very hard upon them to lose the savings of so many years ; and for this they never reproached me either by word or look.

All these blessings were denied to me ; but it was only as I increased in years, and discovered their value that I became conscious of my own numerous faults and failings in consequence of this privation.

I arrived at Les Echerolles full of mistrust of everybody, and of myself also. I was conscious of being better brought up than those around me, which made me feel awkward for them, so that I was in fear and trembling lest the difference should be imputed to me as a crime ; and a restraint I had never before felt, became habitual to me.

The remembrance of the days I had once passed in this beloved spot with my own family, made the present still more bitter. A forsaken child, without parents or friends !—how pitiful must my lot have appeared to every really compassionate heart !

I loved my nurse dearly, but yet my confidence in her was shaken by the opinions she had announced at the opening of the Revolution. Her hatred of the abuses which had crept into the old government made her think she saw the dawn of her country's happiness in the changes which were taking place, and she applauded them with an ardour which was ever present to my mind, and



cast a shadow over the unvarying affection which she showed me. The intolerance which is natural to youth, troubled my judgment, and deceived my heart. I thought her guilty, because she had made one mistake,\* and her advice had no longer any weight with me. Nevertheless, I felt that her love for me was unchanged; and I was soon compelled to acknowledge that there existed few nobler minds than hers—few warmer hearts, and that mine owed her the most unbounded gratitude. Necessary as she was to my sister's existence, and devoted to her, she seemed to live only for the sake of bestowing her tenderest cares upon her. I cannot even count up all the services she rendered us, or the endless resources we found in her zeal and attachment. Long since cured of an error which had arisen from her love of justice, she execrated the revolutionists and their crimes, and felt the hatred they deserved as warmly as she had once appreciated their fancied merits. How glad I am to be able to render this testimony to her memory, and here to acknowledge how much I owe her, and thus, by making my feelings public, to endeavour to repair the wrongs of which I may have been guilty towards her.

\* I have since found that the world often judges as the little girl did in such matters.

The court-yard appeared to me one vast solitude, as my wretched little cart drove up to the steps before the house. I got down. How silent was everything ! Only a year and a half before, I had left that spot in a comfortable carriage, sitting by the side of my aunt, and surrounded by every care and attention. And now, had I still a family ? My father, my brother, did they yet exist ? and might I hope ever to behold them again ? A shiver passed over me. If it had not been for my dread of any one discovering my feelings, and also of weakening myself by their indulgence, I could not have restrained the sorrow which wrung my heart ; but the intense fear I felt of giving way before unsympathizing eyes, made me vigorously swallow down the strong emotion which shook my firmness, and I did not shed a single tear as I re-entered my father's desolate and deserted mansion. I found my nurse entirely absorbed in the cares which my sister's situation required, and making it her own delight to shed a little sunshine over Odille's melancholy existence. Barbara, an excellent girl, who was in our service before our separation, helped her and waited on her faithfully. She too greeted me affectionately ; but my sister did not know me. Tears flowed silently from her eyes, which were fixed on me with a perfectly

vacant expression. The other inhabitants of Les Echerolles, with the exception of Vermière, my father's excellent gardener, gazed at me with more curiosity than interest.

I was soon established in the kitchen ; that is to say, it served us for a sitting-room. At night, I shared the narrow garret in which my sister, my nurse, and Barbara slept. The rest, they told us, was under sequestration. Nevertheless, this pretended sequestration did not prevent the farmers enjoying the use of it, and receiving their friends there. I could see the windows of my mother's room opened for strangers—that room whence I alone was excluded, though in former days it was there that I had known her—there that I had received her blessing and her last farewell—*there* that I had seen her die ! I alone might not open that sacred door ; banished into the kitchen of my father's house, I saw those act and speak as masters, who once—oh ! it was hard indeed !

Hardly had I set foot to the ground, when a messenger was sent off to Moulins to announce the important fact to the Revolutionary Committee. A child of fourteen years old, almost miraculously escaped from misery and massacre—this child, the unfortunate remnant of a detested family, had actually arrived !

The next morning, I was awakened at four o'clock. I must get up at once—such were the orders; and they were waiting for me. I went down into the garden, where I found a man named C——, formerly an apothecary, but now a member of the Revolutionary Committee. He was waiting for me in an avenue of cut hornbeams, which became the tribunal where I was to be interrogated.

“Where is your father?”

“I do not know.”

“Have you seen Précý?”

“No.”

“Had you no knowledge of the plotting going on in the infamous city of Lyons?”

“No.”

“Has no one ever spoken in your presence of the plans of the counter-revolutionists?”

“No.”

“Did your aunt never reveal them to you?”

“No.”

“Where are your brothers?”

“I do not know.”

Such was the general style of his questions and of my answers. The man was short and ugly, stared fixedly at me, and seemed to wish to penetrate my very thoughts. He questioned me for a long time,

twisting his queries into various shapes ; but I continued equally laconic in my replies. . My nurse trembled for me, and prayed in silence.

C——, being unable to extract anything more from me, and provoked at being defeated by a child, ended by saying, in a loud and imperious voice :

“ Listen attentively to what I am going to tell you, and be obedient. You have the misfortune to belong to a family of traitors, and you must efface this stain, repair their crimes, and purify the bad blood which flows in your veins. You can only do so by serving the nation, and working for it. Work then for our soldiers, and above all denounce all traitors, and publish their crimes ; it is thus that you may redeem from infamy the name you bear, and serve the Republic faithfully.” My only answer was a bitter smile, and he departed at last, crying out again and again, “ Denounce them—denounce them !”

C——’s visit frightened my nurse extremely. The moment he was gone she said to me :

“ You must obey him, and work for them as he desired. I will send to Moulins and ask for shirts and waistcoats for the volunteers, that you may make them up, and send them in to the Committee.”

“ Indeed, my dear, I cannot work for them,” I replied.

“ But did you not hear what he said ?”

“ I will not do the work.”

“ Alexandrine, you will add to your troubles.”

“ I will bear them ; but nothing on earth shall make me obey that man.”

“ At least you can make some lint ?”

“ No, I shall not do anything of the sort.”

My poor nurse, deeply distressed at my obstinacy, set to work to make lint herself. I saw her also sewing away at shirts and waistcoats ; and I rather think she must have given me the credit of a share in her industry before the Revolutionary Committee, for I heard no more of them.

The mayor of the village arrived before long to inspect all the little possessions I had brought back with me. Each separate thing was unfolded, shaken out and carefully examined, to know if any rebellious proclamation could be concealed in it. A detailed account of everything was sent to the Committee. My nurse, with a degree of prudence of which I saw the wisdom, though I could not fully approve it, hid half of the few things I possessed, so that I had only one single gown to wear, and that being a bad one, I really suffered from it :

but my nurse constantly repeated to me, "You must *appear* poor." I used to tell her I did not wish to awaken pity ; but her tender solicitude was alarmed at everything which she thought might possibly compromise me. I dreaded nothing so much myself, however, as exciting that sort of insulting pity, which, wounding my pride, was more difficult to bear than even the misfortunes which called it forth. Nevertheless, how truly I was deserving of compassion from the fate which then awaited me. But I myself was still ignorant of the disgrace intended for me, and did not learn until long after that which I am now going to relate.

After my interrogatory, the Committee began to deliberate what they should do with me. I was looked upon as a dangerous creature ; bearing a name they detested, and coming as I did from a rebellious city, where very possibly I might have heard secrets which they dreaded my communicating to some one of my own party. For this reason they did not dare to put me in the prison where those I knew were confined ; and besides, it would have been a happiness to find myself with relations or friends, and they only wished to humble me, and to punish me for the crimes of my family. The result of their deliberations was

a decree, which condemned me to be shut up in a prison called Le Dépôt. At its very name my blood runs cold still, in spite of the number of years that have passed since the time of which I am speaking.

The Dépôt was a prison reserved for unfortunate women of the worst class, who having added positive and heinous crimes to their habitual evil ways, would have been executed, if the want of accurate evidence had not impeded the passing of the sentence. It was there, in that polluted place, that I was condemned to dwell. Oh, my mother! your daughter was to inhale the corrupted air of that horrible abode. Did you behold her from your celestial dwelling place, and watch over her to protect her from such misery? Providence interposed to save me. The decree was not immediately carried into execution, and the delay gave time for repentance to enter into the heart of a man who had known me from my birth. He was our family doctor, M. Simard, who since the revolution had shown himself inimical to my father, and now took his seat as member of the Revolutionary Committee in the house where he had been, for many years, received as a friend; where he was about to condemn to infamy the child whom he had loved, tended and caressed, whose life he had even saved



more than once. He now pleaded for me, representing that my youth prevented my being dangerous, and that as long as the estate of Les Escherolles was not sold, I might as well remain there under the control of the municipal authorities and of the farmer Alix, who would be responsible for my appearance, so that the decree could be put into execution at any time that the Committee might think fit. He carried the day. May the protection he extended to the orphan, turn the scales in his favour in the balance of Eternal Justice!

I remained in ignorance of this new misfortune that was hanging over me, and I am grateful for the delicacy which prevented every one from telling me of it. My age would have concealed from me its full extent, but I should have understood enough to have felt in utter despair, had I been dragged away to that dreadful place.

My captivity was almost unperceived by me. Of course I was watched; but as no restraint was put upon my movements, I did not feel myself a prisoner. Besides I could not wish to be elsewhere, for having returned in obedience to my aunt's desire, her commands were more sacred and more binding on my movements, than the strongest guard, so that the wish to escape never entered my mind. Besides, how could I have used my liberty?

What reason had I to leave Les Echerolles? The friends of my family were either under constraint, or had fled from the country. No one dared mention my father's name, for fear of being compromised. Nobody had either the power or the will to protect me, for nobody enjoyed liberty of action for themselves. Madame de Grimauld, my mother's best friend, having learnt the state of destitution in which I had returned from Lyons, immediately sent me word that she was ready to share with me the wardrobe of her daughter, Josephine, my earliest and dearest playmate. I refused the offer; but was deeply touched by her kind remembrance of me.

I have since ascertained, that if the decree of the Revolutionary Committee had been executed, Madame de Grimauld would have come and shut herself up with me in the prison, leaving her daughter in the hands of a trusty friend; that is, if she could have obtained permission to do so, as she was already under arrest in her own house.

"I should have thought it," she said to me afterwards, very simply, "a duty that I owed to your mother's memory."

These few words contain a high panegyric on both these excellent women, united by a friendship

which death could not sever ; a hallowed inheritance, of which men could not deprive me. How great must have been my mother's virtues, to have acquired for her so devoted and faithful a friend ! Virtues which, after she had departed to her rest, still protected her deserted child.

Gifted with every good quality, Madame de Grimauld bore all the misery that her husband's wild conduct and bad temper inflicted upon her with the utmost dignity and patience. Never did she let one word of complaint escape her. Never did her eyes appear to seek an answering glance of compassion. She was so generally esteemed, that even the Jacobins felt an involuntary respect for her, and I am certain she would have had no difficulty in obtaining permission to share my captivity.

My existence at Les Echerolles now became very peaceful, and by degrees I felt less keenly the absence of events, and the cessation from all the stormy excitements of my life in Lyons. My ignorance of all that was going on in the world, left my mind in repose, and my days passed away easily, in a grave but calm monotony, which had a sort of charm peculiar to itself. Unable to roam through the apartments at will, I used to

wander about the large and beautiful gardens, which were full of memorials of my childhood.\* I found there many things dear to my heart, and revelled in the recollections they brought home to me. Every bush, every plant, reminded me of something my father had said. I had seen him in every spot of the garden. From one high terrace, directing my eyes with his extended hand, he would often point out to me the villages and farms scattered amongst the vineyards of that smiling country. My gaze resting first on the green meadows extended at our feet, wanders on to the winding waters of the Allier, a noble river, rival of the Loire, which robs it of its name. Beyond, that pretty country-house, almost at the foot of our hill, belongs to a relation ;† here to the left rises that remarkable mountain with its round summit covered with clouds ; who would not know it from all others?‡ There again is my mother's little garden ; there I have many a time seen her watering her flowers, while she smiled at my childish gambols. The trees she

\* These beautiful gardens no longer exist. The shrubberies have all been cut down, and the plough passed over the rest.

† M. Roy de la Chaise.

‡ The Puy de Dôme.

planted herself are still before my eyes. One only is missing : her own tree, which died the very year she was taken from us. The others, as if symbols of our destiny, vegetated feebly on, as if unable either to flourish or to die.

There was not one place there which had not a history attached to it, and did not speak to me of the bright days passed away, and of my childish games and pleasures. How distant did those days appear ! The Revolution had made my fourteen years weigh upon me like a century. In truth, a century might not have brought more changes to Les Echerolles than had occurred there in eighteen months. The farmers who inhabited the buildings adjoining the house, had made their fortune rapidly, as often happened in those days of paper-money ; and numerous guests daily seated at their table, profited by their good fortune. The shouts, drinking-songs, and noisy revellings, which often reached our ears as night advanced, and even till far into the morning, told us too plainly what kind of company they entertained, to help them both to acquire money and to spend it.

Never had fortune more fascinations than at this time ; never had she proved more deceitful. It was so easy to get riches that every one ran after them. Every one wished to ascend a step ;

to reach the rank and splendour of which the ancient families had been deprived ; and the most costly furniture was greedily bought at low prices, creating fresh wants for its possessors. Few of these easily-acquired fortunes lasted, for what was quickly gained was quickly spent.

My pen and my memory refuse to dwell upon that miserable period. It was for this then, oh, my mother ! that your child was born ; for whom your tender solicitude dictated such touching and holy counsels in that solemn hour when nothing earthly, save your children's good, had power to interest you ! And I dared not even enter the room where I received your dying blessing, where your last word softened and instructed my young heart ! But I must be forgiven for dwelling so often upon so natural a sorrow.

One of the great misfortunes of my life at Les Echerolles was the want of occupation. I had no materials to make myself clothes ; nor had I any books—and I was rarely allowed to procure one from my father's library. My time was dangerously unoccupied ; and this I tried to remedy by sometimes working for the peasants. One of them brought me a muslin handkerchief, and begged me to embroider it for her, which put this way of employing myself into my head. In ex-

change for my needle-work she gave me butter and eggs, and I profited by the lesson. My nurse made caps for the little children ; and so our table was supplied with cheeses, and even chickens. Once in the week we used to send for a piece of meat, which we paid for out of the small store of paper money I had brought with me ; the farmers gave us flour, of which our good Barbara made bread ; and Vermière, our faithful gardener, supplied me with vegetables.

I used to take my frugal repasts at the very kitchen table where formerly my father's numerous domestics had assembled ; but I would not have exchanged it for the more luxurious one, whence the sounds of noisy feasting so often saluted my ears. I had bread enough, and one who had often been without it knew how to appreciate such a blessing. I was no longer in dread of hunger—that magic word—that gigantic lever, with which the masses are so easily moved, and the effects of which are most often desolation and death. That hunger with which the leaders terrified the people of the affranchised town which was no longer called Lyons—that disastrous famine was talked of everywhere, where they wished to raise a rebellion. Paris has often seen these imaginary dearths scatter terror amongst the wretched population

enclosed within her walls, when distracted with fear they rushed in blind fury against those whom they were intended to destroy.

Luxuries which the people do not need were found in abundance ; but the bread for which they work in the sweat of their brow, which forms their chief subsistence, was taken from them, whenever their anger was desired.

When a friend invited another to dinner, in these strange times he constantly desired him to bring his own bread ; and even at large parties, a most miscellaneous collection of bits of bread of all shapes and hues has been often seen ; each guest having brought a piece in his pocket.

I spent several months in the greatest tranquillity ; and nothing troubled the uniformity of my life, till a sudden thought arose amongst the people that they would plant a tree of liberty in front of the house. The farmer Alix pretended to be unable to oppose it any longer ; and soon I heard of little else but preparations for the ceremony which was to collect a great number of people together. They even showed me the cap prepared to crown the tree ; an indispensable ornament on these occasions. My nurse greatly alarmed at the whole plan, which she had hoped was entirely put a stop to, and fearing lest they should force.



me to attend it, began to sound me on the subject.

“Do you know that they are really going to plant a tree of liberty?” she inquired.

“Yes, I do; but what is that to me?”

“Why, really—”

“Well!”

“Well, may you not have to attend the ceremony?”

“Have to attend it!” I exclaimed. “What could I do there?”

“Why,” she continued, “it is to be at the very gate of Les Echerolles, and the people will perhaps insist on it.”

“I shall not go.”

“They will try to make you take a part—dance round the tree, perhaps—in short, do as they do.”

“I will not go. I may be dragged there by force, but I will never appear willingly at such a scene. I will neither dance, nor sing, nor kiss their tree.”

“Have pity upon me at least, Alexandrine! Do not excite their anger. It will cost you your life.”

“I would rather die than humble myself to such indignities. I am not afraid of death!”

She immediately hastened to M. Alix, to inform him of my dangerous obstinacy. Having lost all hope of inducing me to change my mind, she implored him to use every effort to defer this dreaded festival; and this she, at length, succeeded in obtaining. I, nevertheless, was convinced that it would take place very soon; and on leaving my nurse, I went and cut off all my beautiful hair, to save the executioner the trouble. I have since heard of several young ladies who, hoping to save their parents' lives by it, were weak enough to take a part in these Bacchanalian games, and lost themselves without obtaining the boon for which they paid so dearly. To gain time was much.

The death of Robespierre soon after changed the destiny of France. Executions daily diminished, and hope reappeared in that unhappy country—so many horrors had disgusted the people themselves, who now really desired repose. I learned these tidings with thankfulness, as it was now said that peace would be restored. A vague hope of happiness and security seemed combined with this great event, though I was far from understanding all its consequences. I saw no one who could enlighten me, and no visible change took place in my daily existence. Terror

still reigned everywhere—people dared not believe that the tyrant's power was at an end—egotism, self-interest, and expectation of coming events, affected people in different ways. Some regretted their little share of power, while others doubted whether the hydra-headed monsters were indeed for ever banished.

The inhabitants of Les Echerolles shared in the general agitation, and all sought to shape out the course of future events, if I may so express it, according to their own wants and wishes, planning the future as it pleased them best. I felt humbled and mortified by all who approached me, for the cupidity of the poorer class was now fearlessly revealed to view since the terror that pressed upon all had diminished.

I remember one day, when I was sitting in the garden with my sister and my nurse, the labourers belonging to my father's farm came and stretched themselves to rest on the turf near the spot where we were seated. They quietly continued their conversation, which, it seems, had turned upon the division of the property of all those who had emigrated—a vain hope with which the people had been fed since the beginning of the troubles, and which they still cherished. Those people loved me, and often pitied me, and yet each one

of them said without scruple before his master's daughter: "I will content myself with the share I have now, without aspiring to more." One of them was my foster-father into the bargain.

The reaction which had crushed Robespierre soon restored a milder government, to the great displeasure of a certain great personage, who expected much from Robespierre's services. The prisons were opened, the greater part of the prisoners set at liberty; people breathed freely once again; a new life seemed beginning.

My own fate felt the influence of it, and was changed in a totally unexpected manner.

My father had an old first-cousin, a Mademoiselle Melon, who had passed her eightieth year, and lived in the country in the utmost retirement, thanks to which, and to the care of M. Bonvent, her man of business (who understood revolutionary tactics well), she had escaped all the disturbances of the times. She owed this exemption to the extreme pains he had taken to keep her out of sight, and whatever method he may have used he certainly succeeded.

Mademoiselle Melon belonged to the old order of things by her rank, her fortune, and her way of life, as well as by her age. She had no idea of what was going on in the world, or of any of its

new-fangled ways, and every word she uttered might have cost her her life !

She was in one of her distant possessions, intent upon building a house on the estate, when the Revolution first broke out. M. Bonvent, who knew her energetic nature full well, immediately perceived all the dangers which threatened her, and left no stone unturned to keep her quiet in her remote seclusion. She consented to await there the return of tranquillity, and so a lodging was rather hastily prepared for her in one of the wings of her new house, a stable being converted into four rooms, which were habitable for a time at least, if things could not boast of much comfort, and in these she took up her abode with two of her women ; the others were scattered about in the vast out-buildings of the projected mansion.

Whilst Mademoiselle Melon made her arrangements, the Revolutionary Committee of the department of the Nièvre made them also, and chose to establish themselves in the house she had at Nevers ; so she was compelled to remain at L'Ombre. Every now and then, indeed, she would exclaim that she would one day go and drive out the rogues by dint of blows ; but as all these remarks were confined to her own fireside, the rogues did not much care. Besides, M. Bon-

vent, who was now sole possessor of part of his mistress's fortune, was inclined to make the pleasure last as long as possible, and succeeded in diverting the covetous eyes of the nation from her riches. Mademoiselle Melon meantime lived on dismally enough, but yet in safety, though suffering and death were very near her ; and as she neither saw company nor read the papers, she knew nothing of what was going on in the world.

Now it happened that one day, when she and M. Bonvent were dining together, she was told that a peasant demanded an immediate audience. Mademoiselle Melon desired that he might be shown in at once, but the man, whether from stupidity or shyness, did not clearly explain what he wanted. On being repeatedly desired to speak plain, he took courage, and said :

“ You know that now everybody is equal, and so I have come to put you in requisition.”

“ What is that ?” said Mademoiselle Melon, who did not in the least understand him.

“ I say, that now that we may exercise our rights freely, I put you in requisition.”

“ But what does that mean ?” she exclaimed, with some impatience.

“ It means that you are to become my wife.”

To hear this, to jump up and seize her walking-cane, and to let fall a shower of blows on this strange wooer, was the affair of a moment with Mademoiselle Melon; and while the man timidly retreated, she struck her hardest, repeating :

“ Ah ! you wish to marry me, do you ? I’ll serve you out ! ”

The astounded peasant, with many bows, sidled backwards to the door, muttering :

“ Well, citizen, they told me— ”

“ Aha ! I am citizen now, am I ? Wait a bit ! Here’s more for that ! ” and the foolish fellow departed in great disgust.

Mademoiselle Melon long brooded over her wrath, and it is said that M. Bonvent was not a little amused ; but in many of the departments Jacobins really compelled rich heiresses to marry them in the same sort of way.

I am still ignorant how Mademoiselle Melon became acquainted with my sad position, and the misfortunes of my family. She had spent many years in her youth with my grandmother, and felt in duty bound to show her gratitude to her grandchild. It was, then, from this relation, who had never seen me, and whose very name I hardly knew, that I received a very great proof of interest

and kindness, considering the state of affairs, for though people's minds were calmer, the same persons remained in power.

Mademoiselle Melon, moved by the generous desire to soften my hard fate, sent M. Bonvent to Commissioner Noel, who was going the round of his department, to inquire from him if he did not think that, considering her age, her solitude, and the delicate state of her health, she had a strong claim to the care of her great-niece, who was living afar off, alone, and under arrest. Citizen Noel, being fully informed of the state of the case, replied that my early youth would make it possible to try this plan, but that her request must be addressed to the Revolutionary Committee at Moulins.

As soon as she received this answer, she sent off her man of business there to represent her wishes. The Committee having deliberated, resolved to send my sister instead of me; but M. Bonvent represented that my great-aunt, being turned eighty, and requiring every attention herself, could not possibly take charge of a being who required constant care, and refused the proposed exchange. Three days passed away in these discussions, and meantime M. Bonvent made his appearance at Les Echerolles. I shall never forget my astonishment when I found there was some



one in the world who still took an interest in me ! I listened without clearly understanding it, to the account of an aunt who claimed me as her great-niece. Could it be true that I had still relations, and relations interested in my fate !

The hope of leaving Les Echerolles, awoke my mind to a sudden state of activity ; a new life was opening before me ; I felt I might yet be happy. I thought I should at last escape from a place where so many vices reigned, and where I was left too much to myself, and I fancied that a change must be for the better. M. Bonvent returned to Moulins, after telling me all about my aunt, and her generous intentions towards me, and I remained full of new thoughts and wishes. The fourth day after his visit I received permission, or rather orders to depart.

The Committee had consented to my being transferred into the commune of Taix, where I was to live under the inspection of the municipality of the place, M. Bonvent engaging to restore me, if required, to the Moulins Revolutionary Committee. On these conditions, I was allowed to leave Les Echerolles.

My departure made no difference to my sister, who did not even know me, and who found in my nurse's tender and constant care all that she needed.

Nevertheless, I felt a pang at leaving her, in spite of the bright though vague hopes that filled my mind. In fact, I knew not what I hoped; my imagination, rejoicing in its temporary excitement, created beautiful visions out of nothing, and the power of hoping at all was renewed life to me.

One of the farmer's daughters went with me to Moulins, where we alighted at the inn. M. Alix and M. Bonvent were waiting for me, and the former was freed from his responsibility for me. The next day I was allowed to visit two old friends of my family, Madame Fabrice and Madame Grimaud, who received me very tenderly, though the stranger who accompanied me restrained their expressions of affection. My own stupidity in allowing her to come in with me deprived me of the happiness of talking to such dear friends, and I had only a moment to give to Josephine, the cherished companion of my earliest years.

## CHAPTER VI.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
 And half our misery from our foibles springs,  
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
 And few can save or serve, but all may please,  
 Oh ! let the gentle spirit learn from hence,  
 A small unkindness is a great offence ;  
 Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,  
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

HANNAH MORE.

The patent offices of domestic love,  
 Beyond all flattery, all price above.  
 The mild forbearance of another's fault,  
 The taunting word suppressed as soon as thought.  
 On these Heav'n bade the bliss of life depend,  
 And crushed ill-fortune when it gave a friend !

HAMLET.

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JOURNEY — COQUETTE — MY RECEPTION AT L'OMBRE — MY NEW  
 QUARTERS—MY AUNT—LIFE AT L'OMBRE—THE PRIEST.

M. BONVENT, having obtained what he had  
 asked for, felt the necessity of taking me away as

quickly as possible. It would have been unwise to leave the Committee time to repent ; but as there was no conveyance either public or private to be had, our only resource was going on horse-back. The little mare M. Bonvent rode was very gentle, and he assured me I should have nothing to fear, so he placed me upon her back, and followed me on foot.

Our first day's journey was of twenty-eight kilometers.\* My possessions were very small, and I cared for little except my dog. Of all I had once loved, she was the only thing that remained to me, so I made her follow me. M. Bonvent hinted to me that Mademoiselle Melon was not fond of dogs.

"Very well," said I, "then little Coquette must stay in my room ; she need not see her ; but nothing shall make me forsake that faithful animal, which both my father and aunt have loved and caressed."

I arrived very tired at Décise, a little village on the Loire, and spent the night there, in the house of some exceedingly respectable people, who treated me with the most considerate kindness. Next day I resumed my journey, but this time I followed M. Bonvent, who had procured a horse at Décise.

\* Kilometer, 1000 metres, 105 English yards.

I was told my steed went by the name of "The Niece's Mare," because it was ridden by all those Mademoiselle Melon sent to fetch. So she had other nieces besides me ! This was a grand piece of news and gave me much to look forward to.

We had four long leagues more to travel, during which I indulged myself in pleasant thoughts about the happy life I expected to lead with this kind relation, whose generosity had rescued me from the species of imprisonment in which I was vegetating. I pictured her to myself as a charming specimen of interesting old age ; she who, without knowing me, had cared for me, she whose thoughtful compassion came to my assistance, might undoubtedly reckon on my warmest gratitude. The magnitude of the benefit conferred upon me gave me the greatest reverence for her merits, and she seemed so excellent in my eyes that I thought she must be beautiful.

At last I arrived at L'Ombre, having made myself a most engaging portrait of my aunt's appearance and goodness. My heart beat violently when I opened the door, and, leaving Coquette in the court-yard, followed M. Bonvent, who introduced me, trembling as I was, into Mademoiselle Melon's presence.

I found her at her toilet. She was seated on

rather a low stool, while her maid was diligently frizzing her small tuft of perfectly white back hair. The moment was unfavourable. She had a large forehead, round red eyes, a wide nose, enormous hands and arms, and she leant forward with a stoop which had become habitual to her. She said to me, in a shrill, sharp voice: "Good morning to you, Mademoiselle des Echerolles," and made me sit down before her.

My dream had vanished, I felt frightened, and sitting down timidly, answered the questions she put to me awkwardly enough. Soon, to increase my discomfort, the door opened, and little Coquette, who was uneasy at being away from me, rushed into the room. When I beheld my poor little beast, all wet and muddy, I actually turned pale; and my aunt exclaimed, in her sharp voice:

"Turn the dog out!"

Her maid remarked to her that the dog belonged to me, and I assented in some alarm.

"Oh, if that is the case," replied Mademoiselle Melon in a gentler tone, "she may remain."

Much encouraged by this kindness, I made many excuses for having brought my little dog, explained the reasons why I was so fond of it, and

assured my aunt, that henceforth it should be left in my room whenever I came to her.

“ Oh no !” said she, very good-humouredly, “ pray bring Coquette with you whenever you like, the little dog will amuse me ;” and when we sat down to dinner, to M. Bonvent’s no small surprise, Coquette appeared quite established in my aunt’s good graces.

If I had known better at that time how the land lay, I should have been more fully aware of the great favour I was in.

I was lodged in the little room called “ The Niece’s Apartment,” which was in a small house outside the court-yard, and close to a very public road. My aunt inquired if I was timid, and on my replying in the negative, I was taken to this apartment directly after supper, the little luggage I possessed was deposited in it, and the servant wished me a good night. I shut the door, and sat down to try and realise my position quietly. *Never* had I felt so lonely.

I became more and more astonished at my own lot ; it seemed to me a new and strange thing to be taken with so much difficulty from Les Eche-rolles to occupy this little solitary cell, where I seemed quite abandoned to my fate. The room was on the ground floor, and one fragile hook

alone fastened the window-shutters, which a hard blow from any one's fist would have burst open easily. The rest of the house was uninhabited, and if I had needed help I could not have made myself heard by anybody. I felt I might disappear entirely, without any one knowing whether it were willingly or by force.

These feelings discomposed me not a little; and not knowing what to think of my adventures, I tried to amuse myself by examining my cell. Its contents were these. A bed, of which the canopy was of paper, and the curtains of grey cloth, bordered with blue satin. A quilt of blue gingham. A large old yellow arm-chair. The walls were white-washed; there was a small window, a large chimney, and a book-shelf in one corner, on which reposed a "History of China," in ten or twelve volumes.

When the rapid inventory was taken, an indescribable sensation came over me. I was not discontented, I should have blushed at the very thought of such a thing; but there was something strange in all that surrounded me; everything seemed so incoherent, and made me feel frightened, without knowing why, so that my first night was a disturbed one enough.

The next morning Mademoiselle Melon came to



me. She spoke to me sometimes kindly, but sometimes roughly ; and my heart, which yearned for sympathy, was chilled and repulsed. When I heard I was to have another aunt, I had hoped my past losses might have been repaired ! This painful feeling was soon softened by the remembrance of all I owed her. Gratitude brightened my lot, and the first weeks of my residence at L'Ombre were not unhappy in their monotonous tranquillity. Astonished that Mademoiselle Melon should ever have taken the trouble to think about me, and deeply touched by a kindness I so little deserved at her hands, I tried hard to please her, and apparently succeeded. I studied her tastes, and all her little ways ; and carefully conformed to them, that my exactitude in complying with her wishes might atone in her eyes for all other demerits.

She often spoke to me with interest about my family, and then my whole attention was rivetted. She told me that she had spent several years in her youth with my grandmother, who was her aunt ; and it was to the grateful recollections she entertained of those times that I owed her generous assistance, for she thought it a duty to return to the grand-daughter some of the care the grandmother had bestowed upon her ; and so were verified the

words of Holy Writ : " Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Very soon, as I got accustomed to her manner and voice (so different from my own aunt's), I thought only of her generosity and goodness. Mademoiselle Melon had a great deal of genius and originality in her ideas, and combined an unusual degree of information, with a prodigious memory. She had also seen much of society in her day ; but she had long retired from the world, and had no notion of the Revolution that had taken place. When she heard the Committee had really taken possession of her house she became furious, and every time she thought of it her wrath returned.

There is no doubt her imprudent expressions would have been the death of her, if, as I have already said, M. Bonvent had not always contrived to prevent her setting off to defend her rights. She constantly talked of doing so, but never accomplished it ; and habit gradually wove its links around her, so that she remained settled in her country house. At turned eighty, a journey becomes a great exertion, and she thought it less trouble to rail at the interlopers from her own fire-side.

It was before my arrival, and in the midst of

the Reign of Terror, that my aunt had the strange suitor, of whom I have spoken. It was never known whether the fellow was merely a presuming fool, or was a tool in the hands of some bad jester, but he appeared no more.

Many young women of good family were less fortunate than my aunt. Whether from timidity, or the hope of saving their parents from death, they consented to similar odious alliances ; and neither saved their families, nor their property. What could be more dreadful than such useless degradation ? One of my cousins (who was very pretty), being required to contract one of these low marriages, boldly replied, that she was betrothed to a soldier of the Republic ; and would remain faithful to one of her country's defenders, who at that moment was risking his life for its safety. Her firmness was applauded ; she was left to the republican soldier, who, however, existed only in her imagination.

My residence at L'Ombre—deeply grateful as I was for the shelter thus afforded me — had few beneficial effects on my character. Too much left to my own thoughts, and deprived of my nurse's affectionate cares and advice, I often felt utterly neglected. I was, in fact, *alone*. I opened the "History of China," which I mentioned in the

survey of my room ; but the first volumes disgusted me by wearying repetitions of barbarous names, and I cast it aside. It is possible I might have ended by taking some interest in it, if I had gone on patiently ; but nobody tried to persuade me to conquer my disinclination for it ; nobody gave me any assistance ; nobody, in fact, took the least trouble about my education. For more than a year I had not been able to read or write ; I had no money to buy drawing materials, or writing-paper, I had hardly anything even to work with ; and my aunt, with all her kindness, never appeared even to perceive my need of these things.

This was the order of my life with her. At nine o'clock I went every day to wish her good morning ; coffee was brought to her at the same time, and five or six cats, summoned by the loud mews of the waiting-maid, used to rush in from every side of the court-yard to share their mistress's breakfast. When they had done, they vanished as they had come—that is to say, through the window. I followed their example, except in as much as I took my departure through the door ; and all this occurred daily without the least variety. I returned to my aunt's room at twelve o'clock, and twelve o'clock with her was half-past eleven

everywhere else, for my aunt's appetite regulated her watch, and as her watch regulated the house, everything took place earlier there than elsewhere.

To avoid all discussion on this subject, she had herself broken the main-spring of all her clocks, that no one except herself might be aware of the exact time. On days when she was particularly hungry, a slight poke with her thumb would advance the minute hand of her watch an extra half-hour; when, immediately taking up her walking-cane, and crossing the court-yard to the dining-room, she would express her astonishment that dinner was not on the table. The cook would cry out that it was not cooked, that it could not be much past eleven o'clock anywhere, and she was quite right; but my aunt's only reply would be "Look at my watch, it is past twelve o'clock."

When the poke with her thumb had not been too decided, I used to reach her room in time to come with her, but occasionally I could not prevent her getting the start of me, and then she was not pleased, and the conversation would languish. After dinner, I always returned with her to her room, where I remained until four o'clock. I found an arm-chair placed for me by a table; but I might neither move it nor change my place on any account whatever. There, then I sat, in the

most perfect silence, and, occupied with some quiet needlework, was present at the visit which the parish priest paid every day at the same hour.

At this time, no priest whatever was allowed to officiate; the churches were shut up or turned into "Temples of Reason;" this priest, therefore, no longer said mass. He had given way to the "Nation" in all that was required of him, (for all was still done in the name of "The Nation,") and it was only owing to his particularly yielding character that he was left in the state of repose he then enjoyed. His visits were long; he was often still deep in conversation when the clock struck four, and apparently endeavoured by interesting discourses on all sorts of subjects to keep my aunt amused for a part of the day, and so make her some return for all the kindness he received from her from time to time. At four o'clock, I left her to return at six, or in winter at five o'clock. Oh, how long these winter evenings seemed! When I came back, I regularly found my aunt seated at one corner of the fire-place, and her maid Barbara at the other; my arm-chair, placed opposite to the fire, stood nearly in the middle of the room; the fire was composed of two large billets of wood—there were no lights—and there I had to sit, as

grave as a judge, though but fifteen years had passed over my head.

For a long time I was tolerably content; to complain would have appeared to me an idea of the greatest ingratitude. I had not even the merit of subduing sad thoughts, for I had none. I thought that all ladies of my aunt's age, led the same sort of life, and that it was no more than my duty to conform to it. Besides, I really liked Mademoiselle Melon; her conversation was very amusing, and on her bright days she would tell me many an interesting anecdote of her youth; at other times she would make me repeat to her the story of my past trials, so that the time passed quickly enough.

When all this lost its novelty, however, and my aunt was less disposed to talk, and sometimes kept silence for long together, the hours hung heavy on my hands; the darkness oppressed me, and against my will I often dropped asleep. This displeased my aunt, who thought it uncivil; so having procured a distaff and spindle I tried to spin by the dim light of the fire to keep myself awake, in which, however, I did not always succeed.

At seven o'clock, Mademoiselle Melon had her supper brought to her, as she did not leave her

room at night ; and would, indeed, have found it difficult to cross the court-yard in the dark. The doctors were alarmed at the quantity she ate, and forbade her having regular suppers. But she always ate just as much as she wanted, nevertheless, and persuaded herself she was not disobeying them, as she did not sit down to a regularly spread supper-table. I went to have my supper with the agent, and always returned as quickly as possible to relieve Barbara, who then departed to her own supper. When she was gone, I had leave to take her place by the fire. Mademoiselle Melon, having perceived that I was often very uncomfortable from crossing the cold court in passing from room to room, sometimes in wind and snow, and generally came in breathless and exhausted, used to make up a bright clear fire for me, and desire me to come close to it. There, still by firelight only, I would await Barbara's return, whose meal always occupied much more time than mine had done. When she returned, my day was over ; and I was glad to reach my own little room, and warm myself there quite at my ease.

I cannot deny that my days were often melancholy enough. My aunt had many evenings of silence and ill-humour, when it appeared impossible



to please her; everything was wrong; she was angry both if I spoke and if I did not speak, and accused me of being bored with her, which accusation, by increasing the restraint I already felt, made it doubly difficult for me to amuse either myself or her; so that nothing I could say or do gave satisfaction.

It was but natural that my aunt's temper, at her age, should be uneven occasionally, but it weighed on my mind as an irremediable evil; and sighing after my little room, and its undisturbed though solitary liberty, I was happy nowhere else, and often forgot the little vexations of the day, as I sate till late in the night, busied in thought by the fireside. Those little contrarieties were doubtless good for me, and helped to discipline my wayward spirit, although I knew it not at the time.

I cannot imagine now how I existed so long at L'Ombre, without books, without society, and almost without employment. Mademoiselle Melon rarely visited my room; and it makes me smile even now to think of the alarm that pervaded the house when she made one of her rounds! I think I have made it clear that the kitchen and the dining-room were in the opposite side of the buildings to that which she occupied. The moment she appeared at the door of her apartment,

every one tried to make their escape; while she came slowly on, leaning on her gold-headed cane, for the swelling of her feet made walking painful to her. The ends of them were just stuck into little high-heeled slippers, which came off at every step she took; and she was heard grumbling aloud as she proceeded.

“Good Heavens!” she would exclaim, as she pushed away with the end of her stick the little bits of wood which were left lying about, “what untidiness! what waste! Here is enough wood to warm a house! I have always said these people will ruin me; they will ruin me yet.” Talking in this way, she would reach the kitchen at last, which was sure to be quite empty, as the servants had time to escape while she crossed the court-yard. “What a fire!” she would exclaim. “I have said it, they will ruin me!” and then she would labour to take off the logs of wood, and remove the fire brands.

She had long before caused one of the heavy andirons to be taken away, to prevent so much wood being burnt. Lamenting the inutility of that precaution, she would take a turn round the kitchen, inspecting everything with the utmost minuteness, and making a stir amongst the dishes and saucepans. After she had called repeatedly,

Nanny (who at all other times reigned supreme in the kitchen) would appear timidly before her, and bear the brunt of the storm. The dinner she was preparing, or the cooking of some particular dish, would be sure to occasion a long dispute; then at last my aunt would return as she came.

Hardly was she out of sight when the logs were put back, the firebrands raked together again, and everything went on as usual. If by chance she approached my room, the general panic would infect me too. I could hear her afar off, bemoaning the carelessness of the servants, and muttering: "I have said it," as she stopped every moment to collect scattered sticks from the faggots which had been carried across. At the sound of her voice, I always tidied my room as best I could, and went to meet her with the most dutiful respect; but she always found fault with me, and blamed my want of order. To escape her reproaches, I used at last to hide anything I had in hand between the mattresses of my bed. My aunt, when she blamed me for having any little things scattered about, forgot that I had no place to put them in, but the drawers of a writing-table. She would give me lessons in economy too, of which I thought some were wise, but many disagreeable. "In winter you must go to bed without a candle,"

she would say ; “ you will have plenty of light from the fire.” It is impossible to deny that Mademoiselle Melon’s rounds were terrible visitations.

My aunt leaving her room so seldom, knew very little in reality of what went on in her establishment, and still less on her estate. M. Bonvent, her man of business, who was really master of everything, had complete possession of the lands we lived upon, without ever giving any account of what they produced to Mademoiselle Melon ; who luckily received the rents of her other estates herself, and thought she made rather a good bargain with him, in insisting upon his paying part of the household expenses ; and this agreement at least gave us quiet, after some very animated disputes. Nevertheless, from time to time, difficulties arose. The mistress would complain that her just rights were disregarded ; the servant, now accustomed to rule her, would refuse to obey, and neglecting her orders, would live for a time in open rebellion.

My aunt would sometimes send me with messages to M. Bonvent, who received them very ungraciously ; while my aunt would be equally displeased with the answers I brought back, so that I came off badly in these domestic wars. Per-

sonally, however, I had no causes of complaint, for M. Bonvent was invariably respectful in his manner to me. He was accused of many irregularities, but I never heard one word from him that could annoy me, which was the more surprising, as I could not conceal from myself that he often was quite tipsy when he came in to supper; but on those occasions he invariably preserved an unbroken silence. I ought perhaps to apologise for relating such minutiae, which may appear tedious; but what is life itself, but a succession of minute details? I would fain make my account of them amusing; but if it is not, let the reader consider how oppressive the actual endurance of them must have been! Great events occupy but little space in one's life; they quickly break up, and reduce you again to those little things which make the charm or the torment of existence!

The disputes for supremacy in our house, thanks to the weakness of one of the conflicting powers, occasionally gave rise to most comical scenes; and unimportant as it may appear, one of these was so characteristic, that I cannot resist the pleasure of describing it.

Mademoiselle Melon always ordered our supper herself, which was natural enough; but it happened that we had the same dishes every day; and

M. Bonvent, weary of seeing nothing but *miroton* (scraps of beef fried with onions) and *gibelotte* (fricassee of rabbits), took it at last into his head that he would order our suppers ; and very good they were. We had plenty of chickens, and very often excellent fish, and other things in proportion. I do not know what suggested the idea to Mademoiselle Melon, but one night she asked me what I had had for supper ?

“ A fricassee of chicken, my dear aunt.” .

“ Really ! of chicken, was it ?”

“ Yes ; and, moreover, it was very good.”

“ Really !”

She did not say a word more, but sending for Nanny before she went to bed, she began to storm at her, when the cook replied in the coolest way : “ Compose yourself, Ma’am, your orders have been obeyed ; but Mademoiselle des Echerolles is very absent. She was thinking of something else, and she fancied she was eating chickens.”

This girl persuaded her mistress so entirely of the truth of her story, that the next morning, Mademoiselle Melon, with a smile at my absence of mind, assured me that I had been eating fried beef, instead of chicken. It was my turn to

exclaim, "Really, fried beef!" But my look of astonishment was taken for confirmation, and my reputation of being a very absent person firmly established. I was even obliged to take some pains afterwards to support it, for my aunt began to question me often, and I would now answer boldly: "I do not recollect anything about our supper, my dear aunt."

"How surprising!" she would remark. "When you are just come from it!"

And no doubt it would appear very surprising; but I was thinking of poor Nanny. She used to come to me every day with her troubles, and exclaim: "Have pity upon me, Mademoiselle, for I know not what to do! M. Bonvent orders one thing, Mademoiselle another. He will be sure to turn me out if I disobey him. My mistress will dismiss me directly if you speak; and if I lose my place I shall be without bread."

My aunt's estate seemed quite out of the world, for hardly anybody ever came there. But if a visitor did appear, he was by no means sure of being graciously received; and even when my aunt was very civil, she still had a sort of dread of the visit becoming too long, and would generally

contrive to shorten it, especially if it was some neighbour who had come in to dinner. The moment they had left the table, and returned to her sitting-room, she became restless ; and at the first symptom her guest gave of moving in his chair, she would exclaim : “ Oh, Sir ! are you leaving me already ? Would you so soon deprive me of the pleasure of your company ? Mademoiselle des Echerolles, run and see whether the horses are ready, that this gentleman may not have the bore of being kept waiting ! ”

I had nothing for it but to hasten to execute my aunt's orders ; while the astonished stranger went on listening to the civil regrets of my aunt, who was expelling him so politely. There was something very eccentric and amusing in this way of dismissing her friends ; but it made me then feel very uncomfortable. I did not like it. Some people were angry, and never came again, while others only laughed ; but her conduct made visitors extremely scarce, which condemned me to almost total solitude.

People who live alone, and whose fortune enables them to have fancies and to satisfy them, are extremely apt to let them degenerate into habits that nothing can disturb. This was the



history of Mademoiselle Melon : everything around her was to give way to the force of her habits. Charitable and compassionate as she really was, anxious to do all the good she could to her fellow-creatures, and endowed with a kind and generous heart, the eccentricities which had become habitual to her often made her appear harsh. Thus one day, when, without knowing that I was thwarting any of her prejudices, I came to beg her to allow me to send for a surgeon to take out one of my teeth, she replied by asking me if I meant to say I had got the tooth-ache ?

“ Yes, my dear aunt,” I said, “ I have been suffering horribly with it.”

“ It is your own fault then,” rejoined my aunt. “ *I* have never had the tooth-ache ; and you shall not have a tooth taken out in this house.”

I must repeat that my aunt was really most kind, but this was one of her fancies ; and every one knows the power a fancy may acquire.

My unlucky tooth had given me many a sleepless night before I left Les Echerolles, whilst I was under arrest there. Weary of pain, I sent for the nearest apothecary to take it out ; but he sent me

word that he would not attend an aristocrat ! Not wishing to run the risk of another such answer, I kept my tooth ; and my aunt's singular mania now produced the same result as the apothecary's republicanism.

Thus the parish priest was the only person who was daily admitted to visit Mademoiselle Melon. She partly supported him, for he was very poor ; the Nation paying little or nothing towards the maintenance of priests, complying as many of them had shown themselves with its requisitions. He had never married, because he had met with several refusals, a fact which he openly complained of, and expressed the hope of being some day more fortunate. What I cannot explain to myself is the inconsistency of those unfortunate men. For instance, a neighbouring priest married, and the priest of L'Ombre gave him the nuptial benediction according to the forms of that Church which they had both renounced, and the truth of which they had denied. And in speaking of the marriage, he gravely said to me : " That priest is my friend, and a very pious man, and I did not feel at liberty to refuse him my ministry."

I dreaded that man, and would never receive

him in my own apartment, being persuaded that a bad priest must be bad indeed. He revenged himself during the visits he paid my aunt, by taking advantage of her deafness to say many things to me I should never have listened to elsewhere; feeling certain that even if I ventured to complain of him, Mademoiselle Melon would not believe me. I was also quite certain of this, knowing how much she respected him. He offered to lend me books, but a wisdom beyond my years, and which certainly came not of my own strength, made me refuse them from him, while I accepted some from M. Bonvent. "Mademoiselle, I have a good many books," the latter said to me very candidly; "but there are only two which I can lend *you* with a safe conscience, the life of Marshal Turenne, and that of Prince Eugène."

These I read without scruple, and never repented having done so. During this first residence at L'Ombre I received one day from a stranger a small sum of money, with an unsigned note, stating that this money was for my use. I never knew who the kind donor was till long afterwards, when I learnt that my excellent nurse having nothing to give, and fearing that I was in want, conquered her natural timidity so far as to solicit the

appointment of keeper of the seals newly placed on everything at Les Echerolles, that she might forward the salary to me. Was not this, indeed, a faithful friend ?

## CHAPTER VII.

A faithful friend—best boon of Heaven,  
 Unto some favoured mortal given,  
 Though still the same, yet varying still,  
 Our each successive wants to fill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Round childhood's path a happy charm,  
 In age a tried supporting arm,  
 A chastening drop in cup of gladness,  
 A light to paint the mists of sadness.  
 Whatever form his presence wears,  
 That presence every form endears!

WILLIAMS.



A NEW FRIEND—I GO TO MOULINS—MADAME GRIMAUD—MY  
 AUNT'S LEGACY—I RETURN TO L'OMBRE—MY COUSIN—ST.  
 ANTHONY'S DAY—REUNION WITH MY FATHER.

My monotonous days were agreeably enlivened by the arrival of a friend of my eldest brother, M. Languinier, of Nevers, who being much interested in me, although we had never met, ran the risk of the reception he might experience from

my aunt. He was handsome and agreeable, and altogether she was pleased with him; and although his pleasant conversation did not entirely save him from the usual dismissal, his reception was satisfactory on the whole. He talked to me with friendly interest about my affairs, and intimated that he thought it my duty to attend to them seriously, for the sake of my family.

“Being the only one of them in this country,” he said, “you ought to try and preserve to your father such of his possessions as still remain unsold. Think of this, and exert yourself.”

I had been now several months at L'Ombre, and during that time France, having once more become tranquil, was gradually progressing towards peace, and all were endeavouring to free the country from executions and arrests. The prison doors were opened, and those who had been crowded into them emerged once more to the enjoyment of light and air. All restraints were removed; weary of blood and victims, the people no longer required sacrifices. The heads of parties alone were still disputing; we were allowed to repose.

M. Languinier used this restored liberty as a pretext to urge upon my aunt the necessity of my taking some decided steps. A guardian must be

chosen for me, he said ; and he explained to her how important was this appointment, which could only be determined at Moulins, whither he begged her to allow me to go. Mademoiselle Melon thought my wish to go there a very reasonable one, and agreed most kindly to send me thither. This was my second journey on horseback. On one December day I rode fifty-six kilometers. After struggling through the wind and snow, I arrived, very weary, though excessively happy, at Madame Grimauld's, who received me like a tender mother to whom a daughter is restored after a long absence. Once more I beheld and embraced Josephine, and for a time I forgot all my trials.

It was then that I learnt how much I owed to Madame Grimauld, and that she told me of the danger I had been in of going to the Dépôt, and of her determination to have accompanied me thither. I cannot express my feelings ; but the gratitude which filled my heart for the devotion of this excellent friend, was in proportion to the horror with which the thoughts of the risk I had run inspired me.

The month I passed at her house was one of mingled happiness and regrets. In seeing Josephine, who had never been separated from her mother, I became aware how different I was.

The reader may easily guess that my education had been very deficient, and I now felt humbled at the contrast between us. Her graceful manners and well-bred ease, combined with a natural flow of eloquence in all she said, made Josephine a charming person. I tried hard to improve myself, by gleaning a little from her, both in mind and manners. In other things, we were as far removed from each other as beauty and ugliness. But in admiring the graces she possessed, I never lamented over my personal appearance, because I rejoiced as truly in her advantages as if they had been my own. It seemed to me quite natural that she should be lovely and admired by every one; ever since our childhood it had been the case, and sincere affection is free from jealousy. How sweet were the hours we now spent together! How charming was our perfect intimacy to a heart which, like mine, had been for so long denied the happiness of expanding in unrestrained intercourse!

Having been obliged to live entirely to myself, and to keep in all my thoughts and ideas, I listened with delight to the simple and truthful conversations between my friend and her mother. Easy and ladylike manners and frank openheartedness combined in them to remind me of my



happy days, and of the atmosphere in which my childhood had been spent. A whole lifetime of happiness was compressed into these few weeks !

All my relations declined accepting the office of my guardian : just emerged from prison themselves, they did not feel competent to protect another ; but they met together and appointed for that purpose, M. Charles, a lawyer, who asked and obtained for me a provisional supply, which I think was almost all he did in that line. I received two thousand francs\* in paper money, which, however, had already diminished in value ; and went off to Les Echerolles, where I saw my sister and my nurse, and found them both in good health. I added many little things to their comforts, and leaving some of my paper money with my nurse, I returned to my friend's house. Josephine, as well as her mother, gained money by embroidering. All my cousins did the same. The impoverished nobility thus laboured for the upstarts, and, whether in prison or under arrest in their own houses, they worked hard to supply their own wants, for money was very scarce with them. Many ladies obtained leave to remain as prisoners in their own apartments, a favour greatly coveted by all, though many could not obtain it.

\* A franc is about tenpence.

One of these last, detained in the Carmelite prison, vainly entreated to be allowed to return to her own house. Her health appearing perfectly good, she was refused this favour. What did she do? She was living alone in a little cell, and having found means to procure herself a bundle of vine-branches, she calculated the time of the doctor's approaching visit accurately enough to burn her faggot at the right moment, and then run up and down as hard as she could before the fire, which was intensely hot, though it quickly burnt itself away. When he arrived he found her in a tremendous heat, her face perfectly scarlet, and her pulse fearfully quick; and as he saw nothing to occasion this burning fever, he naturally thought she must be very ill. She encouraged him in his mistake, and begged to be allowed to die in her own bed, where she went comfortably to sleep, not a little pleased at her craftiness. I suppose she had the prudence to make her imaginary illness last some time.

Soon after my return from Les Echerolles, I received an account of my father from a Swiss woman, who proved herself to have really come from him by showing me some small tablets, of no intrinsic value, but which I recognised as having belonged to my mother. She also gave me a

note, written on a piece of crape, which she had hid in the lining of her gown, and took out in our presence. No sooner had I finished reading these beloved characters than Madame Grimauld, out of prudence, compelled me to put them in the fire. I wrote a few words to my father without name or date, and I gave this woman all that I had left of paper money to take to him. I much regretted that I had so little to send, but it proved fortunate, for the messenger deceived every one who had trusted her, and kept all for herself. I believe she came from Lausanne, but I will conceal her name, for it is disgraceful indeed to deceive those who are already in distress.

It was therefore lucky for me that it was not till after her departure that Madame Fabrice sent for me, and gave me, as a bequest from my aunt, my dear, unfortunate aunt, twenty-five pounds in money, which she had deposited in her hands, to be given to the first of our family who, being in poverty, should pass through Moulins.

“I should have given them to you when you passed through before,” she said, “if you had not been accompanied by a third person, who might have proved dangerous; and I felt bound to take every care of this sacred deposit.”

I cannot say what deep emotions of pious

gratitude and admiration filled my heart when I received this money, preserved by the clear-sighted generosity and thoughtfulness of my aunt.

She must, then, have foreseen the evil days that were coming. From beyond the grave she seemed yet to bestow her benefits upon me. She was gone, but her kindness still survived to assist me.

Many years have passed since that day, but never, *never* can I think of it without being filled with veneration for her memory, and also with fervent admiration of the great qualities she possessed. Her mental vision penetrating the dark veil of the future, foresaw, and but too correctly, the troublous times that were coming. Her heart, following the dictates of her good sense, prepared help for the future ; and ever scattering benefits around her, she even succeeded in imparting them after she was gone. Her real greatness of mind was long unknown to those around her, it was hardly recognised when it passed away ; and her soul, which seemed ripe for heaven, was summoned thither.

Before long I had to leave the house of my second mother to return to L'Ombre. I shed many tears on parting from her and Josephine.

Having once again become accustomed to the sweet society of those who loved me, I quitted it sorrowfully, to return to a desert. It cost me much to do so, but short as my residence at Moulins had been, it produced some good effects, which remained with me after I left it.

My mind had been cultivated by intercourse with many relations, distinguished for their good qualities, who treated me with real affection ; I had returned to the sort of society I had once been used to, and had again acquired something of its manners.

The pleasant and instructive conversation of my friends improved my understanding, their kindness gave me confidence and diminished my awkwardness, and their affectionate attentions seemed to give me new life. Deeply touched by their tender cares, I took back to my solitude recollections enough to cheer my loneliness. I carried away with me from Moulins a good many things which had belonged to us formerly, and had been saved by our friends from the general ruin. My wardrobe, too, was rather better supplied, and enabled me to look a little like other people. My aunt had had the kindness to supply me with a new gown, which saved me from the humiliation of exciting compassion.

When I arrived at L'Ombre, it was too late to appear before my aunt; and I hastened to my own room, impatient to see what sort of company I should find there, for the servant who brought the horses for me had informed me that one of my cousins had arrived during my absence. This was Mademoiselle Leblanc de l'Espinasse, whom I had often heard of, but never seen. I felt as if she were an old acquaintance, however, and cried out "Here I am!" to her before I was well off my horse, so charmed was I at the prospect of having a companion. She might have been fifty years old, and I should still have thought her one, for everything seemed young to me after Mademoiselle Melon.

As it happened, however, my new cousin was very pretty, and really young, though much older than myself. A pleasant manner and a great deal of cleverness and information combined to make of her a charming person. I was quite inclined to grow fond of her, and our friendship was soon mutual. I felt a great respect for her, not because she was older than I, but because she was very fond of algebra. I could not comprehend this taste, which I had fancied peculiar to men; and when leaving this abstruse study, I saw her working

beautifully, and making up all sorts of pretty things, I did not know whether I was most surprised at the variety of her tastes or the versatility of her talents.

I was not a little pleased to have a young companion for the long dark winter evenings; and though my aunt, being bored with our little conversations, made a rule that we were not to talk to each other, yet there were at least two of us to hear things, and we could guess each other's thoughts, though we could not express them, for our chairs were placed so far asunder that we could not speak in a low voice. My aunt wished to hear everything. Her hearing was very bad, but still she occasionally recovered it, so that her deafness was of a treacherous kind, and we dared not trust to it.

During this enforced silence my mind was full of thoughts longing to be expressed. I never felt that I had so much to say at any other time. A hundred bright ideas always came rushing into my mind; but I had to keep them to myself, or at any rate, to reserve them for our pleasant talks by our own fire at bedtime. I was consoled by thinking that my cousin felt the same as I did, for troubles shared together press more lightly. What, however, could be done to break the

monotony of our daily life? I was dying to do something new, to say something new; in short, to give some one day a different aspect from all the preceding ones.

My aunt's saint's day was approaching, and this gave us an opportunity for a little change, of which we determined to avail ourselves. St. Anthony was her patron saint, and we decided to celebrate his festival with an unusual degree of gaiety for L'Ombre, the preparations for which brightened and occupied many of our days by the thousand little inventions which such an undertaking, in a place so bare of resources, compelled us to have recourse to. In my excitement, I dreamt of nothing but flowers and garlands. I wanted to trim our gowns with wreaths of green leaves; but my cousin was cruel enough to disturb all my little arrangements by bidding me look out of the window. The ground was covered with snow. In thinking of St. Anthony, I had forgotten the 17th of January.

At last the sun rose on the long wished-for festal morning. My cousin had entreated her uncle to come that day to visit Made-



moiselle Melon ; and M. de Chaligni, true to his word, arrived early, with his son Frederick, to assist us in our schemes. He came to propose to dine with our aunt, who was also his ; and who liked him particularly, and asked him not unfrequently to spend a few days with her—a fortunate circumstance for our plans.

When we left the dinner-table, we slipped away one after the other, leaving M. de Chaligni to bear the whole brunt of entertaining my aunt for the afternoon. We had begged him to be amusing enough to prevent our absence being observed ; and from time to time an exclamation from my aunt of “ Where can the young ladies be ? ” made him redouble his exertions.

The young ladies, meantime, were putting on their white gowns and arranging their little presents as prettily as they could. These consisted of sugar-plums, pastry, fruits, chesnuts, and oranges, which we had procured from the neighbouring town, the only variety the season afforded us. We then went to join our people, who were collected in the kitchen, and convinced that a rehearsal was absolutely necessary,

we seized upon a good old peasant who had arrived by chance, and planting him in an arm-chair, ordered him to represent Mademoiselle Melon. After, in the first place, making two profound curtseys, we recited emphatically before him the verses we had composed in honour of my aunt. He took it all for Latin.

"It is beautiful," he exclaimed, "although I cannot understand it!"

I too was inclined to think my verses beautiful, because they had cost me an infinity of trouble!

At length we set out. Not at all knowing what sort of reception we should meet with, my aunt's faithful servant, James, went in first, and his appearance surprised her a good deal, because she knew he never came in at that time of day without some important reason.

"Madam," he said, "I am come to announce to you that a large party of people have stopped here, and beg permission to see you."

"But, James," she replied, "you know perfectly well that I do not see company!"

"Oh! I told them that, but they said it did not signify, they should not intrude upon you for long."

“I will not see them ! It is an undue hour for visitors ! Go and send them away !”

“That would be difficult, Ma’am,” rejoined James, “for they are already at your door.”

We had much difficulty in suppressing our laughter, as we listened to this conversation.

My aunt now got up from her arm-chair, uneasily, and leaning one hand on the chimney-piece, cried : “But what do they look like, James? do you know them ?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“And at such a late hour !” continued my aunt, in a despairing tone, “so very, very late ! I shall not know what to give all these people for supper ! What an unheard-of intrusion ! M. de Chaligni, pray light the candles ! For Heaven’s sake bestir yourself a little and be quick !”

My cousin, though unable to restrain his laughter at my aunt’s violent discomposure, began to twist up a little bit of paper between his fingers, but not quickly enough to please her, for she continued rapidly :

“What are you about ? How slow you are ! There are some matches ! What an idea, to come at this time of night !”

While still standing bolt upright, she fixed her eyes anxiously upon the door. Hardly were the candles thoroughly lighted, when she saw the party enter, each carrying some little offering; and forming a circle round her, all sang in chorus a little couplet I had composed for them. To add to the surprise, my aunt did not recognise in the expected strangers any one of her servants. We came in next, each holding a nosegay in one hand and a basket of sugar-plums in the other, followed by Frederick, who was loaded with an immense apple-tart.

We recited our verses, and my aunt, still standing by the chimney-piece, was so astonished that she seemed neither to understand or see aright. All was now a scene of joyful confusion. We wished my aunt many happy returns of the day in plain prose, and each of us embraced her, while we laughed at her surprise. At length she saw what we were at, laughed with us, recognised the pretended strangers who filled her room, and, now that she was no longer uneasy about supper, looked at all her presents with unfeigned pleasure, and thanked us most graciously. I never saw her look so happy. A pleasant departure from the usual formal

routine, continued through the whole evening, which became an epoch in the annals of L'Ombre ; and we separated merrily after mutual good wishes had been expressed on all sides.

Next day my aunt was good enough to ask us for more particulars of our little plan, and seemed much interested in hearing all about it.

"My dear aunt," said I, "you were stretching out your hand all the time for my basket, but I held it fast till the end of my oration !"

Alas for my pride as an authoress !

"What oration ? What poem ?"

She had heard nothing ! Her eyes were straying from the tarts and the *bonbons* to the oranges and wafers, and her attention was so taken up by the quantity of good things set before her that she heeded nothing else !

"Oh, my dear aunt ! Our beautiful verses ! What a mortification to our conceit !"

"Really ! did you repeat verses ? I had no idea of it ! Well, you must say them over again to-day ; it will be all the same in the end !"

So we sat to work and acted our parts over again.

My cousin, whose clever inventions had dis-

tracted my aunt's attention so effectually from my poor composition, deserved the most credit for our successful scheme, and I was delighted to hear my aunt thank her for it in the most cordial and gracious way; for she was sometimes severe enough in her manner to her. The decided opinions all her family expressed against those priests who had taken the oaths hurt Mademoiselle Melon deeply, because it cast a discredit on the priest who held so high a place in her esteem.

This sometimes gave rise to unpleasant scenes, because my aunt always thought there was blame implied to herself in this difference of opinion. I have often remarked that our inclination to find fault with our neighbours arises most frequently from thinking that their differing from us implies a reproach to ourselves, and that we are not apt to accord to them that freedom of thought and opinion which we claim in our own case. The priest, vexed at feeling himself slighted, did not soften my aunt's ill-humour, which produced fresh annoyances and restraints to our little circle.

About this time I made acquaintance with a Swiss, who had been some time in the neigh-

bourhood ; an honest man, they said, and about to return to his own country. Such opportunities being scarce, I determined to confide to him the money Madame Fabrice had sent me, and I gave him my father's direction, and the tenderest messages a daughter's anxious heart could dictate. My cousin also entrusted him with a watch for her uncle, M. de Laxi. It happened, however, as with our last messenger, that nothing reached its destination ! I will not reveal the name of this messenger either, but it seemed as if the Swiss brought me no good luck ; and I felt deeply these losses, which I had no power to replace.

The spring passed away very peacefully. Reading and walking filled up our days pleasantly enough. I even thought they passed too quickly away, for my cousin was summoned home by her father, and was going to leave me. Very soon all seemed a desert around me, but my solitude did not last ; the great crisis which had freed so many honest people from prison was gradually bringing the country to a state of peace and conciliation. Those who had emigrated from Lyons all returned home, my father amongst the number ; his name was

erased (at any rate for the present) from the list of the proscribed, and he re-entered, at least provisionally, upon the possession of his property. He told me this happy news by letter, and said he should soon come and fetch me in person, as he wished to thank my aunt himself for the refuge she had so generously afforded me.

My joy was great upon receiving this letter—a messenger of good tidings, indeed. I counted the days impatiently till my father's arrival, and the tearful happiness of our meeting cannot be described. I had never seen him since my aunt's death. He had much to tell me, and I had almost as much to relate as to hear. He described the dangers he had run in entering Switzerland; and pictured to me the fears he had undergone for me, and the entire ignorance he was in for a long time as to my fate. Mademoiselle Melon heard the recital of his adventures with great interest, seeing in him at once an actor and a sufferer in the great struggle. She was very fond of my father, and liked to hear him talk. After a week's rest, he requested my aunt's permission



to depart, as his affairs required his presence at Moulins ; and I went with him, filled with gratitude to my aunt, but very, very happy to leave L'Ombre.

## CHAPTER VIII.

How soon the day is done—  
The longest summer day ;  
'Tis morn, 'tis noon, 'tis set of sun,  
Ah, well-a-day !

MRS. K. ARKWRIGHT.



A SUMMER OF HAPPINESS—REACTION—FLIGHT TO LYONS—  
AVENGERS OF BLOOD—FRESH PERSECUTIONS—MY FATHER  
LEAVES LYONS, AND I RETURN TO LES ECHEROLLES.

I NOW saw Josephine again. My father fervently invoked the blessing of Heaven on all those who had protected his daughter in her troubles ; and dividing our time as we did between the town and the country, this summer was one of the happiest of my life. The house at Moulins, where the Revolutionary Committee had held their sittings, was restored to us, and

we lodged there during our short visits to the town. I am not sure whether I mentioned in an earlier page of this history that my aunt's foresight, before she left Les Echerolles, had induced her to conceal all the plate in a cellar. She had not even been present at the hiding of it, for she seemed to divine the future. "If any of us return, it will be you," she said to me. And, accordingly, the child she then designated returned to claim it.

We were waited on by a Wallachian, a prisoner of war, who could hardly speak any French, and whom my father had brought with him to save him from all the horrors he was undergoing. I made him understand what I wanted, and we went together into the little cellar which contained our treasures. It was not entirely emptied of the foreign wines we had stocked it with, but a great deal had been drunk. Some bottles were scattered about, and a good many still covered the place where I had caused the hole to be dug. The box had been broken, and the plate soon appeared, mixed up with dust and soil. Joseph, who quite understood that it must have escaped the researches of the Jacobins who had so often

visited this cellar, screamed with joy as each fresh article appeared, feeling that he had gained a victory over "those *robbers*, those *rogues*," as he called them, with rather a truthful application of the few French words he knew. Everything was safe. We carried to my father a basket full of plates and covered dishes; and many a time did we bless my aunt's wisdom, for her precaution had supplied us with the means of existence for several years.

There is a species of political monster with two faces, one quiet and peaceful, the other cruel and bloody, of which we felt the varying influences constantly: it is called *reaction*. If the moderate party had the upper hand, all was tranquil, and hope re-entered every desolate heart. This was reaction. If, on the other had, the Revolutionists came to power, terror, reawakened by their voice, chilled even the bravest; all endeavoured to hide themselves or escape. This was reaction, people said again. What could I tell about it, child as I was, for ever tossed by these storms, but ignorant of their causes, though feeling their effects but too clearly? When the calm was restored, or when the rising tempests threatened us, I resigned myself to

my fate, merely repeating what I heard others say, that it was a "reaction," nor seeking to know more.

One day, when my father had sent me to Moulins to do some business for him, I found the town in great agitation. Alarming news had come from Paris; A "Representative of the People" had arrived; my father's provisional pardon had been revoked, and they spoke of arresting him—a "reaction" had taken place. I hastened home, and in a few hours our trunks were packed, and we were off in a wretched cab, of which the springs were all loose; but we dared not delay long enough to have it set to rights. At the least shake, we were sent up against the roof of this abominable carriage, at the risk of fracturing our skulls.

In consequence of the "reaction," too, we could get no horses. Many of the representatives had gone to the south of France, and the post-masters being dreadfully annoyed by all these requisitions, ended by turning out their horses to grass, only keeping up the smallest number possible. We did not reach Lyons, consequently, for five days, though it is only eighteen kilometers distant from Moulins;

and, moreover, we should have been forced to wait at mid-day, at the last post-house, for fresh horses, if good fortune had not brought in a supernumerary mail, the guard of which took compassion upon us. We speedily climbed into the narrow carriage, which was even harder and more shaky than our old one; and we found that there were really only two places, so, as we were three, I had to sit on the lap of our bulky and good-natured companion—another consequence of the reaction.

Our own carriage was brought to us the next morning, at M. Guichard's, Faubourg de Vaise, where we had alighted, and found a sure refuge with that faithful friend, who had persuaded my father to return to France and claim the benefit of the amnesty granted to the fugitives from Lyons. The new panic which had spread over our unhappy country, now filled Lyons with a number of people, who sought there either a safe hiding-place or means of escape into Switzerland.

We met there the family of Bussy, who arrived with us at Lyons, the day of our first flight from Moulins. Like ourselves, they had gone through many hardships, followed by a

short period of repose. Like ourselves too, they were again put to flight! These meetings were sweet though sorrowful; we could sympathise in each other's dangers and trials, while we trembled together at the present evils which seemed to accumulate around us. Several other people were sheltered by M. Guichard, as well as ourselves; so we formed a safe and pleasant little society, to which no additions were made from without.

Lyons was then in a very singular state; two strong hostile powers were battling within its walls. The Jesuits, with revengeful severity, threatened, pursued, and struck down the Jacobins; filling their corrupt souls with terror, if not with remorse, and causing it to haunt them night and day. There was no peace for the Jacobins there, even though their power was again increasing in France, and their official reign returning for the misery of the country. Terrified at the mysterious powers which seized its prey in silence, many of them lay long concealed, while their places remained unoccupied.

It was rumoured that many young men, coming back from the army in which they had been fighting valiantly, and missing on their

return the home and the loved ones, for whom they had risked their lives, made inquiries into the causes of their loss, and many of the informers were slain in duels, in consequence of these private feuds, which were equally detrimental to both parties.

Exasperated by all the atrocities they brought to light, these young men soon resorted to stronger measures. They became assassins, while they thought themselves only righteous avengers. Some thought a duel too great an honour for such adversaries, they slew them by night as by day, by stratagem as well as by open violence. All means appeared legitimate to get rid of them. After having been killed, they were thrown into the Rhône or the Saône, whichever stream chanced to be nearest at the moment, and the water soon bore away the body of the victim. Sometimes, even in broad daylight, one of these men was pointed out to public justice by the cry of "*Matevon ! Matevon !*" "*Matevon*" being, in the Lyons dialect, a word for a man who cut off the heads of trees ; the slayers of men were therefore called "*Matevons*." When the cry was raised, the passers-by hardly took any notice, "It is but a



*Matevon*," they would say to themselves, and pass on.

All minds now were getting irritated by long and unjust persecution ; and, so departing also from the right way, many made themselves amends for the impossibility of obtaining justice, by taking the matter into their own hands. In fact, the prisons were now overflowing with terrorists of every grade, municipal officers, informers, men who had been unfaithful to the trusts committed to them ; in short, criminals of every sort, to whom the new authorities refused to grant even a hearing, being deaf to the just demands for judgment which arose on every side.

Then a reaction took place again, with even more violence than before ; and this time it was bloodthirsty and furious, and those who led it proclaimed that vengeance was theirs, and sought to repay blood for blood and suffering for suffering. They passed through the land, examining the prisons and reducing the atrocities they committed to a fearful system. They searched the register for every prisoner's name and massacred in cold blood all who had had a hand in the death of any one. Robbers and coiners of false money, and all who were guilty

of crimes of a similar nature, were passed over.

"There are laws to judge you," these men said, "and we will not disturb their course." So that people were heard to exclaim on every side, "Spare us ! we are only robbers !"

It was in one of these massacres that Citizen Forêt perished, with his wicked wife, his son, the municipal officer, and his daughter, who was as bad as any of them. This woman, who was quite as hard and cruel as her mother, used to wear a bonnet at the siege of Toulon, ornamented, instead of flowers, with bunches of tiny cannons, sabres, and muskets. It was a melancholy sort of bouquet, but well became its bloody wearer ; and there were even little guillotines hung about it !

Two priests and a banished man were found by the visitors in the prison at Roanne.

"Depart," they said, "at once ; you may not be set free so easily." And they paused to collect among themselves a sufficient sum of money to convey these three safely into Switzerland ; and then returned again to their bloody work !

When we arrived at Lyons, the progress of

this atrocious retributive justice was over; a few occasional murders alone reminded us of it. The Jacobins returned to power, and by little and little made themselves feared once more. The hydra had not perished in the struggle, but every now and then raised one of its many heads as vigorously as before.

There existed a law which ordered that the fathers of those who had emigrated should repair to the houses they occupied in 1792, to remain there under a sort of arrest. My father having come to reside in Lyons, by the beginning of August in that year, hoped to satisfy the requirements of the law by remaining there. The town of Moulins then summoned him to reside under the control of their municipality. My father still held to Lyons; Moulins would not come to terms, and a lawsuit being brought against him, he was condemned, for his resistance, to two years' imprisonment in irons. Several writs were issued against him successively, but in vain, as my father always contrived to escape them. Thus it was that we entered on a new era of persecutions and sufferings.

M. Guichard, whose courageous kindness had

been unvarying, now gave us a very touching proof of it. He had suffered for years from severe asthma, and also from dropsy, the rapid advances of which precluded him from every occupation, and made his life a weariness to him. Nevertheless, his earnest wish to be useful to my father conquered his bodily weakness. He asked and obtained a place in the municipality of Vaise, which enabled him to save us from being surprised, for he was necessarily applied to for every writ of arrest. Thus it happened that many of these mandates remained unfilled up, and I know not how he accounted for them. It was to M. Guichard's generous self-devotion that we owed our safe repose under his protection. My youngest brother, who had taken up his abode at Rive de Gier (M. Mazuyer's), came often to see us, and his arrival always filled our hearts with unalloyed delight, so that in the midst of our continual alarms we had some happy days.

M. Guichard's health became gradually worse and worse; he was confined to his chamber, and soon after that we lost him. He did not think his end was so near, for only the day before, while inhaling with delight the perfume

of a bunch of violets I had brought him, their fresh fragrance recalled forcibly to his mind the place of his birth, and he talked of the visit he meant to pay it as soon as he recovered. The next morning his last agony came on. Kneeling round his bed, we all joined in prayer; and absorbed as we were in this new sorrow, and deeply impressed with the loss we were sustaining, we forgot everything else, and neglected all our precautionary measures.

My father all of a sudden saw a little boy come in, who had entered the house without difficulty, and who handed him a letter from the municipality of Lyons, directed to M. Guichard.

“He is dying,” said my father; “take it to the municipality of this suburb.”

In a short time the little boy returned, and said :

“I found only one member there, and he said I must take this letter back to M. Guichard’s house, as it must be opened there.”

My father read the document; it was a new writ issued against himself. He hastily scribbled a receipt for the messenger, who then departed. We never could learn who the person was who

so generously warned us of this new danger, and enabled us to avoid it. I know not how to express the depth of my gratitude to Almighty God for that providential care which placed in our way so many charitable souls, so many kind and watchful friends, ready to assist in the preservation of one so dear to us all.

We did not leave M. Guichard's house after his death, his widow treating us with as much kindness as he had done. Where could we have been better off? What other shelter could have offered us as many advantages?—a safe asylum and a faithful friend united to make it most desirable. We remained alone, those who had settled there with us having taken their departure. Repeated visits were made to our abode, to try and arrest our dear fugitive; but our cares always prevented their success; and this perhaps inspired us with a fool-hardy feeling of security in the midst of peril, to which he very nearly fell a victim one day, when he was taking the air in a shady walk in the beautiful garden belonging to the house. This garden, surrounded as it was with walls and rocks, could only be overlooked in one place, which he always carefully avoided; and

thinking himself safe as long as he observed this precaution, he often indulged himself with walking in the garden—a pleasure which I grudged him dreadfully, as it kept me in a constant fright about him.

Unhappily, it chanced one day that an emissary, who was in search of my father, came in by the garden-door, and found himself suddenly face to face with him, looking doubtless not a little startled. The commissary told him he was the bearer of an order of arrest; but Madame Guichard, who was present, did not lose her presence of mind, but begged them both to follow her into her own room. When there, she opened her writing-desk, and offering the man her purse, said: “Citizen, you are a father yourself; save then, I entreat you, the life of a father of a family. This money is for you; take it. You came in alone, and nobody has seen this gentleman, except those who will be sure to keep the secret.”

The man was compassionate, and departed quietly; and after that, my father, in compliance with my earnest entreaties, promised that he would only go out at night.

Thus our days passed amidst constant

alarms and ceaseless persecution. Happily, my father found a powerful support in the attachment and generosity of his friends. He always gratefully acknowledged this ; but, nevertheless, life became a weariness to him, and continued restraint irritated his spirit. He continually looked on the beautiful garden, and felt he could not take a step in it ; it was like the trials of Tantalus. Deprived of all exercise, he grew feverish ; the natural vehemence of his character was increased by such constant opposition to his wishes : his temper became soured, and full of impatience and bitterness, he would invoke aloud liberty or death. Many a time has he said to me :

“ I would rather die than lead such a life as this. Let them drag me to the guillotine ; all will then be over, and this unbearable existence at an end.”

“ Think of me, my father,” I would reply ; “ think what would become of me in such a case.”

Most difficult did I often find it to calm him, and inspire him with the least hope or resignation ; and often when I seemed to have succeeded best, some fresh subject of irritation



would arise to destroy my work. At last, being unable to control himself any longer, and repeating that he would rather die than remain a close prisoner, he went out as usual into the garden, where very soon the spies, who still kept watch, caught sight of him.\*

\* About this time we set off on foot late one night, to give my father an excursion in the fresh air, and to see our good old friends the Chazières. I am glad to speak of them again, as the long space in my recital since I mentioned their names would appear ungrateful, if it is not considered that the fervour of my narration often carries me on without leaving me time to mention events in the order in which they occurred.

Having crossed the Saône, we arrived very early at the house of our old friends. I was deeply moved at once again beholding that hospitable roof. Magdalen, the light of the house! Magdalen was no longer there! Her pilgrimage was fulfilled early; but her short life was more full of acts of goodness and charity, than that of many a one who has borne "the burden and heat of the day." The others were unchanged. The gentle Dorothy came bounding to meet us, and her good mother seemed delighted to see us once again. Father Chazières seeing us so well received by his wife, greeted us kindly; indeed, now the Reign of Terror was passed, he had no cause for alarm. Even poor Peter knew us again, and appeared delighted at our coming; and, in my joy at seeing them all again, I even fancied

M. Guichard's successor, a strong Jacobin, most zealous for his party, immediately gave orders that one of his subordinates should execute a search in Madame Guichard's house, as, to his own great disgust, but very fortunately for us, he was obliged to depart immediately on a mission of great importance. The care of executing his orders devolved upon a commissary who was a better man than he took him for. He immediately went to a lady of our acquaintance, explained his commission to her, and begged her to give us timely warning.

"I know him to be at Madame Guichard's," he said, "and I only request that he may be sent away, or that I may be told his hiding place that I may not go near it."

As soon as we received this message, we took every care to conceal my father effectually,

that the old goat recognised us! But, oh! what a blank the absence of Magdalen made to my heart! Her mother shed many tears as we talked of her beloved child, and mingled our regrets for her loss.

After passing some time with our friends, and wandering about the fields with them, imbibing the fresh air and sunshine, we took our leave of them sadly. We did not know if we should ever see them again; and in truth we were parting for ever in this world!

moment, when a violent ring at the door-bell was heard, and a man appeared, wrapped in an immense cloak. He asked for my father. Good Mary Jane declared he was not in ; the other servant said he was.

“I am his friend,” said the stranger, “do not be afraid of me. My name is Rostaing ; go and announce it to him ;” and in a moment he was admitted, and the door closed after him.

I know not if I have already spoken of him in this journal, but he was a brave old officer, as distinguished by his many virtues, as by his military prowess. He was just returned from a long journey, and having learnt the new persecution my father was enduring, had come to try and assist him. On our explaining our alarm to him, he entreated my father to leave the town at once.

“Come with me,” he said ; “leave a house in which your presence is always suspected.”

“What ! in broad daylight ?” said my father.

“Any way you can. God will protect us. Such an existence as you are dragging on, can hardly be called life.”

This resolution, once taken, was speedily and were tremblingly awaiting the dangerous

executed. Mary Jane ran to secure a trusty boatman, who came with his boat to wait at the end of a narrow lane, opposite our house door. We watched for a moment when the street was clear ; my father rushed out, wrapped, like his friend, in a large cloak. He crossed the street with him ; entered the little bark, and rowed off. They soon passed the Seine, and were in comparative safety. We were left in much anxiety ; but trusted in the goodness of his cause. The commissary came at the time he had fixed, and hardly lifted up his eyes for fear of discovering my father. We *might* have told him to look about freely ; but it was as well that my father should still be supposed to be with us.

Had it not been for the lawsuit brought against my father by the authorities of Moulins, we should have shared in the liberty restored to all the men of Lyons in a mass. But far away, pursued with relentless vigour, and hunted from place to place, my poor father found himself only deprived of the privileges which others enjoyed, so that his disgust of life, and the bitterness of his spirit made him commit many imprudences. He could no

longer bear such constant disquiet. "Better die," he repeated constantly; and I could only sadly re-echo my former words: "What would become of *me*, my father?"

M. de Rostaing took my father straight to his own house. He staid there some time, and found a safe and pleasant shelter. Often enjoying the society of his friend, an old soldier like himself, his conversation revived many old recollections; and present sufferings were forgotten in their animated discussions of former battles.

My father's law-suit still continued. Unable to have me with him, he thought it wise to send me to Les Echerolles to see after his affairs; and, indeed, economy made this needful. I went back, then, escorted by a woman who returned immediately. All was going on as before; but this time I took possession of my mother's apartment, fully determined not to give it up to any one.

## CHAPTER IX.

There's many a heart-wild singer,  
Like thy forsaken tower,  
Where joy no more may linger,  
Where love hath left his bower.  
And there's many a spirit e'en like thee,  
To mirth as lightly stirred,  
Though it soars from ruins in its glee,  
Oh, lonely, lonely, bird!

MRS. HEMANS.

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DEATH OF MY SISTER—I VISIT MADAME DE GRIMAUD—  
INTERVAL OF HAPPINESS—BANISHMENT AND DISPERSION—  
JOURNEY TO LES ECHEROLLES—MY FELLOW-TRAVELLERS—  
I TAKE REFUGE WITH MADAME DE GRIMAUD—THEN WITH  
MADEMOISELLE MELON—VISITS TO MY COUSINS—PRIESTS—  
PILGRIMAGES.

I HAVE said, in the preceding chapter, that my father, being unable to keep me with him in the asylum friendship had offered him,

thought it prudent to send me back to Les Echerolles to see after his affairs, and revive the recollection of him in the hearts of some people who seemed inclined to forget him. I found the farmers continuing their banquets and their gains. Their luxury had increased with riches, and they might have been called happy, if constant uneasiness at the instability of their speculations had not mingled in all their joys. Their fortunes did indeed at last slip away altogether, and they found themselves as poor as they had been before they were rich, and far less happy. But I am anticipating.

Another source of uneasiness alarmed them now; a band of robbers which had sprung up in the midst of the province threatened all these newly-acquired fortunes, and, whilst almost alone in the house, I slept in perfect peace, M. Alix and his family hardly dared to go to bed. They were always on the watch for their own safety, preparing for defence, and shuddering at the slightest noise, in dread of sharing the fate of several of their neighbours who had been assassinated. All these alarms cast a dark shadow over their prosperity. I know not whether it were true, or merely an

endeavour of some envious people to disturb his happiness, but certain it is, a report was circulated that M. Alix's name was on the fatal list, and this idea banished sleep from his eyes.

My sister was still alive when I returned, but her existence was evidently drawing to a close. She was growing weaker and weaker every day, and she died of exhaustion at the age of twenty. The calomel taken by her wet-nurse when she was an infant had enfeebled her vital powers, and destroyed her reason ; a fatal example of the dangers to which a mother exposes her child, when she allows it to derive its nourishment from a stranger's breast. My mother never forgave herself for having done so, and it was a source of unceasing regret to her to the day of her death. Nevertheless, she had taken the greatest pains to ascertain the character of the nurse she chose ; but even her prudence was lulled to sleep by the recommendations she received of a woman who was cunning enough to impose upon any one, and her own health was never strong enough to enable her to nurse any of her children.

The short life of Odille was full of suffering.



Born healthy and beautiful, her many ailments soon altered her entirely, and I esteemed her happy when her troubles were ended. Nevertheless, although I could never receive from her a return of affection, her loss afflicted me, and made me feel more lonely from the void it left. Another death in my family brought my lost ones back to my mind, and I felt it was necessary for me to escape from the solitude in which I was left.

I went to spend some time with Madame Grimauld, with whom I was sure to find protection and cheerful society. She was at Lurcy, an estate she had bought with the remains of that large fortune which her husband had almost entirely squandered away. He had been very handsome, but had led an infamous life. It was a love match, but Madame Grimauld, who married when very young, hardly enjoyed a day's happiness. The rest of her life was one constant trial, not only because of the licentious and extravagant conduct of her husband, but also from his sullen temper and spirit of irony and contradiction, which was unequalled, save by the patience of Madame Grimauld in bearing with him every hour of the day. Never

did a complaint escape her lips, nor did her most intimate friend ever hear her confess that she was unhappy. Her secret died with her.

My first acquaintance with such suffering formed an epoch in my life. I had had no time to contemplate a state of existence like this. Tempest-tossed amidst the troubles of my country, I had been, like many others, assailed by those overwhelming misfortunes which crushed everything before them, but at least I could speak of what I felt. Sorrow like Madame Grimauld's I had never seen before, silent but consuming sorrow, which saps the very sources of life, and secretly destroys the heart of which it takes possession. Her trial was the wearing away of a whole existence, revolving ceaselessly on upon sharp thorns, as constantly recurring, as the minutes themselves.

Obliged very soon to leave my excellent friend, I treasured up carefully the high and holy teachings with which her advice and example had enriched my soul. There was a powerful lesson contained in that speechless

misery, so real, so meekly borne, so little deserved.

In returning through Moulins I saw those of my relations who were interested in my fate, and then went back to Les Echerolles to await my father's orders. Time passed on, and having gained his lawsuit with the town of Moulins, he was able to reappear fearlessly, and take up his abode again at Vaise, where he summoned me to join him, which I did, accompanied by Barbara.

The government showing daily more toleration, many of those who had emigrated ventured to return to their native soil. My eldest brother (who had for long supported himself in Amsterdam by teaching French) rejoined us there. Some of these new arrivals had had their names erased from the proscribed list, at least temporarily, and all were expecting to do so. Many, however, mingling in the crowd, had braved all dangers from the imperious necessity they felt of once more breathing their native air, and had made no efforts to save themselves from the possible rigours of the existing laws ; but were there with the others,

and, like them, full of hope and security, and dreamt of nothing but happy family meetings, and discussions of past dangers by the domestic hearth.

They related—perhaps too boldly—all the adventures and vicissitudes of their past life. They had seen and suffered much, and had consequently much to relate ; all felt a bond of union in common misfortunes and common hopes, and all felt assured of future happiness. The gravest were carried away by the stream, and allowed themselves to be infected by the bright visions of the rest.

My youngest brother, who had been replaced in the Artillery by M. de Gueriot's unwearied kindness, was now quartered at Grenoble, which enabled him occasionally to come over to us. We were once again a family party, and the hope of being restored to his property increased the delight my father felt at having us once more around him. We felt nearly freed from all care, we were so very hopeful, and life passed quickly.

I rejoiced heartily in a state of happiness so new to me, little thinking how soon it would be

past and gone. This state of things hardly lasted three months; a new reaction destroyed our most cherished illusions, dispelled our hopes, and completed our ruin.

It was the 18th of Fructidor. I knew nothing of the history of that terrible time, save the necessity it imposed on me to fly once more, to tear myself from the arms of the father I idolised, and to resume that desolate and wandering life which was the worst of my misfortunes.

All who had not been positively erased from the proscribed list were ordered immediately to leave the French territory, where their presence had been hitherto tolerated. Passports were given them to the foreign country nearest to whatever place they chanced to be in, at the moment when this new revolutionary movement was decided upon. My father and my eldest brother had theirs made out for Switzerland. As for me, it was so well known that I had never left France (though my name was on the same list), that my father flattered himself this decree would not affect me, and decided on sending me back to Les Echerolles, in the vain

hope that my presence might possibly save some remnants of a fortune we were about to lose for ever.

Our preparations were soon made, for a very short time was allowed us for packing. As soon as places could be procured in the stage coach, my father placed me in it himself; and still accompanied by my faithful Barbara, I left Lyons a few hours before him. My youngest brother, I believe, entirely escaped this proscription, thanks partly to the feigned name under which he had long served, and partly to the generous friendship of M. de Gueriot.

This sudden separation had come upon us with all the suddenness of a dream, but the awakening to its stern reality was very hard. The public carriages could not contain the numbers of people who were escaping from Lyons. It was not only those who had once emigrated who were leaving the town in haste, but the friends and relations who had collected to see them, terrified at their danger, lost no time in hastening back whence they came. All those who were proscribed, however, did not fly the country. It is so difficult, when once the feet have again trod their native soil, to bid

them once more return into exile! Many remained in spite of all decrees against them. Farewell, my father!—a long farewell to my sweet hopes, and fleeting joys, and all my bright delusions!—to father, brothers, hopes, one long farewell!

The coach set off. Except Barbara, I saw nothing but grave men around me, each of whom, no doubt, was like myself, regretting some friend or relation. We all kept silence till we could discover the political views of our companions; and by degrees, every one appeared too utterly absorbed with his own thoughts to think about his neighbour. I myself long forgot where I was, as my mind wandered back over the vicissitudes of my past life. I was only drawn from my reverie by some cheerful words from a good old man, whose happy nature made him communicative, and broke the spell which rested upon us all. By little and little, a conversation began, which enabled us to see our way. We soon felt safe; and without telling any secrets, we understood each other; and we were confirmed in feeling we were all of the same mind by the sudden restraint which fell upon the whole party, when

a man got in, a few posts from Lyons, who was evidently a Jacobin of the first water.

The coaches were very different then from what they are now, and were slow and uncomfortable to the greatest degree. It was a good time for the innkeepers, for our coach made very short journeys each day, and stopped for two meals besides breakfast.

In those days, people had not brought matters to such a state of refinement as to go without dinner for twelve or fifteen hours, that they might do the more justice to their supper when they got it. Hours were so regular that, as the clock struck twelve, we always heard the voice of some obliging innkeeper exclaiming aloud, "The soup is on the table!" At eight o'clock at night, the same thing happened for supper. The whole concern, both men and horses, seemed accustomed to keep time to a moment. Unless some rare accident disturbed the ordinary course of things, they reached the appointed inns at a given instant; and rarely did any traveller, however little inclined to eat, resist the pressing invitation which announced "the soup is on the table."

Thus, at our first dinner halt, we were



received by the host with the most potent of arguments—I mean the soup tureen—which he placed himself on the table, repeating, at the same time, the usual words. Hardly was the first course brought up, when we discovered that one of our fellow-travellers was missing. It was a young man of very distinguished appearance, with a pleasant face and good manners. Could he have been taken ill? He was nowhere to be found. The carriage afterwards overtook him on the road where he was striding rapidly along. At night he supped well, which quieted our fears about him. The next day, at dinner-time, he disappeared again, and probably every one thought as I did, that he had gone off to eat his bit of dry bread by the side of some clear brook. Who knows even, poor youth, if he found a clear one? for brooks are not always limpid, except in novels.

“I beg your pardon,” said the good old man I have mentioned before, rising and holding his hat in his hand almost respectfully, “I wish to make an observation to you. We have, doubtless, an unhappy man amongst us. Will you then authorise me to invite him, in the name of the company, to come and share a repast

which we do not enjoy unless he is partaking of it?"

He spoke in an anxious and entreating voice, and we all agreed to his proposition almost before he had finished his last words. He left us immediately, sought vainly for our companion, and returned without having found him; but the coachman said we should soon overtake him, as he had gone on before.

The next morning, Barbara and I were to leave the other travellers; but two gentlemen who were going on to Auvergne as well as the youth, promised not to let him run off so in future. He re-entered the coach. I had not been hungry at dinner-time, but I had supplied myself with provisions to eat in the carriage. I offered some to every one with a smile at my own fancies; but all refused to eat anything, and even the one who had not dined would not accept a morsel.

We arrived that night at Roanne, where he supped heartily; and I took rather a sorrowful leave of my fellow-travellers, feeling I should never see any of them again, but somewhat comforted to think the young man would get some dinner on the morrow.

I had taken a carriage to myself to go to Les Echerolles. At daybreak, when I was just ready to get into it, my landlady appeared, and said :

“Madam, amongst your fellow-travellers to this place, there is one in great distress, and I am come to implore some little assistance for him.”

“That poor young man !” cried I. “I was afraid it was so, because he would not come in to dinner !”

“It is not the young man, Madam, it is the old man.”

“What ! that good man, who first suspected the other’s distress ? He was so cheerful too !”

“He is a priest,” replied the landlady, “and forced to leave Lyons. He knows not where to go, and has absolutely *nothing*. In this desolate state, he opened his heart to me last night. He has no refuge to seek, and no means to continue his journey. I am going to try to find him a safe shelter till better times come. I have already collected something for him from those who came in the coach with you. They all seem kind.”

“ Ah !” thought I to myself, “ he understood another’s misery by his own ; and the one we pitied most, had really less to bear than he.”

The next day I arrived at Les Echerolles. Hardly had I greeted my old nurse once again, and crossed our own threshold, when the mayor sent me a private warning to depart immediately, because, as my name was on the proscribed list, I was included in a law which admitted of no exceptions. He begged me to spare him the pain of putting this law in execution, and having me transported from station to station till I was out of the republican territories. Oh, my father ! why had I been forced to leave you ? I once more parted from my faithful nurse ; and leaving Barbara at Les Echerolles that very night, I quitted my paternal roof for ever, escorted by the gardener Vernière.

I went to Lurcy, to Madame Grimauld. I thought I could do this with safety for both of us, because her estate was not in the same department as Les Echerolles, and it was well known that I often went there. Her reception was as kind and affectionate as ever ; and Josephine

received me as a cherished sister, but M. Grimauld seemed disturbed by my coming. I could not wonder at him, for I was, indeed, a suspected person, although I had never left France. My name being on the proscribed list made me a marked character, and might even, though I was so young, compromise those who received me into their houses.

In truth, the times were perilous ; the Reign of Terror seemed likely to return. Its adherents, once more in power, did not spare their threatenings. Alarming reports were spread, one of which excited terror in the firmest hearts—namely, that a law was to be passed, ordering the exile of all the relations of those who had emigrated from France. This law, once put in execution, would have given immense latitude to our persecutors ; and every one, as well as myself, often pictured to themselves its results, and how we might be conveyed forcibly from station to station till we reached the frontiers of France, and had to transport our misery far beyond seas. It was not even stated whether we should be allowed to choose the place of our exile. I confess, that in spite of the calmness consequent upon so many losses, as well as

upon the feeling that I had little to dread, I should have felt it very hard to be compelled to go to America, instead of joining my father in Switzerland. This law was never passed after all, great as had been the alarm it caused. Everybody escaped with the fright, and the innumerable conjectures in which each had indulged about it.

Perceiving at once the alarm I caused, I immediately announced my intention of returning to Mademoiselle Melon, to whom I wrote directly to ask her leave, and to beg of her to send for me. I could remain a few days at Lurcy without any risk, as its situation, far away from all high roads, sheltered me from troublesome visitors. I am even certain that if my kind friend had been alone, she would never have allowed me to leave her. M. Grimauld, reassured by hearing that my stay was not likely to be long, gave a very gracious consent to my visit; and shortly after went to Nevers, where he wished to inspect a house, and near it a small estate he meant to take in exchange for Lurcy. This place, which I have since visited, was merely a pretty house in a large garden; but he declared he should gain

prodigiously by the exchange. It was by this method of enriching himself, that he had dissipated a capital of thirty thousand dollars, and was conducting his wife and daughter to complete ruin; but Madame Grimauld seemed to have lost all power of offering any opposition to his plans. Josephine went with her father, so we remained alone.

One day when we had just finished dinner, it was announced to my cousin that a gentleman, who would not give his name, insisted on seeing her. She went to meet the stranger, who said a few words to her in a low voice, and expressed a great wish to see M. Grimauld, who, he said, knew him very well. He seemed much to regret his absence, gave his name as Le Brun, and appeared desirous of being invited to remain. Madame Grimauld hesitated a little, and her cold and scrutinising looks showed me that she felt suspicious of him; however, at last she begged him to sit down, and hearing he had not dined, sent for a tray of refreshments. He ate heartily, talked modestly, mentioned several places where he had seen M. Grimauld, and related several anecdotes about them. My cousin, however, still looked

very doubtful. He said he had returned from emigration without a sixpence, had no home to go to, and depended entirely on the charity of right-minded people. My heart warmed to him directly I heard that he had emigrated ; for my own father and brothers might even then be asking assistance from strangers.

He wore a shabby great coat of light blue cloth : his words were reserved, but in his voice there was an earnest tone of entreaty. He related his misfortunes, and spoke of the perils he had passed through ; but all in vain, for my friend was not the least moved. I was greatly astonished to see her so unlike herself ; for she seemed to me unkind and harsh, and doubtless the stranger thought so too, for he rose to go. As he took leave, he asked her by what road M. Grimauld would return. She told him one in the opposite direction to the real one, and bade him good-bye. I have since thought he only asked that he might not run the chance of meeting him. Then, however, I laid wait for the stranger at the door, and giving him two dollars (without looking at him for fear of making him blush), I said : " Sir, I have only a sovereign left, but I beg you to accept half of it."



He bowed low, and departed in silence.

I returned to the drawing-room, happy in having done a kindness, and I then ventured to ask Madame Grimauld what had made her so inhospitable.

“That man,” said she, “was not what he pretended to be. No one who has emigrated, would wear a great coat of the same colour as the soldiers of the Prince de Condé. He is well-dressed, his linen is clean, his stockings are neatly mended, in short nothing in him is like a man who is hiding himself. He looks to me much more like a spy and an intriguer, who takes advantage of the miseries of the time to live upon people’s compassion; and I was determined not to tell him by what road my husband would return.”

I had not remarked any of the things she mentioned, because the man interested me. I thought my friend’s prudence very dry, and her charity very cold. I forgot how much experience she had had. Many sharpers in those days drew a rich harvest from circumstances. All bore great names, or loaded themselves with imaginary misfortunes, secure of finding plenty of support from some of the families of persecuted nobles. A great talent for intrigue and

artifice made their success almost certain ; they made themselves thoroughly acquainted with every particular in the history of the families they visited, and then invented long accounts of the exiled relations of those families ; relating conversations, so cleverly adapted to the real characters of each, that it was impossible to doubt the truth of these accounts, and their dupes were very numerous in consequence. In after years I became aware of my friend's wisdom, though at the time I refused to believe in such utter hypocrisy.

Soon afterwards, I found myself once more established in the niece's room at L'Ombre. My aunt received me with great kindness. I have already described her mode of life, so will not return to the subject ; but merely remark that one great change had taken place in my absence—the moderation of the government had caused the churches to be re-opened for the priests who had taken the oaths ; they were still profiting by this permission, and the parish priest of the parish of L'Ombre was now able to say mass publicly on Sundays and holidays. I took advantage of the good temper in which I found Mademoiselle Melon, to beg her to excuse my attending it, as my father's opinions

and my own separated us from those who had ceased to render obedience to the See of Rome. She assured me I should be left at liberty to do as I pleased, as she thought it fair that every one should follow the dictates of their own conscience. This point once gained, I felt at ease and almost happy at my aunt's, who treated me with a degree of kindness I can never forget. She even allowed me to pay some visits to several of my relatives, no one in that retired part of the country having an idea that my name was on the proscribed list, into which they had probably never looked. Amongst others, she permitted me to visit M. Le Blanc de l'Espinasse. His eldest daughter was dead; but her younger sister seemed to have inherited all her love for me. I knew her a little already, and I must reckon the friendship of this kind family amongst the best blessings that Providence has bestowed upon me.

Their house was the abode of peace, where truly patriarchal virtues were put in practice in the simplest way. The father and daughter were both deeply religious without taking the slightest credit to themselves for it, as they really did not suppose it possible to be otherwise. I have

nowhere seen so much love for virtue, combined with such indulgence towards all who thought differently from themselves. They had learnt from their Lord to live in hope of the conversion of all sinners. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, as pious as a sister of charity, was dressed very like one; her dislike to the world and to its ways having made her garb as simple as theirs; but no one could be struck by her attire, so entirely did it seem a part of herself. Busied with the direction of her father's household, she devoted all her spare time to works of mercy and to prayer. Her faith was so fervent, that she was not crushed by affliction; her spirit, strong in a higher strength than her own, suffered, no doubt, but did not sink. Her life flowed gently on, and deeming herself inferior to every one, she was in ignorance of the blessings she bestowed; as a little brook, that in its silent course fertilizes unconsciously all the meadows through which it passes; while her humble mind discerned only her own faults and her friends' good qualities.

I need not repeat that a religious atmosphere pervaded Le Battoué (the place M. Le Blanc inhabited, within a few miles of Nevers), what

I have said of his goodness, as well as that of his daughter, will clearly prove it. A great attention to religious duties was especially remarkable there. Instructed and invigorated by my cousin's example, and encouraged by her, I found in that abode of piety the assistance of which I had long stood in need. My soul there received the best spiritual food, for it was enlightened by the Word of God. In that family, where the Holy Scriptures were read daily, my young mind was formed to upright and noble thoughts, combined with that perfect simplicity which is ever inseparable from truth.

I was fortunate enough to be a frequent dweller under that hospitable roof, and was always received with that unceremonious friendliness which puts one at ease at once, by making one feel at home ; and for which I cannot refrain from offering my grateful acknowledgments, through this, the only channel open to me, though at the risk of putting my cousin's modesty to the blush.

M. Le Blanc had had the honour of being imprisoned during Robespierre's life, but afterwards, being restored to liberty, he returned to his old home, whither the poor soon found their

way as of yore, to share in his liberal hospitality.

Nevers contained many on whom all the rigours of the law had fallen. A great number of priests, whose consciences would not allow them to take the oaths, had concealed themselves there during the Reign of Terror, only emerging at night from their hiding places to attend the sick. Some, being discovered in the act of exercising their apostolic functions ; and others, betrayed by treacherous friends, paid for their self-devotion with their lives ; but some yet remained for the comfort of true Christian souls.

The life of these men of God was indeed a hard one. Buried in narrow dens, deprived of exercise, and sometimes even of air and light, many fell victims to their sufferings. M. Le Blanc, full of compassion for them, sought to give them some assistance, and it was soon arranged that they should come by turns to Le Battoué, to breathe a purer air, and gain a little strength by the change. They always both came and went in the night, and their presence was not known even to all the servants in the house ; so that as it was not very large, there

was a constant system of vigilance established, which was not without its charm, for the human mind loves excitement of all sorts, and the continual alarms in which we lived, made our days pass rapidly.

We had to be constantly on the *qui vive*; to think of everything, to observe everything, never to be taken by surprise, whatever happened. My cousin watched like an anxious mother over her charge, the least noise roused her suspicions. When any pressing danger was averted, the success recompensed us amply for the previous hours of anxiety; we could even laugh gaily at those we had deceived, and delighted with our victory, we prepared bravely for the next struggle.

Oh, those were good times! I repeat it, those were happy days, and good times for me! how my life fled by *then*, every moment of it being occupied by a strong interest; besides, I was loved and protected there, and even my weak powers were able to be of some little use in watching over and protecting others even more unfortunate than myself. My memory ever reverts gratefully to those days. Oh, Maria! suffer me then to dwell upon them a little longer!

We all got up very early to hear mass in a little chapel adjoining the drawing-room. My cousin had accustomed every one in the house to see her go into it at all hours, and even burn a light there, for she often spent part of the night in prayer. This pious custom enabled us to meet there at any hour, without its appearing strange, or exciting any suspicion. Thus we had baptisms performed there several times, and once a marriage, separating as noiselessly as we had met.

The danger attached to these mysterious meetings increased their solemnity. Kneeling on the stones amid the stillness of early morning, our prayers were unusually fervent; the voice of the holy priest speaking in low and earnest tones, sent conviction to our hearts, and our spirits were elevated towards Heaven. These nocturnal meetings reminded us of the persecutions endured by the early Christians, and we fancied that they imparted to us a little of their zeal.

I remember a relation of M. Le Blanc's, who was one of the great men of that day, arriving once on a visit. He was a zealous partisan of the existing government, and we did not



know how far we might trust him, so it was decided to hear mass very early in the morning. Hardly had it began, however, when, though it was only four o'clock, we heard our friend stalking up and down the drawing-room. M. Le Blanc immediately went up to the priest, and said softly : " Sir, you are overheard ; read lower—take care !" but the priest being deaf, took no heed, and went on just as loud as ever. The stranger continued his walk, either did not or would not hear, and departed without touching the door he could so easily have opened. I could find a great deal more to tell about those exciting days, for in the midst of our anxieties we had often most amusing scenes.

One day, when we were playing at cards to amuse our poor deaf guest—(Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, a cousin who was staying in the house, and myself, making up the party) a faithful servant rushed in to warn us that a lady in the neighbourhood was coming up to pay a visit on foot by a path not usually frequented, and that she would be in the room in a moment.

" Oh, what an inquisitive woman !" exclaimed my cousin. " She is come to surprise us ! Quick—quick, Sir : leave the room ! "

"Well, what is the matter?" cried the old priest.

"Hush, hush!—go gently; but be quick!"

"Oh, I understand!" he exclaimed aloud, in his gruff voice: "some one is coming!" And pushing back his chair with a crash, he marched noisily out of one door just as the other opened to our visitor.

"Let us hide this basket of counters," she added, hastily. "They will not heed the cards."

And as we got up to receive the lady, we took care to mix up the cards all in a heap, which was carried away to make room for a luncheon tray.

Such surprises were of daily occurrence. Sometimes visitors came to dinner, which confined our guests to their rooms without being able to stir, as the said rooms were supposed to be uninhabited. We had then to carry them their dinners ourselves, and invented a hundred devices to delude the new-comers.

Our recluses, who were enjoying their little bit of liberty all the more for having been so long deprived of it, used to murmur at this constraint, and would insist on going into the

woods to breathe freely. Thereupon we used to try and release them. M. Le Blanc would entertain some of our visitors in one corner, his cousin the rest. One of us would keep the door shut a moment, and our prisoners hastened by to the woods whilst the coast was clear, and plunged into the thickets till the signal came which we had agreed should inform them of our tiresome guest's departure. Their carriages once safely out of hearing, I used to shut up my little dog in my own room, and then running into the wood, pretend to hunt everywhere for her, calling her all the time as loud as I could, which brought our good old priests out of their hiding-places. The absurd part of the story was that my little dog's name was Coquette, and we have had many a good laugh at the grave figures which answered to the name.

A thousand little incidents of this sort made us merry, and I was delighted to take advantage of them; for being naturally fond of laughing, I often felt a sort of need of giving vent to my mirth. All the good spirits of my youth, so often suffocated in tears, now burst forth afresh; and I often made the old priests

join in my mirth. Merriment is infectious when it is of the right sort, and it did us all good.

One night, one of these gentlemen arrived, who was so short-sighted that he could hardly see his way. His guide had left him at the door; but he only came to beg for supper, being obliged to leave us immediately afterwards, as he was expected elsewhere.

"What am I to do?" he exclaimed. "I see very little by daylight, but not at all when it is dusk! and I do not know the cross roads. If I were once safe on the high road, I could manage, as it would be all straightforward."

"He will take every bush for a man," whispered Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse to me, "and will fall over every mole-hill. I have no safe guide for him, Alexandrine. Dare you come with me as far as the high road—it is barely three miles?"

"Certainly," said I. "I am quite willing."

"I will call the gardener as we go out," added my cousin, "that we may not be quite alone; but I will not speak to him beforehand, for he is both timid and fond of gossip."

It was very dark when we set out; and as we passed before the house of the gardener, Jervelle, we called to him to follow us, which he did, without knowing what we were after. Seeing us go on and on, he began to wonder and to be a little frightened, for Jervelle was not brave.

“Mademoiselle, if you had only told me,” he cried, “I could have brought some weapon of defence with me.”

“We are in no danger, Jervelle!”

“Nay, Mademoiselle, we may meet people or strange dogs, and I have not even a stick!”

He was beginning to indulge in all sorts of dismal suppositions, when he remarked my white gown, and exclaimed:

“Oh, Mademoiselle! if you are all in white, I am not afraid. People will take you for a spirit, and if they see you, will be sure to run away.”

“Well done, Jervelle,” I replied, with a smile. “Then I suppose I had better say I am come from purgatory to preach repentance to them.”

We reached the high road without any diffi-

culties, however, and came back quite safely, after having seen our guest well out of the wood.

Sometimes we would escort one of the priests on his road to administer the last sacrament to some sick man. We would walk humbly after him, singing litanies and chants in a low voice. The woods enclosed us in their deep shadows, and their green aisles sheltered no traitors. No echo repeated our sacred songs to any treacherous ears. Thus the holy man, escorted only by feeble women and children, passed safely through the solitary paths to those who needed his assistance. Kneeling in the sick man's chamber, our timid voices would join in the responses of the service; and leaving that humble dwelling, cheered and brightened by words of peace, we would return whence we came, murmuring still, as we passed along the forest roads, our hymns of adoration and of love.

## CHAPTER X.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,  
 As a lone forest bird 'mid ocean's foam,  
 For me the silver cords of brotherhood  
 Were early loosed: the voices from my home  
 Passed one by one, and melody and mirth  
 Left me a dreamer by the silent hearth.  
 But with the fulness of a heart that burned  
 For the deep sympathies of mind, I turned  
 From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought  
 In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught  
 A perilous delight. For then awoke  
 My life's lone passion—the mysterious quest  
 Of secret knowledge.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, for gifts more high!  
 For a seer's glance to read mortality!  
 For a charmed rod to call for each dark shrine  
 The oracles divine!

MRS. HEMANS.



SOCIAL INTERCOURSE—DEATH OF MADAME GRIMAUD—RETURN  
 TO L'OMBRE — MADEMOISELLE MELON CHANGED TOWARDS  
 ME — INTRIGUES AGAINST ME—MY BROTHER'S VISIT —  
 YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS"—I QUIT L'OMBRE—JOSEPHINE.

WHEN I left Le Battoué, I found as kind  
 a reception at M. de Chaligni's, Mademoi-

selle Melon's nephew, who, with his youngest son and daughter, had been for a time imprisoned. All my relations seemed to rival each other in making amends to me for my sufferings by their active kindness. I shall never forget the extreme delicacy with which Madame de Brèze, M. de Chaligni's daughter, discovering the extent of the privations I was undergoing, insisted on sharing all she possessed with her poor friend. She showed me a sister's love, which is expressing, in one word, all the care they took of me. Her kindness never failed, and she gave me many a happy day in that small habitation of Le Mont, whither her father had retired with her and her youngest brother when the opening of the prisons released them, and allowed them once more to breathe the pure air of their own mountains. They found their house entirely despoiled, and so denuded of all furniture, that a box turned upside down was their only table for their first meal in it—indeed, the only thing left by the spoilers.

The way in which this excellent family received me is graven on my heart, and I delight in retracing the time when my sufferings



showed me how many true and faithful friends I had with whom I might have taken up my abode without ever being made to feel my presence a burden.

There was then a charm in the intercourse between the noble families in France, of which their returning fortunes afterwards deprived them ; for, in resuming their old position, many of them lost by degrees the peculiar virtues which the similarity of their sufferings called forth in the days when, the same trials borne, the same privations suffered, had made them equal in reality.

Every one felt a yearning to share with their former companions in misfortune, the new feelings of relief, and to enjoy the good days with those with whom they had shared the evil ones. Their houses were in wretched plight, it is true ; but no one was fastidious, and the delight of being once more at home made up for all that was wanting. Happiness made people sociable ; they wished to see and congratulate each other. No one was uneasy at not having accommodation enough ; if there were more people than rooms, the young men

slept upon straw; the ladies did the best they could; every one laughed merrily at such little discomforts, and the next day found us all as happy as the preceding one had left us. The tables were always spread with the simplest food; the pleasure of being free was the best condiment; too happy to enjoy the present without thinking of the future, we shared all our pleasures to double their value.

When this first intoxication of joy had subsided, and by dint of time, economy and solicitations, peoples' fortunes began to get right again, this cordiality disappeared. The inequality of rank and fortune disturbed the harmony which reigned before, and when once pride took the ascendant, the easy intercourse which had made life pass so pleasantly vanished away. Egotism and vanity resumed their old sway over many hearts, and ambition very often conquered love. Thus ended the happy time which made a golden age between two iron ones!

About this time I had the misfortune of losing Madame Grimauld. She died at the moment when she was leaving Lurcy to go to Nevers. I obtained leave to go to Josephine,

to mourn with her one who had been a mother to us both. I spent the little time she remained at Lurcy with her, and then returned to L'Ombre sadly enough.

After leaving such truly kind friends, life seemed very desolate; it was the barrenness of exile. There was nothing to fill the heart or to improve the soul. My aunt's house offered the sad picture of a merely animal existence, without any rational conversation to brighten it; only varied by domestic quarrels, conflicting interests and reciprocal calumnies. The numerous household, who seldom even saw their mistress, had left off respecting her. Mademoiselle Melon, hardly ever leaving her own room, was quite ignorant of the revolutions which disturbed the peace of her little empire; and as she only saw with the eyes of her maid Barbara, and gave all her orders through her, they were very often unjust, and were stoutly resisted.

That maid made herself a terror to all, and she was hated as much as feared. I did not for a long time know the extent of her power, or rather her abuse of it, for I kept aloof from all the intrigues that went on, really feeling

afraid of knowing them. Contented with possessing my aunt's affection, which I saw increasing towards me every day, and took the greatest pains to deserve, I endeavoured to make myself agreeable to her by every means that could be devised by a very grateful heart and naturally lively spirits. When I left her room, I used to pass quickly to my own apartment, without stopping to look about me. Dreading to witness the utter disorder of the establishment, I only left my apartment to take a solitary walk and return to my aunt. This existence was calm, though monotonous, and I was getting accustomed to it ; but it did not last long.

The kindness Mademoiselle Melon showed me was distasteful to two people—the priest, whom I had offended by refusing to go to mass, and Barbara, who dreaded a rising power that might rival her own. My aunt all at once became cold and dry in her manner towards me, and unaccountable caprices rendered my situation very uncomfortable. What pleased her one day displeased her the next ; when she followed the dictates of her own heart, I was

well received, but perhaps an hour after she would coldly repulse me.

My aunt's displeasure seemed to increase with time, but she entered into no explanations, and I dared not ask her what was the matter. I studied to please her in every thought, word, and action, but I could not succeed. I then had recourse to Barbara, and said to her:

"As you know my aunt so well, let me beg you to tell me what I can do to please her, and it shall be my study to accomplish it."

The artful girl, however, only abused my confidence, and gave me wrong advice, well pleased to have found so easy a way of breaking off a friendship which alarmed her. When my aunt wished to be alone, Barbara would advise me to go to her; and when she wanted me, I received a hint not to go near her, so that I acted just contrary to her real wishes. I remember once being shut up for a week in my own room, because I was told my aunt's door was shut against me. Meantime, Barbara represented me to her as ungrateful and obstinate,

because while I was receiving her generous hospitality, I would not even pay her the common attentions due to the mistress of the house, even had she not been my aunt and my benefactress.

When she thought she had made her really angry, she would then ask her still to pity me, and try me once more, remembering my desolate position. Mademoiselle Melon's own kind heart always pleaded for me; and as soon as ever I was recalled, I hastened to appear before her, too glad of a kind reception to think of asking the reason of my past disgrace. My aunt hated explanations, and never alluded to the subject, so I trusted the deceitful calm till the next tempest came to threaten my little vessel. Thus by repeated efforts, my enemy gradually undermined my aunt's affection for me, and made my very presence a burden to her.

Being confined so much to my own room, I had not perceived that Barbara was often tipsy. On those occasions she would pay no attention to my aunt's bell; and when rebuked for it afterwards, would declare she had no time to come, because I could do nothing

for myself, and kept her in my room performing a thousand little services for me. My aunt, very justly provoked with me, was crosser than ever, without my having an idea of the cause, for no one ever waited on me, Barbara (as I afterwards heard) objecting to do so. It was by very gradual degrees that my aunt was brought to hate the orphan she had so kindly sheltered; but fraud and envy mix their slow poisons with a sure hand, and detect but too accurately the vulnerable points to which they may apply them.

My aunt began going to mass again on purpose, I believe, to reproach me for my want of piety when she returned. The priest, who hoped to conquer my aversion to him, spoke much to me of the influence he had over my aunt, and tried to shake what he called my philosophical way of taking things, by assuring me he could induce Mademoiselle Melon to make a will in my favour. "I have no right to it," I used to say to him; "she has nearer heirs," and then I would relapse into my usual silence, and not demean myself by answering his crafty words.

I had no accounts of my father. Isolated

and oppressed, my thoughts were often very sad. Where were my troubles to end? when would the evening of my dreary day of existence come? The time seemed very long, and I was very weary of my life. My health, undermined by melancholy, began to fail, and I faded gradually away, without books or friends to cheer me. My memory sometimes added to my sorrows, by bringing up before me some poet's vivid descriptions of the joys of youth, and made me weep the more bitterly at the contrast of my feelings, though now only in my eighteenth year.

God's watchful eye is ever over His children, ready to send comfort in the utmost need; and a most unexpected consolation reached me, now that my heart was failing me altogether. My youngest brother, of whose abode and prospects I was entirely ignorant, came to see me unexpectedly. Although he was on the proscribed list, he had continued in the army, having entered it under a feigned name. He was on his road from Italy to Brittany. The journey was a long one; and as the pay of a lieutenant in the artillery was not much, he found it convenient to travel great part of the way on foot.



I was the more delighted to see him, because I found that it was the wish to come and see what had become of me, which made him apply for leave to change his quarters.

This dear and welcome visitor seemed to infuse new life into me, and my aunt received him very graciously. The eight days he spent with me seemed one long holiday ; what with our happy walks together, and our cosy fire-side conversations. We opened our hearts to each other without reserve. One thing only did we try reciprocally to conceal—our poverty. He thought I wanted money, and pretended to be very rich, that he might persuade me to take some ; and I on the other hand did the same, fearing to deprive him of what he needed more than I. I succeeded in preventing his making me any present. And having a small sum of money by me, I carefully concealed it among his clothes. He never discovered it till he was too far away to attempt to return it to me, so for once I succeeded ; but in general my brother gave me half of whatever he had. His affection readily divined what I was most in want of ; and I have no doubt he very often deprived himself of many necessary things to

procure it for me. I cannot say how much his kindness brightened my solitary life.

I lived upon his letters for a long time ; but they came with difficulty all across La Vendée, for he was then at Port Louis. The robbers, scattered along the road, often intercepted his letters ; and I sank back again into my former loneliness. I sought to amuse myself a little by studying Italian, which one of the priests who came to Le Battoué had begun to teach me ; but I had no book in that language, except a translation of Young's "Night Thoughts." I read them with eagerness ; the melancholy which pervaded them harmonised well with the tone of my mind. They had a great effect upon a young imagination, which, weary of its own fruitless activity, was very much thrown back upon itself. The grand metaphors and striking beauties which they contained excited my admiration. I threw myself boldly into the immense expanse they opened to me, and was enchanted even with the dark descriptions Young is so fond of.

Raised far above this earth, my imagination soared away into eternity ; but as it had nothing to check it, and as the vigour of my thoughts

appeared to increase in freedom in proportion to the constraint in which I lived, I sank under the weight of the speculations which arose in my soul, and my body daily became weaker. I felt happy to think I was approaching my end. Many a time, while weighing in my thoughts what life was, and what death would be, I have spent whole nights seated by the fire which lighted up my solitary cell ; and absorbed in these meditations, my soul and spirit strove to exalt, themselves into that region where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Oftentimes did the air appear to me purer and lighter, as I enjoyed the utter repose and silence round me, and could say to myself : “ All other mortals are sleeping ; my spirit is free.”

I need not here enter into minute details of the trouble every day brought with it, nor dwell further on the underhand measures which at last led to an open rupture. I did not understand them till long afterwards. When I did, Mademoiselle Melon's conduct appeared to me very excusable ; and I sincerely regretted having resented her bitter speeches

too warmly. Nevertheless, I could not have hoped to struggle for any length of time against a power which enthralled my aunt herself; and when she said plainly to me that it was most unpleasant to her to have under her own roof a young person who suited her so little as I did, I saw at once that I must go, and immediately took measures for my departure.

I did not leave her, however, without assuring her that I should ever retain a grateful recollection of her kindness in past years, or without begging leave to come and see her from time to time to assure her of this—a permission which she granted very graciously.

Knowing my state of utter dependence, I believe my aunt thought my resolution was merely the effect of temporary vexation; for she seemed both surprised and sorry when she saw me about to depart, and even said so plainly; but her harsh words were yet sounding in my ears, and nothing would have induced me to alter my mind. I asked her to forgive me anything I had done to offend her; and she was touched by my words, so that we both shed tears at parting. After a time, Barbara's in-

fluence moved my aunt to write me some very harsh letters ; but her natural generosity of mind conquered at last, and she received me very kindly when I came to pay my respects to her once again. To conclude this melancholy episode, I must add that this woman's arrogance became so great, that Mademoiselle Melon, weakened by her great age, and feeling she had no longer strength to break the yoke herself, was obliged to call in her nephew, M. de Chaligni, to send away a servant who so entirely forgot her position. The haughty Barbara was replaced by a good and gentle successor, and my aunt, once more enjoying the calm of which she had so long been deprived, spent the last years of her life very peacefully, saw how she had been deceived, and did me full justice.

I went to Nevers to Josephine. I had heard nothing of her for long ; for she feared to alarm me by informing me of her real state, which drew tears from my eyes. Josephine could not walk alone. She had been to the nearest watering-place to seek a cure for the rheumatism, which had settled in one leg ; but she came back, unable to move, except on

crutches. It grieved me much not to be able to stay and nurse her ; but it was possible that my being on the proscribed list might be known at Nevers ; so I hastened again into the country, sad as was my parting with so dear a friend. Very soon she got so much worse, that she was thought to be in a consumption : grief had ruined her health. She wrote me word that she was going to Paris, and I came back to see her once more.

Her father was weary of seeing her suffer, and sent her on a vain search after new remedies. He no longer cared for her, since he had extorted from her a will in his own favour.

“Josephine,” I often said to her, “keep your fortune in your own hands, for your father’s good as well as your own. You will die in poverty if you surrender all to him.”

“I shall not live long enough” she replied. But she lingered to experience many a hard trial ; for he gave her over, as it were, to the care of strangers. She entreated him to come to Paris. He replied that he was busy with the hay. The doctor wrote to desire him not to lose a moment, if he wished to see his daughter

alive, and he replied he would come the moment his affairs were sufficiently settled. "Do not give way to melancholy," he wrote to Josephine; "do not believe the doctors; go to the play, drink champagne, and be merry."

Happily for her the letter never reached her, for she was at rest before it arrived.

I have anticipated a little in relating the death of my friend, whose greatest sorrows were caused by her father. Whilst she was on her death-bed at Paris, the days as they passed on brought fresh troubles in their train. The law of Hostages, that iniquitous proceeding, unequalled even in the Reign of Terror, threatened the personal safety of individuals, none of whom were secure from the most arbitrary accusations. Thus M. Le Blanc was made to serve as hostage with three of the most respectable people in the neighbourhood, because some way from Le Battoué a woman had been murdered, of whose very existence they were ignorant!

The three neighbours escaped, knowing how little innocence availed in those days. My cousin wanted her father to fly also, but he refused.

"I will not run away from any such ab-

surdity," he said. "If I must go to prison, I will; it is not so long since I have been there!"

"Do at least hide yourself, my father," pleaded Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, "let me have the charge of watching over your safety. It is not for yourself—it is for my brother's sake and for your children!"

He yielded at last to his daughter's entreaties, and she immediately set about concealing them, for there was another besides her father, a good old priest, living with them under an assumed name, who might probably share the fate of M. Le Blanc if he were arrested.

At the first rumour of his arrest, as well as of the three other securities, that which was heard in Nevers, a friend of M. Le Blanc's came in haste to give him warning, that he might be prepared for the worst. He arrived in the middle of the night, and soon roused the house. I was astonished at the noise I heard, but hearing the steps of all I knew in the house, I comforted myself by thinking none of them were ill, and lay still trying to go to sleep again, feeling sure I should be called if I were wanted. Accordingly, in a few minutes my cousin came



into my room, saying I must get up as my room was required. When she had told me her plans, we agreed that if any one came to disturb us, I should go to bed again, and act the part of an invalid.

The house was in a state of siege : no one entered without a countersign, and at the approach of danger each had his appointed post to defend. We went on in this way for three days, but no one came ; the measure was probably reckoned premature, and we returned to our usual mode of life after this little alarm.

When I ceased to be uneasy about my benefactors, my mind reverted to my own cares. I had no accounts of my father, or of my eldest brother. My youngest, after an unsuccessful expedition, had been put into prison in Edinburgh where he languished for eight months, and I was very miserable about him, when I received a letter from himself, announcing his release and his intention of returning to Paris. A few days after, I saw a young soldier, with a knapsack on his back, arrive at M. de Chaligni's house, where I then was—it was himself! Such delightful moments made one forget years of suffering. He was well and joyous;

and opening his purse, showed me fifty shining gold pieces. I knew he had saved nothing, that even his pay had been stopped, and that he had been supported in prison by a subscription amongst his comrades. Whence then this money?

“Oh, Chambolle! is it your own?”

“Certainly it is; my very own.”

“Without having robbed the mail?” (Not an uncommon amusement in those days!)

“How dare you mention such a thing? I have won it! Josephine thought me mad when I insisted on delaying my departure to await the drawing of the lottery in which I had invested my last coin. I was not so mad after all. I returned her the money she had lent me for the journey, and have plenty still left for you!”

He staid but a short time, and then, with his knapsack over his shoulder, he went merrily on to Grenoble, where our valuable friend, M. Guériot, offered him a place.

It was about this time that the return of General Bonaparte took place, who passing rapidly through France, reached Paris unexpectedly, and soon effected many changes in the

government. Some prophesied his rise, from the firm determination with which he advanced; others pleased themselves with the hope of seeing in him a supporter of the royalist cause, and a pioneer to prepare the way for the return of the Bourbons. Many delayed forming any judgment upon the matter, but all had need of repose; all longed to be able to sleep in peace, without fear of being arrested in the morning. This generally peaceful disposition of mind was well suited to Bonaparte's plans, and the moderation which he showed in his first acts pleased everybody.

Some who had emigrated, now quietly returned, and their names were erased from the list. My father arrived at Lyons. I had a strong desire to revisit Moulins, and thinking it would be probably a wise step to show myself there, I wrote to M. de la Coste, the Prefect of that department, to ask his leave. He replied very graciously, that though I was not crossed out of the proscribed list, the injustice of putting me in it at all was so fully recognised by every one, that I might come without fear, and should be sure of protection.

The reception which awaited me at Moulins,

was most flattering. All my father's friends and acquaintances flocked to see me. It was a great pleasure to me to perceive how much interest and affection was still felt for him, and it affected me deeply. My return was also of good omen to many families, who had friends on the fatal list; as the first swallow is welcomed which heralds the coming of spring.

## CHAPTER XI.

I am weary  
 Of the bewildering masquerade of life,  
 Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers ;  
 Where whispers overheard betray false hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not knowing friend from foe !

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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I RETURN TO MOULINS—PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE—I REJOIN MY  
 FATHER AT LYONS—VISIT TO GENEVA—I RETURN TO LE  
 BATTOUÉ — MR. SUCH-A-ONE — I GO TO PARIS WITH MY  
 FATHER—OUR HOME AT MOULINS—POVERTY.

It is very unusual for any young person to be made so much of as I was at Moulins. I was very proud of it too, not because I thought I deserved it in any way, but because it was a flattering sign of the esteem which was generally felt for my family ; it was a legacy from my aunt, for they saw in me the adopted

daughter of that heroic victim, and perhaps they hoped that her virtues might be reflected in me ! Nevertheless, I was far from possessing all the good qualities for which they gave me credit, and committed many an imprudence. I will give an instance of one.

I remember one day my aunt's old cook entered my room, dressed in her best, and with an unusual degree of pompous importance in her manner.

"What now, Louise?" I exclaimed, as soon as I saw her. "You are in your holiday dress ; are you going to a wedding?"

"If it is not a wedding," she replied, gravely, "at least it is something relating to marriage that I am come about, and it concerns you !"

I was startled at the singular way in which my chance question fitted to the fact ; and taking advantage of the opening I had given her, she said she was commissioned by a gentleman, whose name she told me, to ask me if there was any chance of my consenting to marry his son ? As in that case, he intended to buy back Les Echerolles ! Much surprised that he had not rather commissioned one of my relations to ask such a question, and fearing that

some trap was concealed under an offer so strangely made, I answered hastily and foolishly enough :

“ I have lost everything except my liberty ; I cannot part with that ! ”

“ But, Mademoiselle,” said Louise, “ think of your father, and his painful position ! These are kind good people, and the son is very well-looking.”

“ I never saw him,” I replied. “ He does not know me either. How can I tell if he would really love me ? ”

More could not be extracted from me, and Louise’s arguments proving all in vain, *she* departed in worse spirits than she came, and I felt well pleased with my fine answer, and my great wisdom, while in reality I had been only very thoughtless.

M. L——’s proposition was at least deserving of consideration ; and if I had begged a little time to think about it, I might have sought from wiser and more experienced heads than my own the advice I needed to guide me in so important an affair. M. L—— belonged to a respectable family of the middle class, and was truly estimable in every way. It was cer-

tainly my duty to have weighed his proposals a little more, for I do not doubt that the generosity of his character would have prompted him to propose very honourable conditions for the acceptance of my father, whom he had known for many years.

I have often since reproached myself bitterly for my hastiness; every time I saw my father depressed by his sufferings in after years, I have remembered my heedless decision, and said to myself that I might have restored him to his past happiness; but regret came too late.

Oh, how carefully should we reflect upon the least of our actions! everything is of importance in this life; there is nothing so small that it may not produce effects which shall affect us to our dying day, whether it be for good or for evil. Besides higher reasons for regretting my conduct on this occasion, I felt that I must have been thought proud and arrogant, whereas I was only heedless and silly.

When my father returned to Lyons this time, he did not lodge as before at Madame Guichard's because her board would have been too expensive for his means. He went to his tailor's,



who had taken care to let him know the moment it was safe for him to return to Lyons, pressing him at the same time to come to his house.

“ You will find with us,” said this kind M. Lemaire, “ a small room, which you may occupy as long as ever you please, and a very simple table, to which you are heartily welcome, so pray come as soon as possible.”

My father accordingly established himself in this new abode, where he was most kindly received, and waited on as if he had been her own father by the good and religious Madame Lemaire. Fearing to be an additional burden on these hospitable people, I had no intention of going thither, when I received the following short note from M. Lemaire, who wrote with open-hearted cordiality in his peculiar dialect (he was born at Liege) :

“ We eat a turkey at Christmas. Come and share it. Your papa is wearying for you, and we expect you.”

Thus I saw my father once again, and shared as well as himself the hospitable board of the good tailor, at which I have sate many a time since, treated as one of the family, and reve-

rence the virtues which illumined that lowly household, where every one was too humble to guess their own real worth.

Now the extreme change for the worse in my health became apparent. Having been long accustomed to my own sufferings, I was not aware of the progress disease had made. My father, who was unhappy at my aversion to seeing a doctor, imparted his fears to my youngest brother, who was then at Geneva (at that time attached to France), where M. de Guériot commanded the artillery.

My brother soon made his appearance, and said he was come to fetch me to introduce me to some of his friends in Dauphiné, and show me Geneva, where M. de Guériot would receive me gladly. My father approved of this plan, and I entered into it with pleasure.

The journey was delightful. We stopped at Grenoble, and several other small towns, where my brother had friends. I cannot help smiling now when I remember his saying, as we arrived at St. Marcellin :

“Here they measure their food by their friendship, and as they are immeasurably fond

of me, we shall be expected to eat immensely."

Accordingly, I counted five roast meats at supper, though we were only four people ; it was impossible to do full justice to such friendship.

We passed through Chambéry to Geneva, where I was delighted to arrive. M. de Guériot received me with paternal kindness, inquired with much interest into the state of my health, and then said :

"To-morrow, my dear, you must rest. Next day you will see M. Jurine, whom I have already informed that you are come here to consult him."

This was my first intimation of the real reason of my being brought thither. M. Jurine was deservedly very famous, and I could not escape a regular consultation. He thought my state alarming, and from several symptoms declared me to be consumptive. I had to submit to the diet usual in such cases, and take the remedies he prescribed, although they appeared to me very violent ; but I resigned myself to everything.

M. Jurine would have wished to keep me

longer under his own eye, but M. de Guériot having received orders to depart, my brother was obliged to go too ; so that, ill or well, I had to return to Lyons in the next coach, all alone, but very grateful to my brother for this journey, which I owed entirely to his liberality.

I cannot refrain from giving in this place my opinion of those rapid consultations which so many people travel far to seek. The sick person does not always know how to give an accurate medical account of his internal state ; many symptoms are deceptive and puzzling ; and the doctor, who is entirely ignorant of the constitution of the patient thus consulting him for the first time, as well as of his usual manner of life, may easily be led into error, and send the patient away with a totally wrong impression of his case. Thus M. Jurine, clever as he was, and erroneously fancied me consumptive ; by following his advice I still further injured my stomach, in the hope of curing my chest, which had nothing the matter with it.

My father was very unhappy at the result of this consultation, and I was obliged to leave him again, not being able to fulfil the regimen at

M. Lemaire's. I wrote to Mademoiselle l'Espinasse to ask leave to return to her, and the spring found me again at Le Battoué.

I will not describe the pang of parting with my father. My strength daily diminished, and I thought I should never return to the place I was leaving. My friends evidently thought also that they were bidding me a last farewell, and their tenderness moved me much; while the solemnity of all these separations, only added to the melancholy which was partly wearing away my life.

All these journeys did not cost much; but they were uncomfortable and fatiguing. The coaches and cars (which latter were best suited to my finances) were hard and shaky. The latter are only little two-wheeled carts, containing four people, back to back, and driven by a man sitting on the front. I was dreadfully tired when I reached my cousin's house, where I was to begin my course of asses' milk. Madame de Brèze came to spend some time with us, and in spite of the sadness of the times, our friendship gave us many happy hours. An old Abbé Pepin was still living at Le Battoué; but he

went under the name of M. de Raisin, and was introduced to every one as a friend of the house, although he was still a suspicious character ; but the members of government was no longer so anxious to ferret out proscribed people as they had been, although those on the list still feared to show themselves openly.

We were all in the drawing-room, one day, and it was getting dusk, when M. Le Blanc was informed that a stranger wanted to speak to him. He went to the door immediately, and met a man with a humble manner and downcast look, who said, in a low voice, that it was most painful to him to ask assistance of people to whom he was quite a stranger ; but that he was forced to do so by his unhappy position, having recently returned from exile, without any means of support, or even a passport ; he therefore implored a shelter for one night only. M. Le Blanc hardly heard him out before he turned to us to tell us that he was deeply touched by this gentleman's misfortunes, and recommended him to his daughter's special care. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse's own kind heart always inclined her to help all who were in any distress. This stranger had a peculiar title to her compassion

too, for several of her own uncles and cousins had emigrated and might now be asking assistance of strangers. We all shared the same feeling, and as I recognised in the new-comer, the person with whom I had shared my sovereign, I felt confused by the recollection and pretended not to know him again, and he, to my great satisfaction, did the same, so that I felt grateful to him for sparing my delicacy.

Nevertheless, I told my cousin I thought I had seen him two years before at Madame Grimauld's; but fearing to injure him by any inaccuracy in my report, I gave very few particulars of our short interview. I could not help thinking, nevertheless, that he had then called himself M. Le Brun, and had spoken of two of his sisters as in a convent at Bourges. Now, however, he made no mention of anything of the sort, but merely related to us his recent trials. After undergoing great dangers, he had been obliged to leave France a second time; but weary of wandering in a strange land, he soon returned again. Hardly had his foot touched his native soil, however, when he was arrested, and dragged from prison to prison. He had but just made his escape; and we held

our breath as we listened to the touching recital of all he had undergone. He roused our feelings thoroughly, and when we retired for the night he left us deeply impressed with his misfortunes, and sorry that we could not relieve them in any way.

The blue great coat which had excited Madame Grimauld's suspicions had now given place to a very decent grey cloth one. His appearance was certainly neither prepossessing or very refined, but his misfortunes made him interesting in our eyes. When he was shown into his bed-room, he gave the person who lighted him up a shirt and two pocket-handkerchiefs, begging that they might be washed in the night, as he intended to start the next morning. Nevertheless, he was not down till very late. Long before he was awake, my cousin, who had been told the story of the shirt, and had heard, moreover, that it was a very ragged one, appealed to our good nature to assist her. A piece of linen rapidly measured off and cut out, was soon being transformed by our ready fingers into a set of good shirts; and when our unknown friend entered the room, we were all hard at work; and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse herself was



busily re-footing a pair of her father's stockings.

He advanced humbly towards her to thank her for her generous hospitality, and would have taken leave of her ; but my cousin said she felt sure he could not be rested enough at present to undertake another journey so soon, and that, besides, she was commissioned by her father to beg that he would remain under their roof a few days longer. He made many apologies for intruding, hesitated whether he ought to accept her kind offer or not ; but at last consented to do so, and we went on sewing with double vigour. He kept at a respectful distance, spoke little, and apparently paid little attention to what we were about.

I have already hinted that he was vulgar-looking ; but we said to ourselves : " People of every rank have been forced to emigrate." Nor were his manners pleasing ; but then we remarked : " Many a man may be a good soldier, though he is not agreeable." In short, we were disposed to be very indulgent, and would not blame him for his want of attractions.

He seemed to try to make up for it by every

possible civility, and our charity prevented us from making any comment on his rather obsequious attentions. Madame de Brèze's little son sometimes rode a donkey by our side when we went out walking, and our unknown friend devoted himself entirely to taking care of him. He held him on the saddle, made him trot, and was so entirely absorbed in teaching the little man how to ride, that he joined very little in the cheerful conversation that enlivened our walking parties in the peaceful woods of Le Battoué.

In-doors, it was rather more difficult to comply with his request that he might be made useful in some way. One day, however, he mentioned that he could wind very well, and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse immediately brought numerous skeins of cotton and worsted out of her stores, which grew rapidly into little balls beneath his skilful fingers. He told us that a wound in his heel having detained him at one place longer than the rest of his battalion, this slender resource was his only means of earning his daily bread.

“In what country were you then?” one of us inquired.

"In Hungary," he replied, and we were so entirely ignorant about the march of the Prince de Condé's army, that we let the answer pass without remark at the time.

I think he staid more than a month with us, without ever telling his name; and everybody was too discreet to ask it, to the great surprise of Madame de Brèze's little boy, who said to his mother one day:

"Mamma, has that gentleman no name? for I have never heard it!"

"My dear," said I, "call him Mr. Such-a-one."

And the appellation stuck by the nameless gentleman for a long time.

"How do you manage, Sir," said good M. Le Blanc to him one day, "not to make a mistake, and fall into unsafe hands sometimes, coming as a total stranger into the country?"

"Oh, I have an infallible recipe for that," he replied. "I go up to the first peasant I see at work (for they are less suspicious than townspeople), and I tell him that I have lost the name of the gentleman to whom I was recommended in the neighbourhood, that he was an excellent man, well known by his liberality and

goodness, and had been persecuted in the Reign of Terror. In this way," he added, "I was directed to come here, for every one in the neighbourhood of Le Battoué exclaimed at once: 'Oh, that must be M. Le Blanc!'"

We were all pleased with this praise so skilfully administered to my excellent cousins, who certainly fully deserved it.

After a time, the stranger announced his departure in form. The shirts were made, the stockings footed, there was no longer any reason for detaining him, so we let him go. Our parcel of three shirts and three pair of stockings was deposited in his room; and Madame de Brèze, who was the only one amongst us who had any money to dispose of, hid a little in the centre of the parcel, wrapped up in a night-cap, as a sort of compensation for her son's riding-lessons, which she felt too delicate to give in person.

Our friend, who knew nothing of all this, bade farewell to us with many expressions of humility and gratitude; and next morning, at break of day, Mr. Such-a-one and his parcel were out of sight.

These minute details about so insignificant a

person may appear tedious, but they add a few graphic lines to the picture of the manners of that day ; and whatever opinion they may give of the individual, whom I met again afterwards, the reader must remember I had not my present experience at the time of which I have been speaking.

Public misfortune and private persecution had now thoroughly isolated each family. Shut up within themselves, all lived almost entirely out of the world, only anxious to be unseen and forgotten by it. A number of those on the proscribed list, who were afraid to stay long in one place, came to the houses of those of their own party by turns to ask for a temporary shelter, secure of silence and safety there. Delicacy often forbade people from asking the name of those they had received under their roof. They were suffered to depart unquestioned and unsuspected ; and perhaps the very same night their room was occupied by some other fugitive, who would depart as speedily. Many swindlers visited in this way the homes of virtue and innocence, for those who owned them were unskilled in deceit, and did not suspect in others the guile they eschewed themselves, while they

preferred exercising indiscriminate hospitality to running the chance of rejecting one real sufferer. This was the brightest feature of those sad times.

I had begun my course of asses' milk, when I was interrupted by a violent attack of whooping-cough. This malady was then quite an epidemic amongst grown-up people, and many died of it; but I had naturally a strong constitution, and struggled through it well enough to insist on accompanying my father to Paris, when he came to Le Battoué in the autumn on his way to solicit his final erasure from the proscribed list, which he obtained leave to do in person. To be with him was now my only wish in this world; he was my only treasure. It was not merely disease which was wearing out my strength; it was the misery of an unsettled life.

Without a home, and moving constantly from place to place, I dared not attach myself to anything; and I walked sadly through other people's gardens and grounds, regretting bitterly that I could not have even a rose-tree of my own; for who would water it when I went away?

It would pine and die, as I thought I was myself doing.

My father's return revived me, for he let me come with him ; so I suppose my appearance did not alarm him. This time, my earnest desire to accompany him made me conceal my suffering state as much as possible. We returned as I had come, in a jolting car without springs. Trotting along, and well shaken over the stones (we were not able to be fastidious in those days), I arrived in Paris, hooping-cough and all, as if there was nothing the matter ; and the first person I espied was a physician, who had taken what he thought his last farewell of me the year before. He was not a little astonished to see me, having felt sure I must be dead ; and my having reversed his sentence seemed a good omen.

My youngest brother Chambolle came to Paris the same day that we did, to seek his promotion, and hoping to have his name struck out of the fatal list. We were erased from it the same day, and went together to promise not to disturb the peace of the Republic, a promise which I gave very sincerely, not a little

amused at being thought so formidable. My father had many difficulties in getting his name struck off the list, and much trouble and time was spent in vain, which gave me the double annoyance of seeing my father's hopes dwindling away ; and being obliged to part from him again, as we could not afford that I should remain in Paris any longer.

About this time there arose a question of a naval expedition against America, which offered many advantages to those who volunteered to serve in it ; so that my brother hastened to put down his name for it, feeling sure that it would forward his promotion. When I heard what he had done, I felt very miserable. I dreaded such a distant expedition for him ; and I felt that it was full of dangers. Might he not be once more taken prisoner, or fall a victim to the yellow fever, which was then raging ? Loving my brother as tenderly as I did, and seeing all the perils to which he was about to be exposed, this fresh separation wrung my heart, and I felt as if we should never meet again. Could he on his part make up his mind to go without a severe heart-ache ? He thought it would help him on in the world it is true ; but my father's advanced age,



and the desolate state in which I might be left, weighed heavily on his mind.

“If my father should die,” he said to me, one night, “and you should be left alone, what what would you do if I were out of reach?”

“I have thought much about it,” I replied, “my dear brother; for, alas! I must think of everything; and in such a case I have made up my mind to become a Sister of Charity. I am fond of nursing the sick, and should then be serving God also.”

“Are you in earnest?” he exclaimed, in a tone of alarm. “Is that your real intention?”

“Yes,” said I, gravely, “it is. Do not suppose it is a mere passing fancy. I have long thought of it. My weak state of health would be an objection to the plan now, but I hope it may please God that I shall get better.”

My good father was fast asleep while we two had this conversation by the fireside, where the oppressed heart often seeks relief, by imparting its inmost thoughts to one who will sympathise with it. Chambolle looked very grave and left me, for it was getting late. At daybreak I was roused by finding him standing at my bedside.

“Alexandrine,” he said, “is it your real intention to become a Sister of Charity, in case—”

“Yes! and gladly too.”

“I have not been able to close my eyes this night,” returned Chambolle. “Your project haunts me. I know my going grieves you. Promise me then that you will give up your plan, and I will abandon mine. Say farewell to the Sisters of Charity, and I will say farewell to America! I have still time to withdraw my name, and will hasten to do so at once, if you will give me your promise!”

I gave it instantly, and the matter was settled.

As I have said, my father's affairs made very slow progress. No one heeds the solicitations of a poor man, because he is not feared, and there is nothing to be gained from him; so no one scruples to rob him of what little remains, by amusing him with idle promises which waste his time and empty his purse. Doors fly open before the rich man, which are barred against the poor. That, at least, is what our experience taught us.

It was settled that I should go to Auxerre,

to M. de Guériot's, with my brother, whilst my father, who would not leave Paris till he was erased from the proscribed list, staid with one of his acquaintances, who had just offered him a room till his business should be concluded. This offer, so kindly made, brought tears to our eyes ; touched to the heart by this unexpected succour, we prayed fervently together, and soon after I parted from my father.

Chambolle set out before me, because he was going part of the way on foot, as we could not afford to pay for more than one place in the coach. Mine was in the front division, and very much exposed to the inclemency of the weather ; for a leather curtain, flapping up and down at the side, sheltered us very imperfectly. I got into the coach with a bad fit of hooping-cough upon me, and was not very warmly clad, so that, altogether, I was very ill by the time we arrived at Auxerre.

The tender cares of Madame de Guériot and her husband soon set me up again. That time was one of the happiest of my life, and I cannot say how grateful I felt for all their kindness to me. I spent a charming winter there, close to

my brother, and rejoicing in feeling better than I had done for long, my pleasure in which was augmented by the hopes my father gave me of procuring the erasure of his name at last, which was really accomplished the ensuing spring. Very soon after he obtained a pension of eighteen hundred francs. It was not nearly that which was due to his rank as field-marshal, but they pretended he had not held it long enough to claim more than half the pension attached to it.

In spite of the repugnance my father felt at returning to Moulins, he decided to do so, for the chance of being able to buy back some of his own property. There were many instances of the new possessors, feeling their consciences touched by the sufferings of those whose goods had been confiscated, offering them their lands back on terms low enough to suit impoverished purses. Some, more generous, content with the profits they had drawn already from estates they got for nothing, gave them up freely to their real owners ; while others again purposely put difficulties in the way of the bargain, and yet boasted of their willingness to come to terms !

My brother and I went down to Moulins together, and my father joined us there in a little lodging suitable to his small fortune. We filled it with our own old furniture, which the care of M. de Tarade had kept for us, and which he freely gave back to my father. My brother returned to his benefactor, M. de Guériot. My good old nurse, Madame Duvernais, came back to us, having been with her own friends all this time. The moment she thought she could be useful, she returned to us. Assisted by a woman, who made all the necessary purchases, she took the sole charge of our little household, and conducted it with all the economy which our slender means required.

Very soon, my eldest brother came to us from Germany, and for the first time for many years we had a home of our own. One only, of those who had got possession of our lands (Andril-land, a potter), restored to us a small estate at a reasonable price, though even that was large for us to pay. Another boasted everywhere that he was ready to give up the house and domain of Les Echerolles; but he did not tell the hard conditions he required, thus getting credit for

much generosity at our expense, and keeping safe possession of the place.

Many of those who had returned from emigration, more fortunate than we were, got a large portion of their property back again; and, by great exertions and rigid economy, contrived to pay off their debts,\* and spend the rest of their lives peaceably by their own firesides.

All our efforts, however, were in vain to obtain even a competency. The little money we had, was not enough to pay for the small portion of land my father had redeemed; a good man indeed lent us the necessary sum, but still that was a debt which we must repay. My father's little pension would not maintain us all, and many bitter thoughts mingled with the joy of our happy meeting. I reproached myself for depriving him of a share of the comforts he could have afforded himself had he been alone, and brooded day and night over some means of gaining money, till at last I determined to seek a situation. Perhaps, thought I, I may thus be able to add something to his little fortune.

No sooner had this idea taken possession of

my mind, than it absorbed me entirely ; and my eldest brother, though of too undecided a character to take any very active steps himself, gave me good advice, and strengthened me in my resolution. My father, who was uneasy about my future life, saw the necessity of my doing something, though he dreaded parting from me, and still more seeing me dependent on other people's caprices.

I was offered the place of second mistress in a girls' school in Moulins, but he positively refused to let me go. A little time after, a lady of my acquaintance wished to recommend me to some relations of hers, who were looking out for a nursery governess for their children, and lived in Paris. She did not give my name, as they would not have wished to take a real lady, but they promised I should have nothing to do with the servants. However, though I was ready for anything, my poor father could not make up his mind to it. That was a very sad day, when we hardly dared to look at each other for fear of reading our sentence in each other's eyes.

My poor father ! was your daughter, then,

to be a nursery governess? But it was for your own sake. Nevertheless, he looked so unhappy that I refused it at last, to his great joy; and then I felt, by my own intense relief, how much it would have cost me.

How many things there are going on in the world that the rich and happy little wot of! They neither understand nor feel those battles between hard necessity and strong feelings; those bitter struggles which must be hid as if they were a crime; those refinements of feeling which are reckoned inexcusable in the poor. Oh! who can define those varying hues of sorrow, to which each passing day, each careless word adds a shade, till you have gone through every gradation, from the lightest tinge to the deepest darkness? What pen can describe such things? The happy are soon weary of the sorrows of others, and if they think themselves forced to say some kind words, they are often heedlessly or scornfully spoken, and fall like a scorching flame upon the wounded heart.



## CHAPTER XII.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast;  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm and self-possessed.

And thou too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer, and be strong!

LONGFELLOW.



MY FATHER OBTAINS A SITUATION—AN UNEXPECTED EVENT—I  
COME TO LYONS, AND MAKE ACQUAINTANCE WITH MY STEP-  
MOTHER — I OBTAIN THE PROSPECT OF A SITUATION IN  
RUSSIA—MY OLD NURSE.

WHEN my father had lost all hope of re-  
covering some remains of his fortune for us,

his heart sank, and living at Moulins made him utterly miserable. We soon saw we must remove from thence, and seek to distract him from his melancholy thoughts by change of scene. We went into the country, to some relations of ours, where my father, in a cheerful family party, and surrounded with unfamiliar objects, which brought back no painful recollections, soon regained his spirits and his natural vivacity, which made him singularly agreeable—that is, as he possessed it in a degree uncommon at any age. As for me, I had put away all thought of leaving him ; my presence gave him pleasure, and happy to be able to take care of him, I imagined that my future life would flow calmly on in this pleasant occupation, when a letter from my eldest brother Martial, who had not accompanied us, gave another turn to our fortunes, and caused us to remove once more.

M. le Marquis de Chabannes had just got a patent for the new light stage-coaches (*velocifères*), which everybody now knows about. As he was travelling for the purpose of establishing them along the road from Paris to Lyons, he had just passed through Moulins, and happening

to meet Martial there, he charged him to offer my father the post of director at Lyons, with a salary of twelve hundred francs.

Many of the impoverished nobility obtained places from the generosity of the Marquis de Chabannes, who thus assisted his brothers-in-arms and companions in misfortune. I do not know, however, if this kindness did as much service to his affairs as it did honour to his heart, for I always suspected that my good father at least would make but a very bad director of such a concern.

My brother, who was appointed one of the inspectors on the line, and had already gone off to Lyons, wrote to urge my father to join him there immediately, and begin business at once.

As soon as my father saw an opening for exertion present itself before him, he threw himself into it with all the impetuosity of youth, and instantly entering into the hopes held out to him, he set out on foot the moment he received my brother's letter, to go to a little town in the neighbourhood to meet the Lyons coach. In a few hours I saw myself separated from

him, and all my dreams of future tranquillity destroyed ; but I was deeply touched, for it was for my sake, and that I might rest, that my father was going to work hard at his age. His departure made me very unhappy, I could not bear to think of him beginning life anew as a hard working director. He had promised to summon me to him as soon as he was settled. Many months slipped away, whilst I anxiously awaited his orders, and at last he wrote me word of the most unexpected event that could possibly have happened to me. He was going to be married ! He announced it to me in so lively and witty a manner, that I am very sorry not to be able to transcribe his own words, but I have mislaid the letter.

“ I have been proposed to,” he said. “ I have no great wish to marry again ; but as I have been taken a liking for, I shall sell myself for eighteen thousand francs. If they will settle the money on you, it is a done thing.”

I wrote instantly to implore him not to risk his happiness for my sake, as I should be inconsolable ; but the letter came too late. He wrote again to tell me of his marriage, and did

not conceal from me that it had been hurried on by his wife.

This peculiarity increased my uneasiness, as I could not guess what extraordinary reason had induced Mademoiselle de Cirlot to take such a step. In after years, I saw reason to think it a happy union, and that we ought to feel very grateful for the result of an event, which at first appeared strange enough to make me seriously uneasy about the happiness of my affectionate father.

As it is to you, Maria, that I dedicate this book, you will doubtless be interested to hear the singular particulars I can give of your grandfather's second nuptials ; and other people must forgive my entering into such minute accounts of our family history, as I have really but little else to relate.

My father had been shut up in his room for some days with a very bad cold, when he was visited by a gentleman, whom he had often met in the world. This gentleman (apparently a good deal surprised at the commission he had received) informed him, after a long preamble, that he was come to ask his hand in marriage,

or rather to offer him the hand of a lady, who had taken a strong liking to him.

These words plunged my father into an indescribable state of astonishment.

"Does she know that I have lost everything?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"That I have three children?"

"Yes."

"That I have only a small pension, and am seventy-four years old?"

"She knows all that, and is coming to explain it for herself;" and as he spoke, Mademoiselle de Cirlot entered the room.

Like a sensible woman, she entered fully and at once into matters of business, expressed her wishes, and gave every particular concerning her fortune. My father, still perfectly bewildered with the singularity of the proposal, hesitated and tried to gain time, by stating the necessity of consulting his children; but she was not inclined to give him much time for weighing the matter, and so my father, flattered doubtless, by the interest he had inspired, agreed to everything. As soon as Mademoiselle de Cirlot received his

positive consent, she took charge of all the necessary preliminaries, and the marriage contract was drawn up, for she feared if her relations knew the clause about her money (by which my brother profited afterwards, if I did not), they would endeavour to break off the marriage; she eluded putting the conditions in writing, however; and my father, thinking it doubtless more generous towards one who showed him such disinterested attachment, to give his hand, than to *sell* it, did not remind her of it.

No one who reads this can fail to feel convinced, as I was, that either there was something wrong about this lady, or that her mind was affected; but there was nothing of the sort, and in after years I understood her whole history.

Mademoiselle de Cirlot was fifty years old, when she took it into her head to marry my father, whom she had often met at her sister's, Madame du Foissac. She had grown old in her sister's house, whose husband contradicted her constantly, and wearied her by bad jokes, often repeated. Mademoiselle de Cirlot was

wanting in that ready wit which might have repelled or retorted them ; and while treated by her relatives as a child, she perceived that they both speculated on her fortune, and showed up her little absurdities for the amusement of their friends. The feeblest creature has occasional moments of energy. Wearied of her dependent state, she escaped from it at the moment it was least expected of her. My father's amiable character, and the respect in which he was held by every one, induced her to seek in him the protector she needed. To succeed in this affair, on which she had fixed all her hopes of happiness, it was necessary to be both prompt and secret in her measures, which explains all that appears mysterious in her conduct.

I was, however, ignorant of all these circumstances at the time, and being prejudiced against Mademoiselle de Cirlot, my first astonishment at finding I had a step-mother was mingled with a good deal of irritation. I left Burgundy, however, where I had been ever since my father left me ; to rejoin him, and make



acquaintance with his wife ; and I went to Lyons by the canal-boat.

Every one knows what a fuss the arrival of a canal-boat always makes : what an agitation succeeds to the order and quiet that reigned there but a moment before. I waited quietly in my corner till the crowd of travellers, porters, and parcels had moved away, and was just coming out after them, when I espied a kindly face—it was my father's. To fly into his arms, as in old times, was but the work of a moment. After we had talked a few minutes, he said : “My wife is waiting for you.” His wife ! We went on a little way, still talking ; then he stopped, and said : “There she is.” I found myself in front of a little fat woman, with a large, flat, and rather red face, and the smallest of noses. She wore a black and orange hat, from which depended a sort of Spanish net, ended by a tassel of the same colours, which fell upon her shoulder. I was perfectly aghast, but afterwards I found that her taste for bright colours did not prevent her being an excellent person.

Our affairs being wound up at Moulins, which we left for good and all, I found myself settled once more in my father's house ; but my existence there seemed altogether different to me now : no longer of use to him, I felt in the way. My step-mother's fortune, though not large, when joined to my father's pension, amply sufficed for their wants ; but my presence in their small establishment diminished their comforts, and I therefore determined to return to my former plan. The care Madame des Echerolles took of her husband made me quite comfortable as to his welfare, and I could therefore safely depart ; in doing which, I felt I should fulfil the most earnest wish of my step-mother, who dreaded every rival in her husband's affection.

My father, too, was again uneasy about my future life.

"If I die," he said to me one day, "you will be in distress—this thought will embitter my latter days." Taking advantage of this opening, I begged him to allow me to look for a situation, even should it be out of France.

"The sacrifice once made," I said, "the

comfort of feeling I am not in want, will console you for our parting ; and the end of your life will not be disturbed by the fear lest I should lack bread."

I shall never forget the answer he made me as soon as he could speak.

"I will consent to your wishes, my daughter," he said. "If you are happy, I shall bear your being away from me the more easily. A father must sacrifice his own pleasure for his children's good ; and even if I should never see you again, I would still say as I do now. Go and prosper !" and my good old father wept.

By my eldest brother's advice, I wrote to Madame de Malet, the wife of one of his brother officers, whom he had met in Paris. M. de Malet had made acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Bélonde during their emigration, and married her before he returned to France. An irresistible feeling almost always impels a Frenchman to return to his country—a feeling as strong though less pleasant compelled me to fly from it. I described my situation accurately in my letter to this lady, although I had never seen her ; I told her all the reasons which

compelled me to seek a situation, and without concealing my ignorance, I dwelt upon the zeal with which I should endeavour to fulfil my duties. My letter was written with deep feeling, and seemed to touch her heart, for I soon received a kind and sympathising answer. Madame de Malet verified my brother's praises of her by writing with a considerate kindness that charmed me. She inquired if I should be afraid to go to Russia. I told her I would go further still if necessary, for I was afraid of nothing but being forced to live upon other people, and be a burden to my father.

One of Madame de Malet's sisters was lady in waiting to her royal highness the Dowager Duchess of Wurtemberg, who was then at St. Petersburg, and she hoped by her means to find me a situation as governess. About this time M. de Lemery, who had emigrated from France, and gone to live at St. Petersburg, took a journey to Paris. The new friend Providence had raised up to me in Madame de Malet interested him in my case.

M. de Lemery, an old soldier, was at the head of a large foundry near St. Petersburg.

The empress dowager, who appreciated his talents, bestowed on him her patronage; and he deserved general esteem by the good use which he made of it, and the assistance he afforded to all his companions in misfortune.

As soon as he heard my history, he seemed to take a paternal interest in me. He made every arrangement with Madame de Malet for my journey, and undertook all my travelling expenses from Lubeck to St. Petersburg. Besides all this, he insisted on my staying six months with one of his friends, before I accepted any situation, "Because," he said, "too much haste would cost Mademoiselle des Echerolles some of the advantages she might derive from the sacrifice she has made. When she has found a lucrative situation, we can make some arrangement for refunding what I have advanced." This generosity removed all my difficulties, and I resolved to depart; the fact that I had an uncle at St. Petersburg being an additional reason for going thither. Not that my uncle was rich enough to maintain me, but that his name being well known there would be a support to me, and distinguish me a little from the crowd

of adventurers who flocked into Russia from all parts.

Such a departure as that which I was preparing for is like death, except inasmuch as one still retains feelings and affections. I seemed to look at every object as if for the last time. My friends appeared more affectionate than ever. Everything acquired beauty to my eyes from the prospect of losing sight of it so soon. It was a very sorrowful time. I dared not even look at my poor father ; and I felt the necessity of shortening a period of suspense which became every day more painful. Some business which I had at Moulins gave me an excuse to go thither, and claim some money without which I could not set out. I asked my father's permission to go in person, saying I should return before my final departure ; and in deceiving him, I really deceived myself too at the moment.

"I shall return," I said as I got into the coach. I can still see my dear father standing silently by the door, his eyes fixed on my face, and with difficulty restraining his tears. My words still echoed in his ears, but we both felt

that we could not bear to utter an eternal farewell, and that we must not meet again ; we understood each other.

The little that remained of our old possessions being sold and divided amongst us, I had a small sum of money for my portion, hardly sufficient to take me to Lubeck. I was to go to Paris in the spring. Till then I remained at Moulins, and in the Nivernais, where I wished to take leave of all those friends from whom I had received so many proofs of affection. The rumour of my departure for Russia was already widely circulated ; it was thought a strange plan, and I was blamed for it everywhere. “ What a desperate resolution ! ” they said. “ Why does she not stay with her friends, who love her, and like to have her, instead of going into exile as it were, into a country full of dangers, and treachery, and deceitful promises ! ”

The prefect, M. le Marquis Delacoste, who had lived there, sent me word to reflect well before I set off to that distant country, where I should probably find myself disappointed in many things—in short, I was found fault with by every one. Still they suggested no other hope

in the place of the one they would have taken from me; they offered me nothing instead. There are many such half friends in the world, who find fault with all you are doing without helping you to any better scheme. I was weary of these Job's comforters; and I should have left Moulins at once had I not been able to be useful there to a friend as unfortunate as myself, Mademoiselle Guichard, for whom I procured a situation as governess in Moulins.

I should not speak of this circumstance if I did not wish to remark here that the poorest and weakest person may *sometimes* have the happiness of being useful, though it is rarely enough they can enjoy it.

I must here mention one thing which made me feel deep regret, almost amounting to remorse. Madame Duvernais, my excellent and faithful friend, my good old nurse, had followed us to Lyons; but my step-mother would not receive her into her house. Whether it was that she dreaded the extra expense, or that my father's insisting upon my nurse's being treated as a friend of the family had displeased her, she was inexorable; and the two women took the greatest



aversion to each other. My poor nurse was obliged to accept Madame Guichard's generous offer of a home. Her work more than paid for the little additional expense she occasioned, and she supported her sinking spirits by the hope that, sooner or later, we should come together once again, so that my proposed departure for Russia was a tremendous blow to her.

I must confess I did not dare to tell her of it myself—such a parting was beyond my strength. My poor old friend saw me go without any alarm, as she had no suspicion of the length of my intended absence. I placed in safe keeping, at Lyons for her, a sum of money which was my own, and which my father allowed me to dispose of freely; but I could never equal that excellent woman in generosity, for she would not touch it, and maintained herself, as long as she lived, by her own labour. She could not, for a long time, forgive me for having doubted her strength and firmness, and going away without confiding my plans to her. It was not till after repeated entreaties and assurances of my grief at having offended her,

that she would grant me that full forgiveness which was necessary to my peace of mind.

Madame Guichard's affairs, after a time, obliging her to sell her house, my nurse took refuge at M. Fellot's, an old friend of my father's, where she was treated with all the kindness and consideration she so richly deserved till the day of her death. Having no means of repaying that generous man all I owe him, I am happy to express, in these pages, my fervent gratitude for all he has done for us, and most especially for fulfilling what should have been *my* duty towards Madame Duvernais.

I think I need make no excuses for saying so much about her, for all that is really great and noble deserves the admiration of the world, and it is always praiseworthy to publish the virtues of those generous souls who are too lowly for their deeds to be known to fame, whose trumpet proclaims through the world the merit of glaring and noisy acts, while men, ever listening to it admiringly, learn from it only dazzling facts, great crimes, or celebrated feats of arms; for quiet and modest merit generally escapes its notice altogether.

Let me then be permitted to raise my feeble voice to record the generosity, the fidelity, and the disinterestedness by which a poor and simple-minded woman practically revealed the greatness of her soul.

## CHAPTER XIII.

In this false world we do not always know  
Who are our friends—who our enemies.  
We all have enemies, and all need friends !

LONGFELLOW.

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THE RUSSIAN PROJECT DEFEATED—HISTORY OF MADEMOISELLE  
D'A——I ENTER UPON A NEW SITUATION—MY NEW MODE OF  
LIFE—THE LAWSUIT GAINED—KINDNESS OF M. F——.

AFTER having taken leave of my excellent friends in the Nivernais, I returned to Paris. Hardly had I reached it, when I heard that war was declared, and hostilities had commenced, so that it was *impossible* to set off for Russia. What was to become of me ?

Madame de Brèze, who had accompanied me to Paris, pressed me to return with her, and await at her house a more favourable opening

for my plans. I refused to go with that dear friend, however ; and Heaven only knows what it cost me ! I could hardly bear to take leave of her when she was compelled to return home, and I remained alone at Paris.

In severing myself from her, I broke the last link of that chain which connected me with my country, with my old way of life, and all the memories of the past. Henceforth, I must begin, as it were, a new life. I had no longer any one to whom I could say : “ You remember this or that,” or “ We did it together !” To whom should I speak of any mutual friend when all were strange ? Those who have never left their own country cannot guess the countless daily sacrifices that must be made in such a case. Every moment of one’s life, at first, brings a new pang with it, probably utterly unappreciated too, by those who surround you. A word, it may be, or a look rouses memories they little reckon of ; and nothing can make amends for those small internal pangs which one cannot complain of, while a great sacrifice brings a sort of compensation with it.

I had now taken leave of friends and coun-

try with a resolution never to see them again, unless I could gain an independence.

“If I fail in this,” I said to one of my cousins, “our parting shall be eternal. I will die without complaining; no one shall know what I suffer. To wish for my return, therefore, is to wish at the same time for the success of my enterprise.”

When my cousin was gone, I hired a small garret, very scantily furnished, in the hotel we had inhabited together, took in needlework to support myself, and waited patiently. I did not lose sight, however, of my old acquaintances, or my new friend. Madame de Malet had received me most kindly, and I became fonder of her every day. I divided my time between her and Madame Royer Collard, one of the friends I formerly used to visit at the nunnery at Moulins. Her sister Désirée had rejoined her at Paris—Désirée, whom I had seen depart from Lyons in the midst of our misfortunes.

Both had experienced great vicissitudes, Victorine, without leaving her native town of Chambery; Désirée, in traversing Germany on

foot, labouring, with her little sister Agathe's help, to support their aged father and his two children by a second marriage. Still almost children themselves, but called to make great exertions for the sake of duty, their spirit rose to their task.

These times were rich in interesting episodes, which added the charm of truth to the strangeness of fiction.

Our long parting had not cooled our early friendship—we found it as strong as ever. We told each other the history of our vicissitudes, and I received from them comfort, affection, and advice, to brighten my desolate existence.

All the necessaries of life were dear at Paris. My purse got very low—my gains were small, and I found I must economise still more. I soon saw that I must go into the country to await my departure for Russia. Autumn was approaching—too expensive a season for me in the city—so not daring to break into the little hoard on which all my hopes depended, I asked Madame de Soulligné's leave to stay with her till the spring, a permission which was

promptly granted to me. I got my things ready to go, and was hastily finishing a piece of embroidery which must be taken home, when M. de Royer Collard, my friend's husband, entered my little cell. I felt sure, as soon as I saw him, something unusual must be going to happen, for he had not time to come up four pair of stairs for nothing.

"I am come to propose to you a way of remaining in Paris," he said. "It has its hardships, I must allow, but time will accustom you to them. You will stay in the midst of your business, and near all of us, who are sincerely attached to you, and, in spite of difficulties, we shall be able to see you now and then."

"Tell me, what is it?"

It turned out to be a proposal to place myself at the head of an insane lady's establishment.

"You will be mistress there," continued my friend, "you will have nice apartments, twelve hundred francs, and no expenses. That is the bright side of the question. I cannot, however, conceal from you that you will be shut up with Mademoiselle d'A—— till the end of a law-



suit, which is begun, against M. F——, the trustee of her fortune, by an old aunt of hers, who declares she is not out of her mind. Both the contending parties are bound not to enter Mademoiselle d'A——'s doors before the affair is settled, as she is to be kept in ignorance of the whole matter; and to avoid all intrigue, no company whatever is to be admitted into the house."

My position compelled me not to refuse anything merely because it was disagreeable.

"I have no right to refuse," I said to M. Royer. "The hand of Providence seems to point this out to me, and I will accept it."

I fixed a day to meet M. F—— at Madame Royer's, that I might make acquaintance with the person on whom I should in future be so dependent. And I felt I was also to be looked at, which was by no means agreeable to me. The reception I met with from M. F——, however, soon put me at my ease. He was a well-mannered man, and his way of speaking soon showed me that he thoroughly understood my position, and gave him a claim on my gratitude. He avoided all that could make me

feel humiliated in accepting a subordinate situation, and spoke of it in quite a different light.

“You have taken a noble resolution,” he said, “and I will do all that in me lies to make your existence more bearable. My cousin being much better at this moment, I am very desirous to procure her the society of a lady, who, by the influence of her mind and manner, may bring her back imperceptibly to the ways of the world.”

M. Royer was kind enough to enter into every arrangement for me, for M. F—— never spoke to me of money, and took every care to spare me all the most painful part of the steps I had taken. Whilst I awaited the day fixed on for my going into service (to call things at once by their right names), I inquired into the history of my mad lady, and this is the outline of it.

Mademoiselle d'A—— was both clever and well educated, but had always shown a little eccentricity, which was increased by her attention to abstruse studies. Her father, who was in the household of the Comte d'Artois, perished on the guillotine, as did also her mother. Her

brother died in the island of Martinique, and she remained alone. So many misfortunes deranged her intellect. Her fortune excited the cupidity of many intriguers. One adventurer, who gained her affections, received enormous sums of money from her. Devoted to the cause of the Bourbons, and grieved to her heart's core by the impiety which reigned in France, love, religion, and politics combined to turn her head. For a long time her oddities increased, without giving her family a positive excuse for treating her as insane. At last she gave a clear proof of her madness, by a letter which she addressed to Napoleon, and carried herself to the Tuileries.

"I had even avoided using pins when I was dressing," she said to me, one day, when speaking of what she believed to be the cause of her seclusion, "that I might not be suspected of any intention of taking the life of the Emperor!"

After having quoted in her letter the decrees of several councils, she went on to inform Napoleon that he was too great a man to wish to usurp a throne, and begged for an audience to

consult with him upon the means of restoring it to its legitimate owner. Then the insane part began. The Dauphin, who died in the Temple, would appear on such a day, at mass, in such a church, &c.

Napoleon sent the letter to Fouché, and very soon Mademoiselle d'A—— was taken before him, and her insanity certified. When she was brought home again, her family named M. F—— as trustee and administrator of her fortune; and he was empowered to see that every possible means was used to endeavour to restore her to her senses. This decision very much disconcerted a great many people, who, taking advantage of the insanity of Mademoiselle d'A—— for their own benefit, had striven to conceal it from her family. Of course they were dismissed from any connexion with her concerns; but, irritated at losing all their influence, and yet having no rights to claim, they brought forward a good old aunt of Mademoiselle d'A——'s, who was more credulous than wise, that they might, in her name, begin a lawsuit against the administrator of her niece's

fortune ; accusing him of magnifying her insanity, that he might get hold of her property.

M. F—— desired that while the lawsuit lasted, his cousin might be entirely under the doctor's orders ; he agreed not to see her, that he might not be suspected of trying to influence her in any way, and demanded the same promise from the opposite party, which the judges agreed was but fair.

All visitors were therefore forbidden the house, and this was the reason why I was to be shut up. When the day came that had been fixed for my entering upon my new duties, my eldest brother, who was then in Paris, escorted me to M. F——'s house. We then all three got into a coach, the fourth place in which was occupied by a M. Pussin, whose business it was daily to preside at Mademoiselle A——'s dinner. He was to introduce me to her.

We crossed the Champs Elysées, and the carriage stopped before a pretty though small house at the entrance of the Rue de Chaillot. This, then, was to be my prison ! We entered

quietly, and M. Pussin went at once to Mademoiselle d'A——, but in spite of all our precautions she had heard an unusual noise, and when she passed the door of the room in which she thought she had heard people stirring, she peeped through the key-hole, and I immediately heard a harsh, sharp voice saying :

“Treachery ! treachery ! I see a lady ! I see M. F—— ! They are here !”

I was a good deal disturbed at this exclamation, which seemed to betoken me a reception full of mistrust. In a few minutes I received a message from her, begging I would come down. No presentation at court, I am sure, could have made my heart beat more rapidly ; nevertheless, I summoned up all my courage, and went in boldly. She was at dinner, and received me very politely, begging me to sit down by her, and tell her what had brought me to Paris. I replied, that the misfortunes which had desolated France having ruined my family, I had come thither on business, and that my friends had procured me rooms in the house she occupied. M. Pussin

remarked that in the solitude in which she lived, he thought she might be glad of another person in the house.

Mademoiselle d'A——, apparently thinking it would be a great gain to her to have a new acquaintance, immediately sent for a plate and knife and fork for me, and invited me to dine with her every day whilst I remained in Paris. Then looking at me with her single eye, for she had but one, and that very bright and piercing, she exclaimed :

“I recognise your face ! You are the daughter of the Comte d'Artois, who died in the year 1783. I saw your funeral. It is wonderful your eyes and teeth should be in such good preservation.”

It was in vain that I laughingly assured her that I never remembered having died.

“That is possible,” she replied, “but nevertheless I recognise you perfectly.”

As soon as dinner was finished, she returned to her room, and I hastened to mine, hoping to find my brother and M. F—— still there. They were gone. My blood ran cold. The final step had been taken. I was alone—alone !

and in the midst of Paris, but yet separated from every one. Alone!—My eyes filled with tears, but I dared not give way.

Sitting in silence and solitude, however, my sorrowful thoughts would probably have got the better of me at last, if Madame d'A——'s butler had not come in just then to introduce all the servants to me, who were henceforth to consider themselves under my orders. They were all marshalled before me in a row, making a ceremonious obeisance as they passed. There was her lady's maid, her nurse, her cook, the porter's wife, and lastly the porter himself, hat in hand. I mention them all because it was said afterwards that she was allowed no servants.

The house stood between a garden and a court, and would have seemed a delightful abode to me, but for the situation of its mistress.

In an hour or two, I received a note from M. F——, apologising for having gone without seeing me, but saying he was afraid of being detected by his cousin, and so possibly prejudicing her against me. He wished me joy of my successful interview with her, and sent me



a few new books to beguile, if possible, the first beginning of a life that must appear so strange to me. The taste which he had showed in selecting them added to the merit of this little attention, and a feeling of gratitude for the kindness I had met with, sweetened the close of a painful day.

I soon got pretty well used to my way of life. If I might not receive company, I was at least free to go out occasionally, and the real interest I soon felt in Mademoiselle d'A—— made my chains press less heavily. She had a great deal of cleverness, was well read, and had a good memory. She knew our classics almost by heart, and often talked with a degree of good sense which astonished me, and made me forget her real state, till some strange wild speech recalled me suddenly from my delusion.

Sometimes she recounted to me the history of her family with the greatest accuracy ; spoke affectionately of her parents, and reasoned very sensibly on many subjects. When Mademoiselle d'A—— had the brightest gleams of reason, she was most to be pitied ; for then she felt her dependent situation and longed for

liberty ; while the crafty means to which she resorted to procure it, rendered the strictest watchfulness necessary. She soon perceived I had more authority over the household than herself. "Your eyes have an incomprehensible power here," she would say to me ; "I ought to be mistress in my own house, but I feel you are so in reality ;" and then she would fall into such a state of despondency as to draw many tears from me.

At first she liked me ; but the authority which I possessed soon gave her a distrust of me, which was purposely increased by those beneath her, who disliked my superintendence. I will not here enter upon the wearying details of all the annoyances which I suffered in that pretty house, full of intrigues as it was, and wherein no one really cared for its mistress, except her faithful maid, Victorine, who was her god-daughter, and the child of a peasant on her estate. I learnt most of the accusations against me from Mademoiselle d'A—— herself. In spite of her unhappy state, she at times had a return of her natural tact, and seeing nothing in my manner to justify the suspicions against

me, she said to me with a smile : “ How stupid and credulous the lower ranks often are ! That woman pretended my life was in danger from you.” Sometimes, however, when these suspicions recurred suddenly to her mind, she made me very uncomfortable ; but, in general, good and amiable as she was in her own way, we had long and interesting conversations together ; and sometimes she led the way to very serious discussions. Her relations were full of life and spirit, and marked by an originality which was not entirely owing to her state of mind. One could perceive her character must have always been an uncommon one. Occasionally she would smile at my ignorance ; and I must here relate one conversation which took place as we were walking in the garden. She had gone off wildly upon one of her manias, and I was full of my own thoughts as I silently followed her ; when suddenly she turned round and said :

“ Have you ever had lessons in astronomy ?”

“ No.”

“ But I suppose you know something of the history of the heavens ?”

“ Only the little I learnt about them in my geography lessons,” I replied.

“ I am sure, then,” said she, “ they have told you the sun is a globular body ?”

“ Yes,” said I, “ and that is the usual opinion.”

“ Ah !” she continued, “ they are all wrong. What we call the sun is merely a hole in the sky.”

At this, I could not help laughing ; but she went on with the eloquence of a Pythoness.

“ I tell you the sun is a hole in the sky ; but it is the gate of Eternity, through which some feeble rays of the power of God penetrate even to us. Ah ! you are not laughing now !”

“ I confess myself amazed at your definition,” I replied ; “ I can only admire it in silence. I am sure every one that heard you must think with me that it is a beautiful idea.”

I saw at Mademoiselle d'A——'s house all the principal physicians in Paris, both separately and together. Mademoiselle d'A—— confessed it made her nervous when that imposing conclave assembled before her ; but she soon recovered herself, and answered

whatever questions were put to her very cheerfully ; and even as I write—though thirty years have since passed away, I cannot help smiling at the recollection of the ridiculous subjects that were gravely discussed there by the faculty, who were obliged, for the good of their patient, to treat them as matters of as great importance as she did.

Whilst we were all occupied in exactly carrying out the physicians' prescriptions, the law-suit continued ; and M. F——'s opponents put about various reports, first that his cousin was not mad at all, but merely described as such by him, that he might get possession of her fortune ; and then that her mind was certainly rather weak ; but that the malady was increased by those about her, purposely disobeying the doctors' advice. All these calumnies were circulated about the world, and dinned into the ears of the judges.

The tribunal selected a committee to ascertain the real state of Mademoiselle d'A——, and find out if she lived, as had been reported, in an unwholesome sort of prison, where want of air, of every attention, and even of good food

combined to make her mad, if she were not so already. I was warned of the intended visit of these gentlemen, and introduced them myself to each of the servants, giving them at the same time, the fullest information about the expenses of Mademoiselle d'A——, her table, her way of living, and in short all about her. They seemed agreeably surprised at the pleasantness of her abode, and having shown them to her room, I left them alone with her, wishing to show them how much liberty she enjoyed.

Her old aunt, however, acted differently. She had come to prepare her niece for this important visit, which was to decide concerning the truth of the accusations to which she had lent the weight of her respectable name. All the time the sitting lasted, she held her niece by the hand, and twitched it whenever she said anything extraordinary, which only made her exclaim: "Let me alone, my dear aunt, you know nothing about it."

The gentlemen asked Mademoiselle d'A—— if she had any complaint to make either against the lady who was with her, or her own servants?

She replied they were good and faithful, and she had nothing to complain of but her freedom being invaded by her being shut up, so that though she was really both rich and independent, she was deprived of her liberty. As to the lady who was with her, she said she was a very good person, and she had nothing to say against her, except that both she and her servants had the weakness of obeying those pretended doctors in everything, and making her take baths, and do other things she did not like, but, she added, she quite forgave them, because they had the fashionable malady.

“May we inquire, Madam, what that is?” said one of the gentlemen.

“They are insane,” she replied, “they are all insane, though their insanity is of a mild and gentle kind, like that of the pretended doctors who come to see me. Doubtless, gentlemen, you must have perceived the malady that reigns in Paris now, and has to do with the moon and also with Mars and Jupiter.”

And here she went off into the wildest vagaries, while her poor aunt tried in vain to stop

her by pinching the hand she still tightly held, which merely made her again repeat: "Do let me go, my dear aunt; why should you stop my speaking? I know much more about business than you do, who never could do any in your life!"

The judges feeling quite satisfied, now took their leave; and certainly the old aunt played the most ridiculous part in this little scene, as she saw before her the entire contradiction of all she was maintaining in the court. I escorted her to her carriage, but she was apparently still determined to stick to her point, for she said to me almost in so many words, that she entreated me not to kill her niece. "Madam," I said, "your age insures my forgiveness," and so I left her. Poor woman! without knowing it, she was entirely the tool and the dupe of a troop of obscure intriguers, who led her in their own dark and miry ways.

Some time after, I was quietly at work in my own room, when I saw M. F—— come in, followed by one of his cousins. His presence in the house at all announced some important



news; and in fact he had come straight from the court to tell me he had gained his lawsuit.

“You well deserve to be the first person informed of this,” he said, “because you have gone through so much in our cause. I am named legal guardian of my cousin, and administrator of her possessions. After the judgment, the Imperial procurator spoke of you.”

“What could he say of me?”

“I begged you might be publicly cleared from the slanders which have been put about. He represented in forcible and eloquent words how much respect was due to the misfortunes which have compelled you to accept a situation so little fitted for you; and how shameful it is to spread evil reports about a young lady who is unprotected in a strange place, and whose only possession is her good name. I am also come to beg you,” he continued, “to do me the favour of coming to dine with me at my mother’s house to-morrow, when all my family will be assembled, and will be able to thank you for all you have endured for us.”

I accepted the invitation very gratefully, for I could not but feel the extreme delicacy with which M. F—— disguised from me all that was degrading in my position, but still I felt very nervous at the idea of being presented to all his family. I hid my feelings nevertheless under an enormous bonnet, and went. I was received by them all with the natural grace of well-bred people, and the gentleness peculiar to that family who were as remarkable for their amiability as for their talents. I came back highly gratified with my day, though rather surprised to be so much thanked for what was doubtless, after all, a very imperfect performance of my duties.

“Pray tell me, dear Victorine,” I said to Madame Royer Collard, the first time I saw her after the law-suit was decided, “what were the calumnies from which I was so publicly justified?”

“Is it possible,” she exclaimed, “that you do not know all that has been said against you?”

“How should I?” I replied, “consider-

ing the solitude in which I have been living."

"Well I must tell you then, that in the first place they say you are very beautiful (which comes, you see, of not having seen you), and then they add that you assist M. F—— in squandering away his cousin's fortune; and that besides that you have bewitched my husband, and are clever enough to carry on both these intrigues at once."

"That is too horrid!" I exclaimed; "how can any one take away the character of a poor creature, who has never injured them in such a way. I do, indeed, from my heart, bless that delicacy which kept me in ignorance of such slanders, as the knowledge of them would have made me miserable."

"They add that they cannot think how I can be so foolish," continued Victorine, "as to be fond of so dangerous a person. But you have found a champion in my aunt, Madame de Choiseuil, who took up the cudgels for you bravely in an assembly where these calumnies were being circulated. M. de Royer," said

she, “ is my niece’s husband, and a very excellent man he is ; and as to my cousin, Mademoiselle des Echerolles, why she is not at all handsome, but she is as good as she has been unfortunate ; and we all ought to respect misfortune.”

The law-suit being over, I was able to lead a much more agreeable life. Mademoiselle d’A——’s state being pronounced incurable, she was declared hopelessly insane, and all medical treatment was given up. Nothing remained to be done but to make her life pass as pleasantly as possible, and being no longer thwarted in little things, her temper grew less irritable, and her manner much quieter, and the violent scenes I so greatly dreaded became far less frequent. I cannot deny, however, that those scenes, when they did occur, had their dangers, as I will prove by relating one of them before concluding this chapter.

Mademoiselle d’A—— would not be parted day or night from a certain large green umbrella, which she had covered with scarfs and white cockades, and called the Shield of Provi-

dence, and to which she attributed wonderful powers. The physicians decided that this must be taken from her, and accordingly one day, when she came out of the bath she missed it altogether. There was a great fuss, and a great stir, she upset everything in the house, and searched the whole garden, but could not find her treasure anywhere. When she came to dinner, her face bore traces of great suffering, and the grief for her loss seemed to increase upon her, as she saw the place vacant which her umbrella usually occupied.

Her despair rose to such a pitch, that we had hardly began, when she jumped up in a fury, and rushed towards me with a knife in her hand. I thought I felt it already in my shoulders; but she passed by me, and I had only a great fright, which I flattered myself I bore beautifully.

She thought better of her purpose, I suppose, for she sat down again without doing any mischief. I never asked her what she meant to have done, but I always dined alone after that, and I own I should not have been sorry

if one of the physicians had found himself between my shoulders and the knife, that he might have known, by experience, how easy it is sometimes to give orders, and how much more difficult to see them executed.

## CHAPTER XIV.

My native land, good night !

CHILDE HAROLD.

MR. SUCH-A-ONE AGAIN—ANOTHER CHANGE OF FORTUNE—I  
SEEK A SUCCESSOR—ELIZABETH—MY JOURNEY—A SUDDEN  
BLOW—A HAPPY HOME.

I HAVE said before, that I saw the gentleman again whom we christened “ Mr. Such-a-one ; ” that puzzling being who was very like a rogue, and yet might turn out an honest man. He found me out in Mademoiselle d’A——’s house. I recognized him at once, though he was certainly much altered by a very severe illness he had gone through. He could hardly walk, so excessively lame was he, and he looked thoroughly miserable. I could not help pity-

ing his sad condition, though I had an instinctive aversion to him. He knew all Mademoiselles d'A——'s history ; had known her brother, and told me several particulars about the family.

“What an astonishing man !” I said to myself, “he knows every body.” But I feared him as if something evil was hid under his humble demeanour. I offered to try and get him into some charitable institution, where he would be taken care of as long as he lived, and he accepted my offer—but gave me a false direction, which confirmed my suspicions, and I never saw him again, and began to suspect that even his lameness was assumed at the door.

Is it not enough to make one shudder when one thinks of an existence so entirely based upon fraud and deception : as that of a man who crept into families under whatever mask was likely to make him most acceptable, and learnt the secrets of each that he might have more power to deceive others. What constant constraint and dissimulation he must have practised ! Putting all morality aside, I wonder any one can take such trouble to be a rogue !

A short time after the law-suit about Made-



moiselle d'A—— was decided, I received a note from Madame de Malet, begging me to go to her immediately, as she had something of importance to communicate to me.

“Sit down there,” she said to me when I arrived; with even more than her usual kindness. “Here is pen and paper; write at once, and thank the Duchess of Würtemberg, who has given you the situation of governess to her daughters, the princesses.”

“Impossible! you are dreaming! I cannot fill such a situation. I am not qualified for so exalted a post. I have no accomplishments.”

“You need none; the princesses will have masters.”

“I am not sufficiently well-read.”

“You can educate yourself now; the princesses are but young at present, you will have plenty of time.”

“I assure you I do not feel fitted for it.”

“I know you better,” said my indulgent friend always anxious for my good. “And the duchess knows you too.”

“How can she possibly do so?” I inquired.

“In a very simple way; I sent your letters

to my sister, who is her lady in waiting, and she showed them to her. She was then residing at St. Petersburg. Now she is in Würtemberg which is more convenient for you. Here is her letter ; do as I tell you. Sit down at once and thank her for it."

Madame de Malet set aside all my objections, overcame all my difficulties, and made me accept at once, without leaving me any time for reflection. The picture she drew of the virtues and good qualities of the duchess conquered all my reluctance ; and I was engaged before I fully realised what I was doing. My kind friend feeling sure she had contributed to my happiness, seemed so delighted that I could not find it in my heart to damp her joy by a longer resistance.

I do not know what I wrote, or how I got back to my room. I could not sleep that night ; so sudden a change in my circumstances upset all my ideas, and filled my mind with strange reflections. "It seems as if providence favoured my endeavours," I said to myself, "since I see myself chosen in preference to many far more deserving, doubtless than myself, of filling a

situation which I have taken no steps to obtain. Yet, though I leave the society of a mad woman for one full of talent and agreeableness, I have many friends here. I am pretty much mistress of a nice house ; am well lodged, and well cared for, what do I need more ? When first I resolved to leave my country, I had nothing of all this ; but now I feel I may be leaving a solid reality, to seek I know not what in a distant land.

I told M. Royer of my new position, but he did not approve of it.

“ We know you, we love you,” he said. “ Why will you not stay with us ? Are you sure you shall like these strangers ? Are you sure they will like you ? Think well what you are doing. It is no small sacrifice to give up your country and seek a new one with totally different language and manners. If you do not suit, what shall you do ? When you had no other home it was a different thing ; but now you must consider, if you are not leaving a certainty for an uncertainty ; and reflect that you are offered a smaller salary than you receive here, and will have more difficult duties to

perform !” There was a great deal of truth in all this ; but I had engaged myself.

M. F—— said pretty much the same thing ; and expressed himself sincerely sorry for my departure. He added that if I was not satisfied with my salary it might be increased, and even hinted that his family were so anxious to retain me in his cousin’s house, that they would not grudge making a little sacrifice themselves to ensure me a sum of money at Mademoiselle d’A——’s death. I was deeply touched by so many proofs of the esteem in which I was held ; but the step I had taken was irrevocable. I felt however, that I was really rather foolish for leaving my country, when I had just gained a settled subsistence in it ; and that in seeking a higher situation I might lose all ; for though I carefully concealed it from M. Royer, the duchess had only agreed to take me on trial, so that after six months I should be left without a home again, if I had the misfortune not to give her satisfaction.

“Now, most of the disagreeables of your present situation are got over,” remarked M. F——, “and, except the annoyance of being occasionally in the company of an insane person,

you may live pretty much as you please. Moreover I am sure it would go against your principles to leave before your place is filled up, and I warn you I am difficult to please."

"I have thought of that difficulty," I replied, "and have provided against it. I have another friend of Madame Royer's to propose to you to fill my place ; and if you refuse to try the second, I shall think the first has disappointed you." M. F—— very civilly promised to do as I wished.

As soon as I had taken my resolution to go to Würtemberg, I formed a plan which would irrevocably confirm my decision, and even prevent my feeling any regrets, if, in the case of my not suiting the Duchess of Würtemberg, I found myself homeless when the six months of trial were over. When I informed M. Royer that Her Serene Highness had condescended to appoint me as governess to her two eldest daughters, I asked him if he would allow me to propose as my successor Mademoiselle Elizabeth de la R., as old a friend of his wife's as myself.

"I ask you," I continued, "because I cannot help wondering why you did not fix upon her

from the first? Elizabeth is better educated than I am, and far more to be pitied. She is a very interesting person, as well as an unhappy one, and I have often asked myself why I was preferred before her."

"The difficulty of the choice," he replied, "made us hesitate for three days and nights. You were both unhappy, and it was painful to reject either; but I feared Elizabeth's distressed circumstances might prevent her obtaining the place at all, and so I named you."

"If that is the only objection," I said, "I think I shall not fail in obtaining it for her."

I had often met Elizabeth at Madame Royer's house; they had been brought up in the same convent; and a warm friendship had united them through all their reciprocal trials. As to Victorine, she could forget her past sorrows now by the side of a husband, whose sole delight was in making her happy, and surrounded by charming children. Elizabeth, on the contrary, was weighed down by a heavy calamity—her father was languishing in a prison.

M. de la R. having been compromised in a conspiracy against Napoleon, was arrested and

shut up in the Temple. Heavy accusations were brought against him, and his life was in danger. The interest which all the inhabitants of his department shewed in him, increased his peril by making him of more importance in the Emperor's eyes. That great man received the deputation who came to beg for M. de R.'s pardon, very ill.

"He wished to take my life," he said; "justice demands his own—he must die."

One of the deputation perceiving that their interference was injuring the cause of the unhappy man they wished to save, added in an entreating tone :

"If your Majesty know him to be guilty, we can only implore your clemency to avert the death of the father of a family, who would leave eleven orphans behind him."

"If that be the case," replied Napoleon, "I will give you M. de R.'s life, but not his liberty, as I think it inconsistent with my own safety."

He remained in the Temple prison, and Elizabeth was the only one of his numerous family who got leave to remain in Paris, and see her father. She went daily to the Temple

to share the humble repast of her dear prisoner ; and every evening she returned to her solitary home, where she often underwent great privations, as in winter she constantly had no fire for want of money to buy fuel, and staid in bed to keep herself warm, till the hour at which she went to her father.

She made several efforts to touch Napoleon's heart. All Paris heard that one night after a great display of fire-works on the Seine, at the moment when the Emperor was leaving the Tuileries to return to Saint-Germain, a very pretty young lady, escaping the vigilance of his escort, flung herself at his feet to solicit an important favour. The world spoke much of her courage, her beauty, and her tears ; but no one heard the harsh refusal she received, and none of those who praised her bravery saw the poor Elizabeth alone after the busy crowd had passed away—alone, at a distance from her solitary dwelling without a protector or a friend. Her enthusiasm which had supported her through everything, failed when the cold chill of disappointment dispelled her hopes ; and she could hardly drag her weary limbs



back to her lonely home, which once reached, she took to her bed and remained there through a severe illness.

The reader will understand that Elizabeth, after this, was uppermost in my mind—and even that I could no longer repent the step I had taken, since the thought of her soothed my regrets for all I was leaving. In short, Elizabeth seemed pointed out to me by Providence as an example of courage and fortitude; and it was a true pleasure to me to feel that I was able to ameliorate her condition.

I hastened to her as soon as I left M. Royer, to impart my plan to her. She asked for time to consult her father about it, and very soon sent me word that she accepted my proposal thankfully. I afterwards heard she was then on the very point of being compelled to leave Paris, being unable to exist there any longer, and thus her father would have lost his only comfort and pleasure in his prison.

Now I had every motive for hastening my departure, which Madame de Malet was very anxious I should do, as she thought it desira-

ble I should lose no time in seeking my new abode. When my arrangements were nearly concluded, I went to M. F—— to tell him the day of my departure. He was a good deal surprised.

“I have found no one to replace you,” he said, “and I must confess I had still hopes of prevailing on you to alter your mind. Cannot you at least put off your journey?”

“Not easily,” I replied; “because I have found a travelling companion, in a good German, who will interpret for me, and such an opportunity must not be neglected. I recommend you, however, to take in my place Mademoiselle Elizabeth de la R——, I am sure she will give you satisfaction.”

“But she is reckoned a suspicious character; and my cousin, too, attracted the attention of the police by the turn her insanity took at the first, so that I must be careful. I am really puzzled what to do, you hurry me so!”

“That is just what I intended!” I thought to myself, and then replied “We can arrange all that, sir! Only take Mademoiselle de la R—— till you can find some one who will suit

you better. Allow me to bring her to be introduced to you, you will then be sure of having an excellent person about your cousin, whose noble and grateful heart will devote its tenderest care to her. Have not Elizabeth's virtues won general admiration?"

He invited us both to come and dine at his mother's.

Mademoiselle de la R—— was approved of and immediately engaged, for which I thanked God from my heart. I was certain that she would give satisfaction as soon as she was known; the important thing was to leave no time for another to be chosen, and I honestly confess I did my best that it should be so. I will add here (to gratify any laudable feeling of curiosity that may have been excited by her past history) that a few years after, Napoleon was touched by the strength of her filial virtue, and granted her her father's liberty,—that is to say, commuted his sentence into an exile to Previns, where he lived peaceably enough. Elizabeth remained nearly twenty years with Mademoiselle d'A——, and did not leave her till her death, when she was

generously recompensed by the family for her care of her.

Before leaving Paris, I felt bound to go and thank Madame de Choiseul for the favour she had extended to me in contradicting the false accusations which had been uttered against me. She received me very graciously, but when I told her of my approaching departure, she seemed astonished, and said, in a loud, harsh voice :

“Why, cousin, you are going to educate these princesses, and you have never had any education yourself !”

These words made my heart ache. I thought them rude and indelicate ; they were only true. When all the duties of my station gradually unfolded themselves before me, and I became daily more sensible of their extent and their importance—more astonished at the variety of duties attached to my office,—and more surprised at myself for having so heedlessly accepted it, Madame de Choiseul was fully justified in my eyes, and I often used to hear her words ringing in my ears, when some of

those feelings of weariness and despondency which must be occasionally felt by all who are in such a position as mine, took possession of me.

Mademoiselle d'A—— was pleased at my departure, as she thought she should then regain her liberty. She was very civil, however, and took leave of me quite kindly, saying, after many good wishes for my future welfare :

“I do not need a maid-of-honour now. When I ascend my throne again, I shall choose my ladies-in-waiting myself.”

Madame de Malet, by obliging me to depart so quickly, deprived me of the pleasure of seeing Madame de Brèze again, that kind friend who was just on the point of returning to Paris. Here was an additional sacrifice I had to make. In the solitude of my long journey, I found many a deep regret buried in my heart. The momentary excitement of my sudden decision had lulled them to sleep, but every sad feeling was aroused again at the sight of the Rhine—that majestic barrier which I was about to inter-

pose between my father and myself, which was to divide me possibly for ever from country and from friends. Oh ! how I pitied myself then for the uncertainty which hung over my future life ! Oh ! how I longed to kneel and kiss my native soil, and cry aloud : “ Farewell my home, and all I love and care for ! ”

My travelling companion having left me within half a day’s journey of Louisbourg (where the Court spent half the year), I made my entry into that city quite alone. It was in vain they asked me my business at the gates—the German sentence I had been all the morning trying to learn had quite gone out of my head. I could only tell them my name. The soldier who was interrogating me could not understand what it was, and gave me his little book to write it down in ; but when it was written he could not read it. At this we all laughed together, but my coachman coming to my assistance, they let me pass at last, and I reached the hotel much amused at my adventure.

“ Do you understand French, Sir,” I inquired

of the first person who came up to the carriage, and a great mercy I felt it, when he replied in the affirmative.

I ordered some dinner, and retired to my own room to pass the few hours which yet remained to me of freedom quite alone. Every minute seemed a boon to me.

About five o'clock, I wrote a note to Mademoiselle de Belonde, Madame de Malet's sister, to whom I owed the situation I was come to fill. All my hopes of comfort rested on her, in a country of which I understood neither the language nor the manners.

"Come to me, I entreat you," I said. "I greatly need your help. Come and give me courage, and instruct me in my new duties, for I depend upon you entirely, and shall feel less severed from all I have left when I am with you."

This note once dispatched, I felt I was no longer my own mistress, and awaited the answer with the utmost trepidation. It was not long in coming. I soon saw a man enter my room, clad in a canary-coloured coat, em-

broidered in silver, and wearing on his head a strangely-shaped cocked hat, with black, red, and yellow feathers depending from it. I might have taken him for a rope-dancer, who had mistaken his way, had he not handed me a note. It was the answer I was expecting.

“Mademoiselle de Belonde,” I read in that paper, “was buried three days ago. Follow the servant who brings this.”

This was all I could take in at the moment. I saw however the signature “Chaillot” at the end of a few lines, which appeared to have been hurriedly scrawled.

This unexpected news cast me into a state of consternation I can find no words to describe. This sad loss deprived me, at a blow, of all the assistance and advice I had hoped to obtain from Mademoiselle de Belonde, and I felt as if I was again being torn from my country.

I followed the bearer almost mechanically, being in an agony of mind which seemed to deprive me of all power of reflection. I went



on through street after street and room after room, without forming any distinct idea of what I was doing, till at last some one caught hold of me by the gown, and exclaimed :

“Where are you running on to, Mademoiselle ? You must wait here !”

I collected my scattered senses as best I could, and found beside me Mademoiselle de Chaillot, who was governess to the two youngest princesses. She begged my pardon for the confused note she had sent me, but said it was occasioned by the direction of mine, which had quite upset her.

Feeling very wretched, I sate down by her, and she talked to me a little of Mademoiselle de Belonde, and gave me some particulars of her illness, and of the Duchess's affection for her, which she had shown by the tenderest cares throughout her sufferings.

“Can I see the Duchess ?” I inquired.

“No, not now,” was the reply. “She is gone to the play at Stuttgard. You will see her to-morrow.

This answer rather jarred against my feelings,

but I did not know then that princesses have not even the liberty of tears, and that being constantly compelled to appear in public, they are forced to disguise the sorrows of their hearts beneath smiles, greetings, and commonplace speeches.

We were interrupted by the arrival of the four princesses, who had just been dressed to go to the Queen (Charlotte Augusta Mathilde, a princess of England), to whom Mademoiselle de Chaillot was to take them. If I was an object of curiosity in their eyes, they, on the other hand were most deeply interesting to me. I was quite charmed with the gentle and innocent faces of these four little girls, whose dress was extremely simple, which I thought an additional charm in those of their rank.

Left alone amongst people I could not converse with, and unable to endure the weight of my own thoughts, I wrote to Madame de Malet in order to try and relieve my oppressed heart, by mingling my grief with hers. I was interrupted by the arrival of the Count de Chaillot,

(the preceptor of the Duke of Wurtemberg's eldest son), who, having been informed of my arrival by his daughter, had left the Court to come and bid a countrywoman welcome. This conversation was a relief to me, and very soon the princesses returned, and the pleasure of giving them the playthings I had brought with me for them, and seeing the delight they caused, shed some little light on the gloom of an evening which will never be effaced from my memory.

When all around were sunk in repose, I could not obtain any. I was to see the Duchess the next morning, and the important meeting kept all sleep from my eyes. I was walking rapidly up and down my room to try and subdue my mental agitation by bodily fatigue, when I heard footsteps in the distance which gradually approached, and presently my door was opened, and M. de Chaillot entered with a lady, whose dignified appearance and gracious manner told me at once it must be the Duchess herself.

I was struck by her beauty, but far more by

the benevolence so strongly imprinted on her features.

“Mademoiselle,” said the Duchess to me in a peculiarly kind voice, “I would not put off so interesting an interview till to-morrow; we shall both of us sleep the better for having met.”

Then she continued speaking for some little time, touched on the pain I must have suffered in leaving my family and country; and begged me to tell her how I had left Madame de Malet, whom she supposed already acquainted with her loss.

“She did not know it, Madame, when I left her,” I replied; “and while congratulating me on the friend I should find in her sister, half envied me the happiness of seeing her.”

There was so much mind as well as heart in all the Duchess said to me, and the expression of her face was so gentle and benign, that when she left me I felt happy in the prospect of belonging to her, and full of an earnest desire of deserving her esteem, and repaying her confidence, if not by my talents, at least by the

faithfulness with which I should carry out her orders.

My opinion of her, formed at this first interview was never altered; and I often felt thankful for the happiness of daily seeing and knowing a person gifted with so many virtues.

I find it difficult to refrain here from sketching the portrait of the noble qualities which adorned this illustrious lady; but respect forbids it, as well as the fear of wounding that modesty which crowns all her virtues.

Ever thoughtful for her children's good, the Duchess looked into their hearts with a mother's penetrating eye, and carefully cultivated every precious seed of good dispositions which God had implanted there. She loved to strengthen them in every good thought and feeling; and beneath her watchful cares, I saw them all grow up in the image of their excellent mother. What better wish could I form for them?

I soon became really attached to my young charges, and thenceforth my lot was a happy one.

I have now become old in their household,

loaded with benefits, which have even been extended to my own family.

And, oh ! you, for whom these lines are particularly intended—*then* a child, now a wife and mother, and devoted to the duties those sacred titles impose upon you—receive in conclusion my earnest wishes for your happiness—happiness ever attained most easily by the pure in heart, of whom you are one.

THE END.

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